IS HOLLYWOOD DECADENT?

By CLARA BERANGER

SEPT. 23,
1933

Liberty

5¢

WHY THE WAR DEBTS MUST BE PAID

By

SENATOR ARTHUR R. ROBINSON

Leslie Thrasher

An All-Star Rebound to Normal

Between Camera Shots of "Dinner at Eight"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's brilliant all-star production. Left to right: Standing—EDMUND LOWE (*Dr. Talbot*) . . . GEORGE CUKOR, *Director* . . . LIONEL BARRYMORE (*Oliver Jordan*)...JEAN HARLOW (*Kitty Packard*)...PHILLIPS HOLMES (*Ernest*). *Sitting*—MADGE EVANS (*Paula Jordan*)...LOUISE CLOSSER HALE (*Hattie Loomis*)...BILLIE BURKE (*Millicent Jordan*) . . . MARIE DRESSLER (*Carlotta Vance*) . . . KAREN MORLEY (*Lucy Talbot*) . . . GRANT MITCHELL (*Ed Loomis*) . . . A DAVID O. SELZNICK PRODUCTION.

In Hollywood, you see it every day in the making of pictures — ***the pause that refreshes*** with ice-cold Coca-Cola. It breaks the stress and strain of shooting scenes over and over. It is cooling relief from the hot kleig lights. It banishes drowsy yawns and hot, thirsty faces. It's the way to snap back to normal and be alert . . . Because, an ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It combines those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most to restore you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause, a pause that will refresh you.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

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SEPTEMBER 23, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 38

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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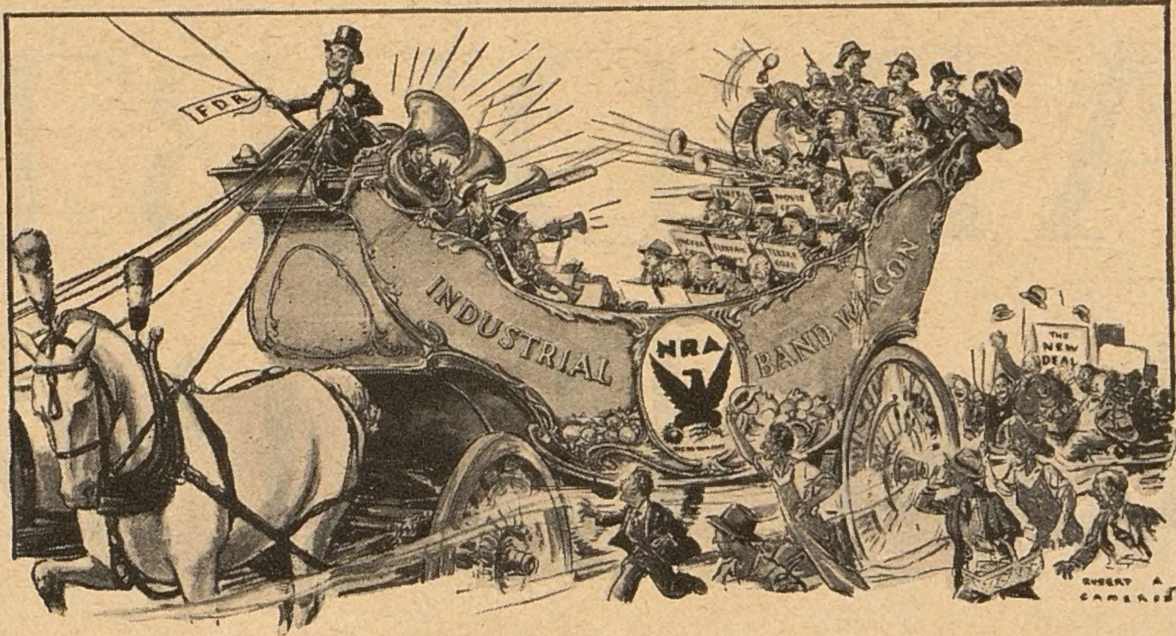

GET ON THE BAND WAGON

WE are all joining the business army. The word has gone forth that we must get in line or get out, and there can be no exceptions.

We all admit that the present effort is a revolutionary experiment. No one knows where it will lead.

But we also thoroughly understand that its effectiveness depends upon universal support.

We have been bemoaning our fate because of bad business, and we have demanded that the national government do something. And the action we have gotten from that source is all and more than we could have expected.

Now it is up to us to do our part. General Johnson has worked like a beaver in the Herculean tasks which he has assumed. He is setting the working hours for the various codes, and he tells us to work thirty-five or forty hours a week, though he probably works one hundred and forty.

But a rest for him is undoubtedly in sight. Governmental supervision of business has been inaugurated and we will have to thank the New Deal for helping us out of a situation that might have brought a terrible catastrophe.

But we have been given to understand that all the governmental measures that are now endeavoring to control business activities are adopted merely for the present emergency; that we can look forward to the time when individualism will regain control.

In previous panics big business has dug us out of the financial hole, but business leaders in this instance were nonplused. Some have maintained that their inefficiency was due to governmental restrictions—that the government had assumed such authority over big business that financial leaders were helpless. Some even went so far as to maintain that the government was in a way to blame for the prolongation of the depression—that the artificial measures adopted to remedy the difficulties only made conditions worse.

But from the highest to the lowest there was a general demand that the government step in and relieve the situation.

And Senator Wagner, that hard-working patriot who has been spending almost night and day for a prolonged period to get the acceptance of Congress for his ideas of recovery, was at last rewarded.

And we are now in the midst of a business awakening that makes everybody optimistic for the future. But each individual must do his part.

Join in the procession. Put your shoulder to the wheel and push with all your might.

We want to give this depression a knockout blow from which it will never recover.

Our President has done his part. It is up to the nation, individually and collectively, to support him with energy and enthusiasm. —BERNARR MACFADDEN.

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

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Why the WAR DEBTS Must Be P*aid*

By Senator ARTHUR R. ROBINSON

(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)

IS Uncle Sam going to be hornswoggled by the crafty politicians of Europe? Will the American taxpayers have to pay the debts of European countries? Is the cost of the World War to be charged to the American people?

These are extremely pertinent questions and the answers are of vital importance to every man, woman, and child in the United States.

Nearly twelve billion dollars is due us from foreign countries, and if we could collect this indebtedness promptly, our economic troubles would be largely ended. The debtor nations, however, have not only failed to pay the amounts of principal due but in many instances have even repudiated their agreement to remit relatively small installments of the interest.

Last December, France, together with some smaller countries largely under her influence, gave an exhibition of ingratitude that shocked the world. In the most flagrant manner she repudiated her obligation and treated it as a scrap of paper. Since then she has repeated the action and defaulted on her June installment. Great Britain paid a "token" installment of about 10 per cent. Some defaulted, while of all the debtors only little Finland discharged her obligation according to contract.

France, of all nations, should be grateful to the United States, for when she was in dire peril of destruction America saved her life and then furnished the money for her economic rehabilitation. Other nations having the capacity to pay also defaulted in their installments.

The French action was particularly atrocious since France, at the time of her default, was probably in the best economic condition of any country in the world, and therefore had no legitimate excuse for repudiation.

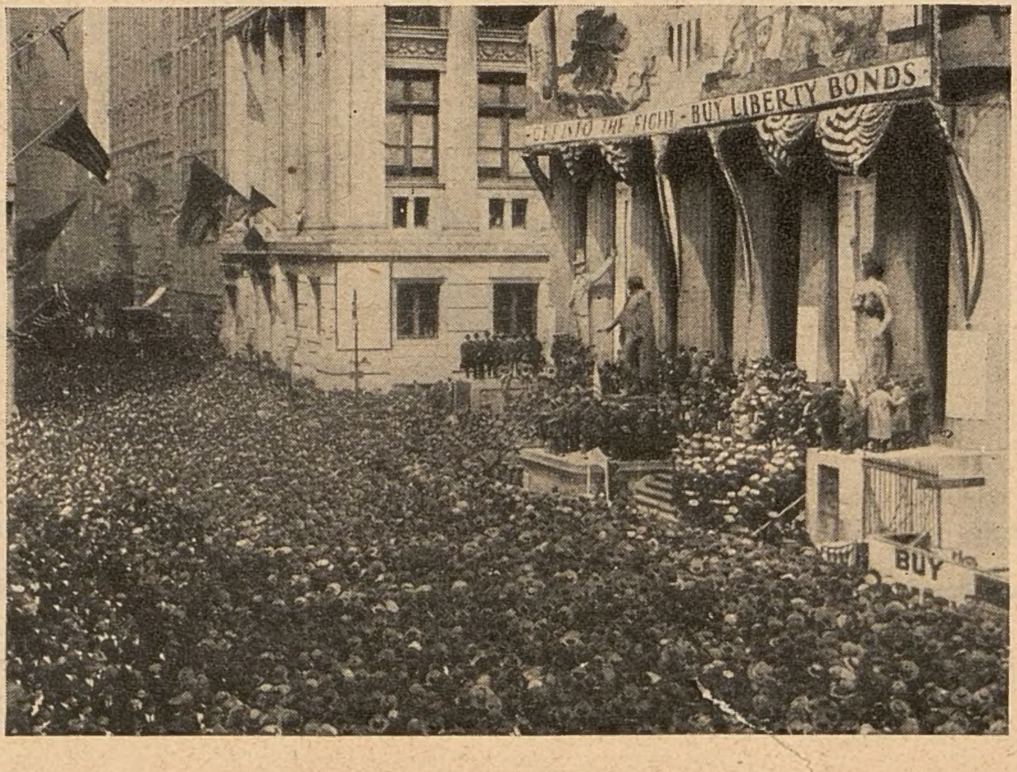
The whole question of the foreign debts has become a burning issue and the internationalists on this side of the sea are apparently more concerned about the welfare of other lands than for their own. It is important, therefore, that the American people be not misled with falsehood and propaganda, and it might be well at this juncture to examine the facts connected with the debt question.

Prior to the Armistice we loaned Great Britain $3,696,000,000; France $1,970,000,000; Italy $1,031,000,000. These sums were advanced to enable the countries named to continue the struggle. Otherwise destruction stared them in the face.

After the Armistice, on their urgent plea that great sums were required for rehabilitation, we advanced them these additional amounts: Great Britain $581,000,000; France $1,027,477,800 in cash loans and $407,341,145.01 in war and relief supplies; Italy $617,034,050.90 in post-Armistice cash loans.

The three principal debtors have been singled out for this discussion. Other nations are in the same category but the amounts involved are comparatively small. Without exception, the debtor powers considered the advances as loans pure and simple, and agreed to pay on demand at 5 per cent. That was when they needed help. They were in dire straits. Indeed, France and Britain said as much.

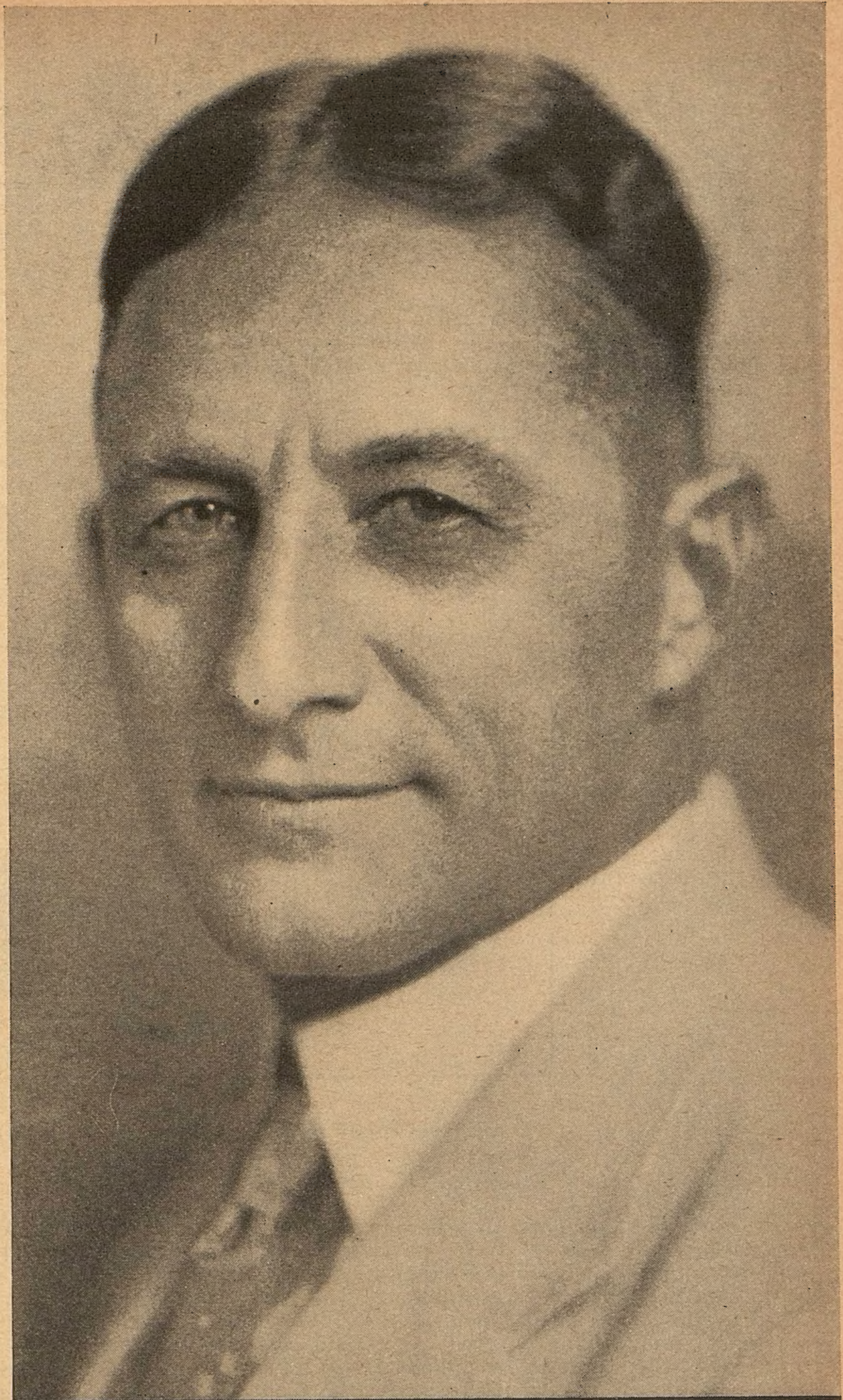
We rushed to their assistance and saved them from certain defeat at the hands of the Central Powers. Everybody knows how the money was raised. First, the bond issues


GET INTO THE FIGHT - BUY LIBERTY BONDS
BUY

U. & U. News photo

The money loaned came directly from the American people.

A Straightforward Statement of the Case Against Those Who Think the U. S. Should Foot Europe's Bills



THE AUTHOR, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA

He Has Been a Consistent Foe of Foreign Debt Cancellation and a Leading Senatorial Exponent of Nationalism, as Well as a Champion of Veterans' Rights. He Is Himself an Overseas Veteran; Went into the A. E. F. a "Shavetail" and Came Out a Major. Loves a Fight in Any of These Causes—or in Any Other Cause That Looks as Good to Him!

Photo by Charles F. Bretzman

were authorized by Congress, and then we sold the bonds, four Liberty issues and one Victory loan.

The American people were asked to give till it hurt. They gave, and everybody with any persuasive ability whatever was called into action to help raise the quotas.

There was no talk then of modification, revision, cancellation, or of conferences or commissions. Indeed, the favored nations resented any suggestion of gratuity, and signed demand obligations which were exchanged for their bonds when the refunding agreements were consummated. These bonds now repose in the United States Treasury, and it is the interest on these bonds and payments to retire them that constitute the much discussed war-debt payments.

There are deposited in the Treasury at the present time over eleven billion dollars in those bonds, representing the greater part of the foreign debt. The total amount now due is $11,786,000,000.

IT is well to remember that the money for these loans did not come originally from the United States Treasury but from the pockets of the American people who made great sacrifices to supply it.

More than ten billion dollars was loaned to the debtor nations. All of it came directly from the American people. Let it be remembered, too, that the entire amount of the principal on the bonds sold to raise the money must ultimately be paid by the United States government, as well as an average interest rate of 4⅙ per cent.

Less than two years after the signing of the Armistice the movement for cancellation, or at least reduction in both the amount of principal and the rate of interest, was begun. President Wilson met the overtures of David Lloyd George with the following words: "No power has been given by the Congress to anyone to exchange, remit, or control any part of the indebtedness of the Allied governments to the United States represented by their respective demand obligations." In other words, all control of the indebtedness was lodged in Congress, where it still remains. Our debtors continued to insist that their capacity to pay was not sufficient to enable them to live up to their agreements, and between 1923 and 1930 funding pacts were entered into with all our debtors. We made a separate agreement with each, but in every case the principle then considered was "capacity to pay."

As a result of these pacts we canceled a great part of the interest. We asked that the debtors in their payments aid us in meeting the interest on our own bonded indebtedness which had been incurred to raise the funds with which to provide the loans. Never in the history of such transactions were such generous terms accorded debtor by creditor.

We allowed them sixty-two years in which to pay and permitted them to remit in small semiannual installments.

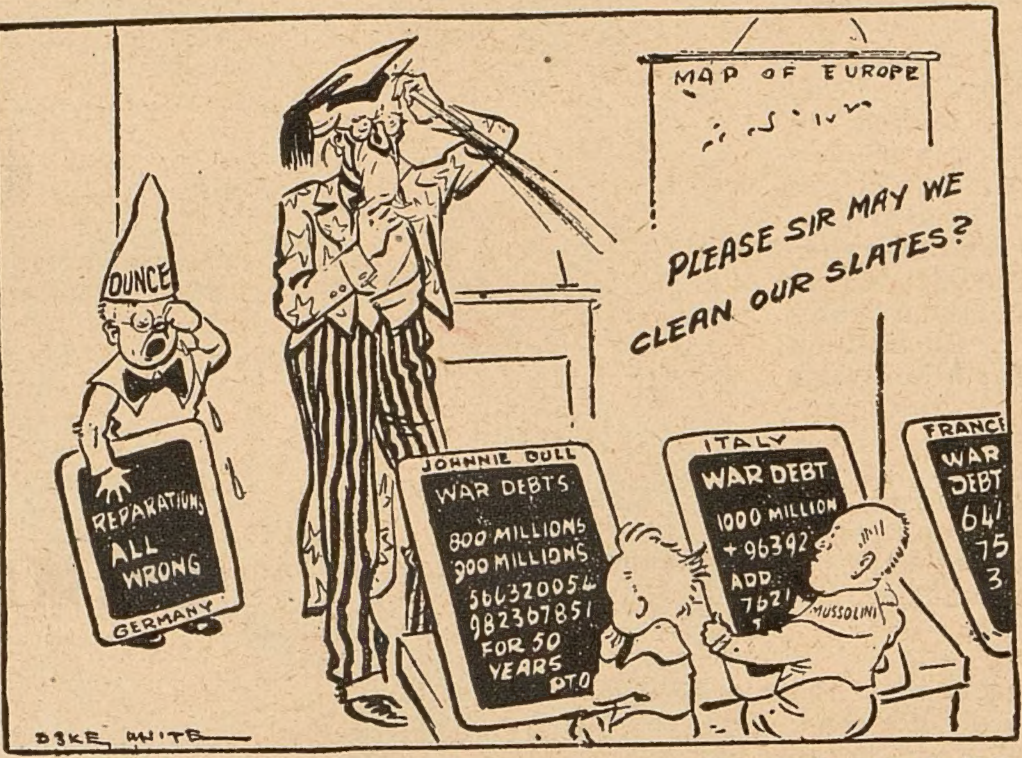
The agreement with Great Britain provides that she shall pay 3.69 per cent annually on her indebtedness for a period of sixty-two years, at the end of which time her obligations to us would be completely discharged.

We were even more liberal with France and agreed that she might pay 2.16 per cent per annum over the same period of years, at the end of which time her debt to us would be considered fully paid.

We gave Italy still better terms, agreeing that she should pay only 1.13 per cent per annum for sixty-two years, after which she would be free of all indebtedness to the United States.

In other words, we agreed to cancel the original interest charge and asked only that they pay a very low rate of interest on the funded debt, much lower in each case than we have to pay to the holders of our Liberty bonds.

To sum it all up, we have agreed with debtor nations to pay, over a period of sixty-two years, an average for all of 2.62 per cent. It is clear, then, that the money came directly from the people of the United States and that in case of default by Europe the debts must be transferred again to the backs of the American people. Morally, no department of the government has the right to agree to cancellation or further reduction.



From the Glasgow Sunday Mail

Uncle Sam about to birch Johnny Bull and Mussolini if they won't do these great big war-debts sums. As European cartoons on the subject go, this is exceptionally good-tempered.

Indeed, in 1926 Andrew W. Mellon, then Secretary of the Treasury, made this statement: "The record indicates beyond dispute that these were loans and not contributions, and though not in form, in actual effect loans from individual American citizens rather than contributions from the Treasury of the United States."

Mr. Mellon put it succinctly: "We agreed to furnish them the dollars with which all their purchases in the United States should be consummated, and, what is more, to lend them those dollars. This was the origin of these debts. But here is the fact . . . which you gentlemen have apparently overlooked: We purchased supplies and services from France and the British Empire by hundreds of millions. They were to be paid for in francs and in pounds. We did not get those francs and pounds on credit; we paid cash for them, except possibly in a few comparatively minor instances. In other words, we paid cash for the goods and services necessary to enable us to make our joint contribution to the common cause. . . .

"AMONG the purposes for which we made dollar advances was that of maintaining the franc and the pound at somewhere near their normal values. In other words, we loaned our associates the dollars with which to purchase bills on London and Paris and so permit them to peg the exchanges. When we were obliged to purchase francs and sterling for our own use in the Paris and London markets we did so at the artificial prices maintained by the use of the very funds we had loaned."

In short, we assisted them in pegging their exchanges and then we ourselves paid the artificial prices which our own money assisted them in maintaining.

The government bonds covering the loans to debtor nations are not earmarked, but Treasury officials have indicated that the debts have cost the United States government at least between three and one half and four billion dollars, and the late Senator Howell, always extremely careful and scrupulously accurate in such matters, estimated that up to June 15, 1932, they had cost us, over and above payments received, $4,042,782,000.

As a matter of fact we could easily balance the budget if these foreign debtors would pay their honest obligations to the American people.

The debt-funding pacts were consummated from 1923 to 1930, and almost immediately thereafter the debtor countries began to disseminate propaganda throughout the world, but especially in this country, seeking to compel cancellation or still further reduction. In this they were aided by the international bankers and other special interests in America with their own axes to grind. From the time of the sixty-two-year settlement to the present moment this counry has been flooded with cancellation propaganda.

THE truth is, there can be no such thing as cancellation. Cancellation of war debts is a fallacy; it is a logical, financial, and economic impossibility. The debts have been incurred. They must be paid. Someone must pay them. Either the contracting debtors or the American taxpayers must foot the bill. You cannot magically destroy the obligation. The Liberty bonds are outstanding—they must be paid. The money has been used. Either Europe pays or her just debts are transferred to America. There can be no such thing as cancellation.

If they were not receiving so much encouragement from certain interests in this country our debtors would pay their installments promptly and there would be no talk of cancellation or even revision.

Without a single exception they are probably in better economic condition at the moment than we are.

Unemployment figures constitute the real measuring rod of prosperity. Applying this yardstick we are worse off than any of our debtors.

According to a distinguished American public official who went into the question carefully, "The number of our unemployed exceeds that of any four nations abroad," and our Treasury deficit is probably the greatest in the world. It is high time, then, that somebody should say something for the American people and that someone should call a halt on the demand for additional concessions to Europe.

First we heard from Europe that if we would be good fellows and forget about the debts we should go down in history as the great idealists; but we informed our friends across the sea that we could not afford it—could not tell our thousands of bondholders to be good fellows and forget about their claims. We have obligations of our own.

Next, Europe began to abuse and vilify us. They published satirical cartoons and in the press and on the streets derided us. Then, seeing that abuse was getting them nowhere, they tried yet another plan.

What has come to be known as the Lausanne Agreement was entered into, whereby the German indemnity to her conquerors was to be reduced 90 per cent. Although Germany had paid until she could pay no more, this sounded well and was rather favorably received, until it developed later that it contained a joker. France and Great Britain had entered into a gentlemen's agreement, the terms of which provided that the Lausanne under-

TO MAKE THE WORLD
A DECENT PLACE TO LIVE IN
DO YOUR PART-BUY U.S. GOVERNMENT BONDS
THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

standing should become effective only in the event America could be persuaded to reduce their debts to us in the same figure, namely, 90 per cent.

Our debtors have always attempted to link reparations with war debts. The truth is they have no connection whatever. There was no such idea in the minds of the high contracting parties on either side. Reparations exacted from Germany represent war indemnities demanded by conquerors from a vanquished people, while the obligations due this country from European nations represent money loaned which they promised to pay back on demand. Furthermore, America did not participate in dividing the spoils of war. We considered ourselves an associate, not an allied power, and when the Allies sat around the peace table at Versailles dividing up the booty, America refused to take any part of it.

Lend
the way they
Fight
Buy Bonds
to your UTMOST

The Central Powers were stripped of all their colonial possessions; vast territories were taken from them. France got Alsace-Lorraine, while Britain, Italy, and others grabbed for anything that might be had. In addition, promises of enormous reparation sums were exacted—far more than ever could be paid, as France and Britain well knew.

With these reparations we have nothing to do, but the debts due America are very much our business.

Finally, all other methods having failed, we are presented with another solution. Cancel all war debts, say they, and presto!—the world will immediately enjoy prosperity again.

While almost any price would be reasonable to pay for the immediate return of prosperity, cancellation of the debts would simply intensify and enlarge our adversity. The amazing thing is that so many people have been deceived by any such fallacious logic.

It was said last December that Britain could pay no more because she was out of gold; but lo and behold, more recently authoritative announcement has been made from British official sources that her supply of gold is the largest in all her history, and everybody knows that next to us France has the biggest stock of gold in the world. If the debtor nations meet their obligations, therefore, it will not cause a world economic collapse, as has been so widely advertised. Rather, it would give an impetus to fair dealing.

A PROMINENT American publicist who has studied the situation carefully is authority for the following statement: "No responsible body of experts has found that war debts and reparations have been a major cause in the fall of prices and the wrecking of the money systems. The gold delegation of the League of Nations in its majority report refused to recognize war debts and reparations as one of the major causes of the breakdown of the world's money system. The distinguished Macmillan Committee of Great Britain squarely puts the onus of falling prices upon policies pursued by the central banks."

No one understands all the causes of the breakdown of the world's money system. They are many and complex. Suffice it to say that a transfer of additional billions of obligations from Europe to the backs of the American people would only add to the economic troubles which we are now experiencing in this country. This truth is so obvious as to need no amplification.

In these latter days we hear much language used, but no persuasive argument, to the effect that in the interest of our foreign trade it would be advantageous to cancel or drastically reduce the debts. Cancellation, it is said, would increase the buying power of the world to such an extent that our commercial gains would more than offset the loss. All would be lovely if we would just write off the debts and lower the tariffs. Well, it might be lovely for Europe, but certainly not for the American people.

There is no occasion to become excited over the importance of our export trade. It is never more than six or seven per cent of our production. For example, in 1929, a good year, our gross exports totaled five and a quarter billion dollars with imports of approximately $4,400,000,000, giving us a favorable balance of something like $850,000,000. Our best year as to foreign trade was 1928, when the net balance in our favor was $1,036,912,000. While we suffered heavy declines in 1932, we nevertheless maintained our relative position as one of the world's leading trading nations, and when we consider that new economic alignments have persuaded many of our manufacturing concerns to establish plants in Europe and that this trend greatly affects our export trade, it would not seem that we have suffered because of our insistence that the foreign debts be paid.

Furthermore, the so-called boom years of foreign trade were artificial. Our foreign commerce in those periods was largely supported by money which came from the United States in return for bonds. We have, of course, experienced some losses in European markets, largely due to the world depression, but they may be largely offset in the future by cultivation of the great markets in the Orient, in South America, and countries of the Pacific.

AS one observer points out, if the dollar value of foreign trade had been in the same proportion to the ton value in 1932 as in 1928, you would not hear nearly so much complaining about foreign trade decline. That is, if the goods now being moved in world trade would yield their producers and carriers the same margin of profit, much of the argument would die.

If the foreign-trade solution is to answer our question it must allow the United States to show a profit commensurate with the money involved in the foreign debts as refunded. That is the acid test.

With interest, the war debts as funded, graduated over a period of sixty-two years, aggregate some twenty-two billion dollars. To make a profit of twenty-two billion dollars out of foreign trade, we shall have to assume at the minimum a gross business for the sixty-two-year period of 220 billion dollars over and above our present trade with debtor nations. That is, of course, impossible.

Because of the threatening breakdown in European finance in June, 1931, President Herbert Hoover suggested a general moratorium of all international debts for a period of one year. Congress reluctantly ratified Mr. Hoover's action, but only after adopting a resolution establishing the definite policy that America would permit no cancellation or further reduction. That resolution still stands. The Congress adopted that policy and no other power can alter it.

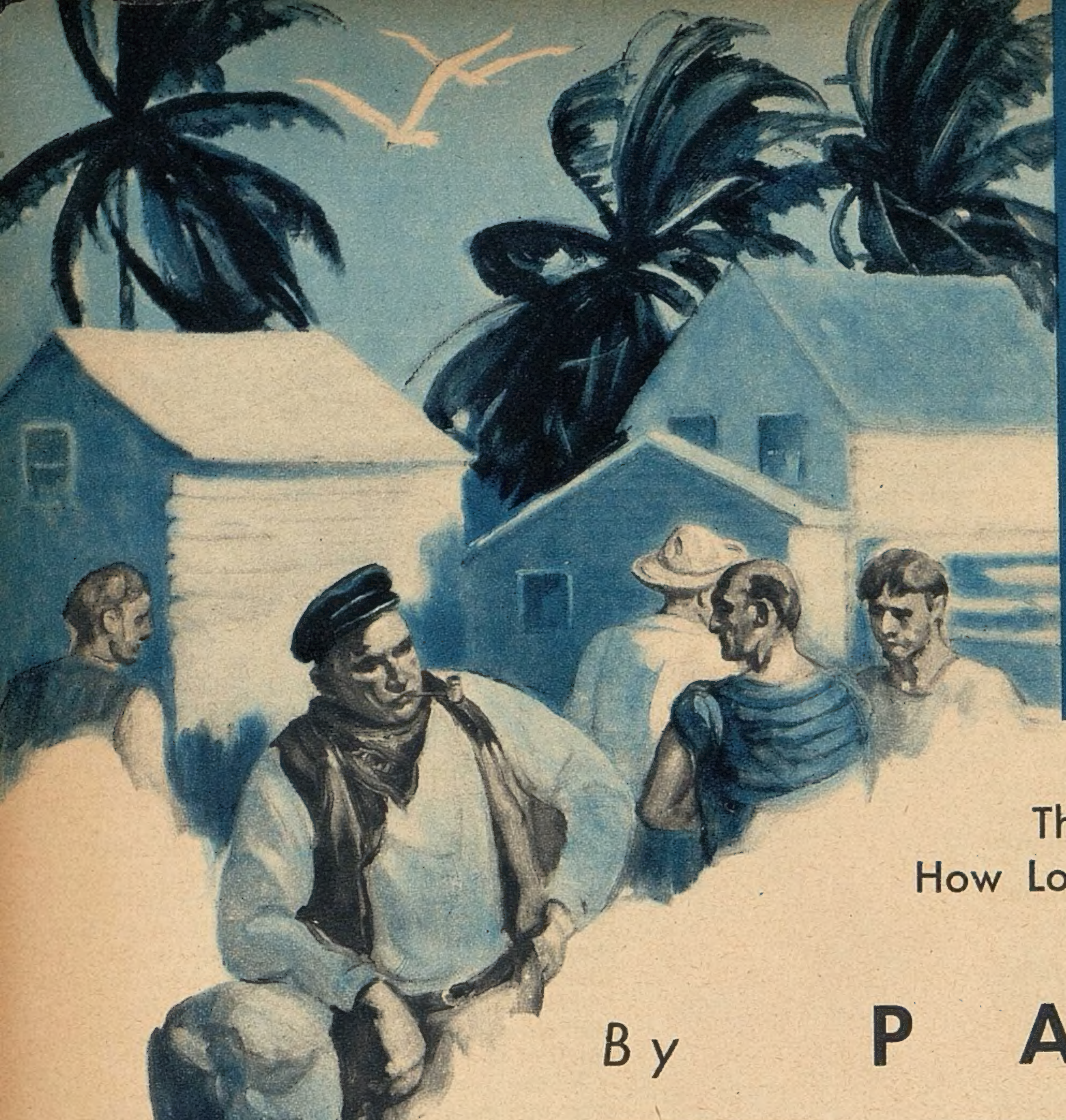
FOU
FOR VICTORY. BUY BONDS

The truth is that these foreign nations are trying to get out of paying their honest obligations, and they are receiving entirely too much encouragement from selfish interests on this side of the sea.

They have the capacity to pay and will do so if we insist upon it. A man who refuses to pay his honest debts is without standing, esteem, or respect in the community. France and other defaulters have placed themselves in this category in world opinion. In the long run they will see the error of their way and will be glad to pay their honest debts.

In any event, the American people will never voluntarily consent to reduction or cancellation. The money is due to the taxpayers of the United States. It did not come from the federal Treasury.

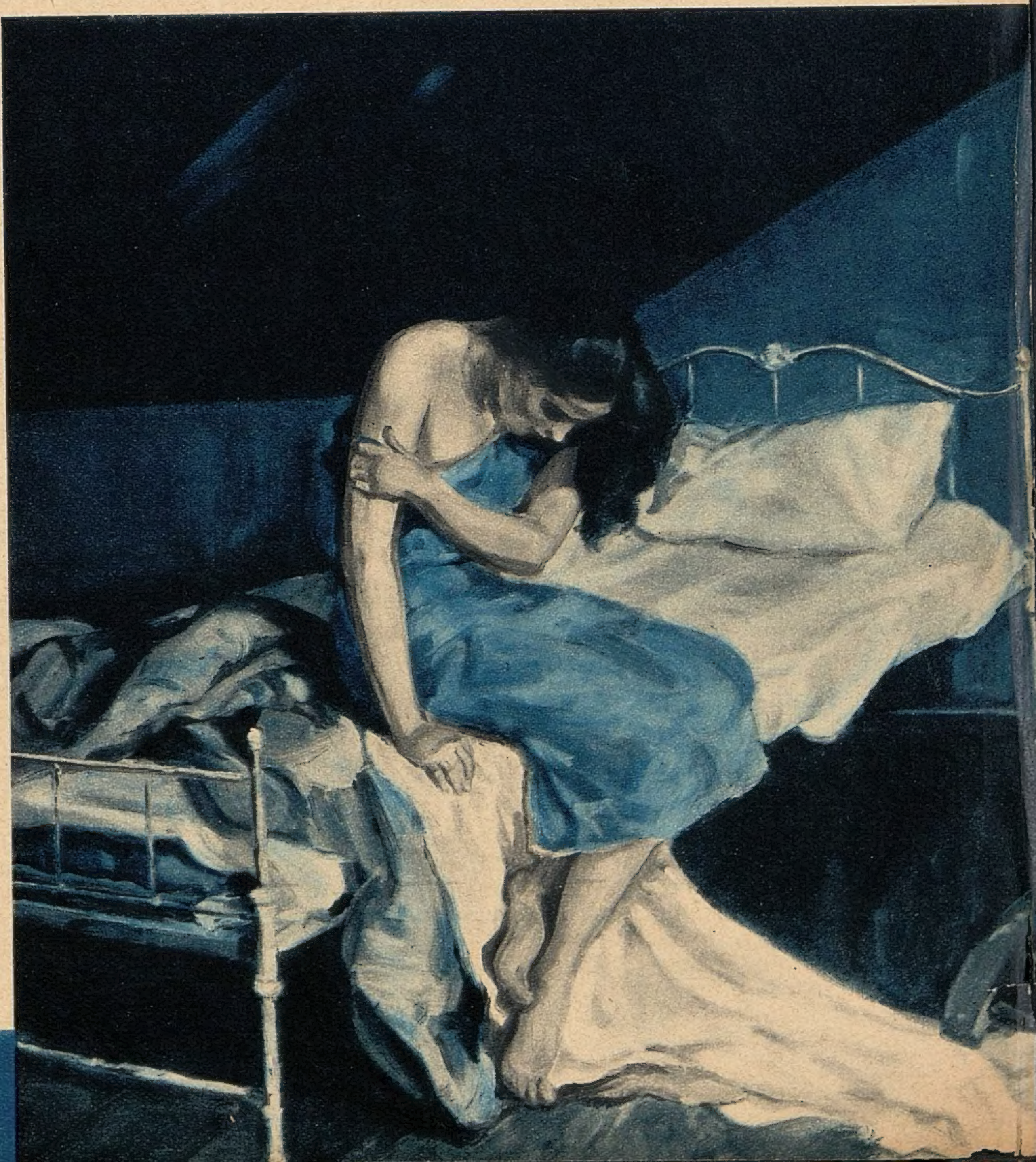
THE END



A Rea
FOR
TAR

The Story of a Woman's Faith
How Love Found Its Way at Last to

By PATTER



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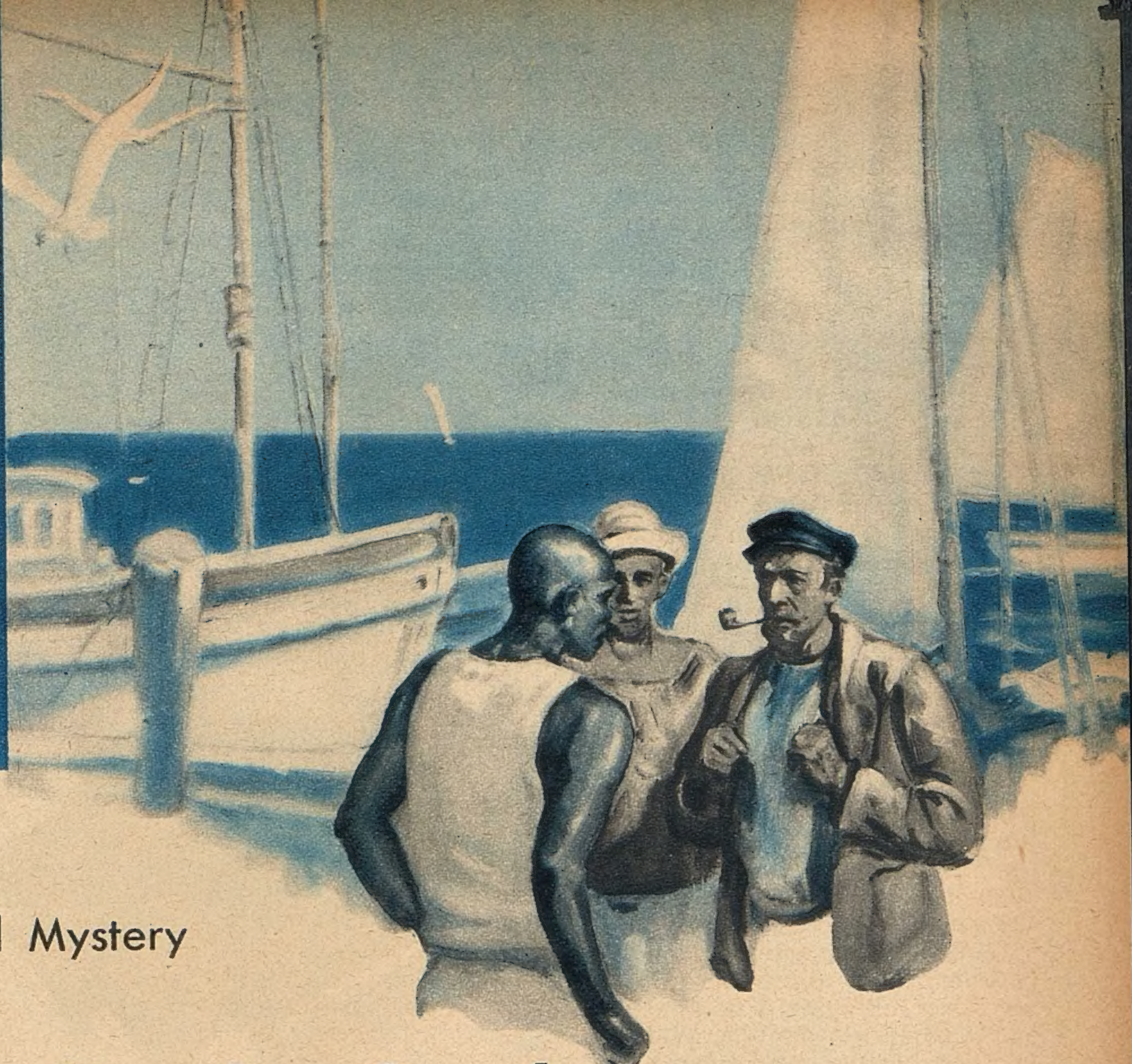
HE came from the land, but his walk was the rolling gait of the seafaring man.

They saw him first in that small fishing village on the northern coast of Florida late in the afternoon of a day in August. Around six it was when he appeared. The villagers, the day's haul in from the sea, the evening meal eaten, were seated on the steps and porches of their little houses facing each other across the road running from the oak woods a scant quarter mile to the ocean. That was the village—a double line of houses straggling across the treeless stretch of white sand from the woods to the sea.

Just about everybody in town saw him arrive. Down the meandering road he came through the dusk of the oak trees shot through with the last rays of the sun, then he stepped out of the shadows into the late-afternoon light. He pulled off his cap to mop his brow and the sun shone bright on the brassy sheen of his curly hair. He was a big man, at least six feet four inches, his round head set on a short thick neck

Illustrations by
Mortimer Wilson, Jr.

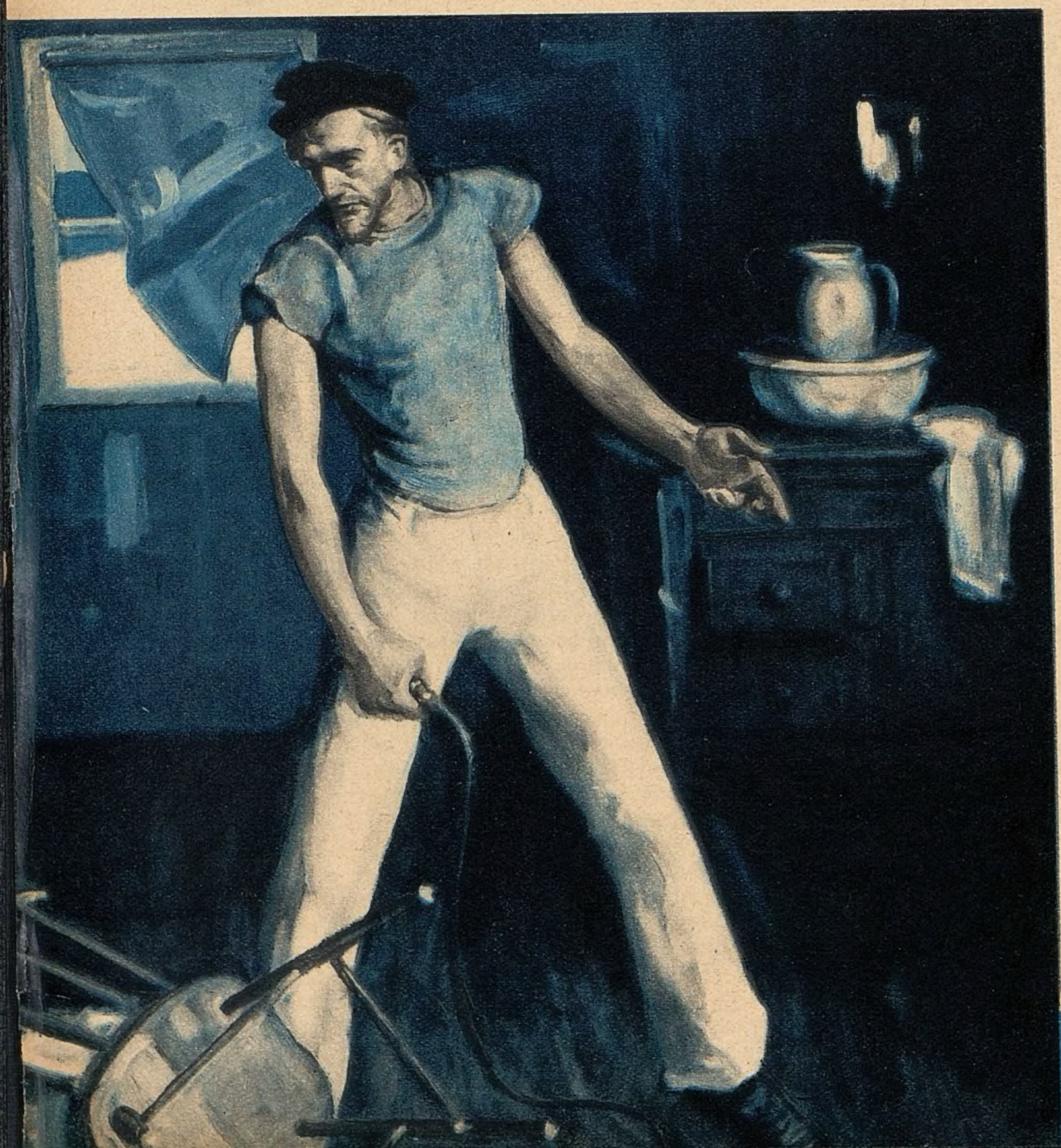
Rose A GET



and a Bizarre Adventure:
the Heart of a Strange, Mad Mystery

SON DIAL

They saw him first in that small fishing village on the northern coast.



SHE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE FEEL OF A WHIP ACROSS HER BACK.

rising from shoulders of enormous breadth. Except for those too-broad shoulders he was a thing of beautiful proportions; beneath the tightness of his sweater his torso tapered in fluent steely strength to the tight flatness of his hips, the columnar power of his straight strong legs.

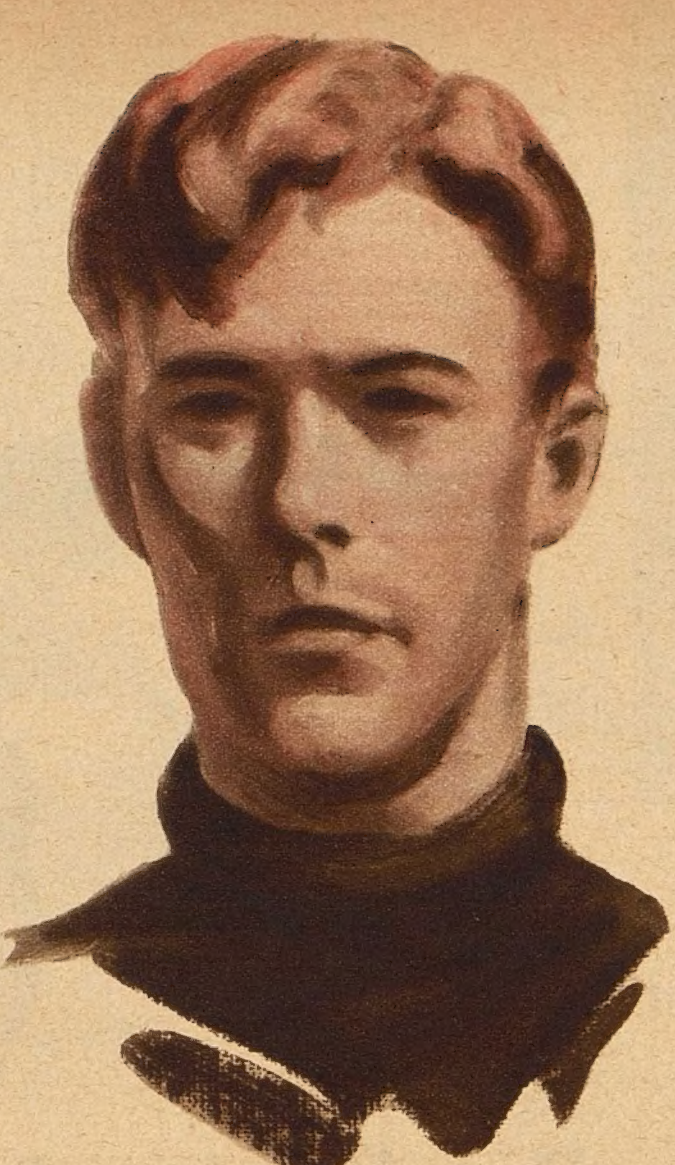
As he emerged from the woods his round blue eyes took in the village before he lowered his gaze to the feet that carried him forward like a big cat on the this-way-that-way slanting deck of a ship.

There was something about him that cried out of the sea: the sure-footed tread, the easy roll of his body with each step. He looked the sort of man whose background would be blue water, blue sky, and a white sail made concave before a racing wind; or water black, a slate-gray sky, and a ship that fought out the storm.

Yet somehow his face didn't go with the bold easy way he handled his body. Not that it wasn't a good face the way it was made, ruggedly well formed below its thatch of brass-yellow curls. It was the expression in his eyes and around his mouth—timid, almost cowardly. Though he stared steadily at his feet, his head tilted toward his shoulder as if he wanted to look back and see if he were being followed, yet was afraid to look. He gave the impression of a man who was stalked.

All the village noted this at once and was instantly suspicious and on its guard against him—all the village except Leona Winters. Leona, black-haired, black-eyed, and smoothly brown from the salty winds and the hot bright sun of a village that was all she had seen of the world in her eighteen years. Leona, hanging out dish towels on the porch railing, stopped her task and watched him walk down the road.

Her lips parted on a sigh of wonder at him, and for a moment nothing existed but that figure in a blaze of light made by the setting sun slanting through the puffs of dust set swirling about his feet. Vaguely she realized that the street had quieted to silence—there was no noise but the pad of his feet in the dust.



Somehow his face didn't go with the bold easy way he handled his body.

At first no one noticed the most peculiar thing about the man—his dress. Though it had been a particularly hot day for Florida and for August, and though he had evidently walked far, his clothes made no concessions to the heat. His faded blue jersey, tucked into dingy duck trousers, had a high neck snug about his throat. The long sleeves, instead of being rolled up to let the air against his arms, were stretched down to his wrists. But what completely mystified and alarmed the villagers was that his hands were incased in heavy cotton gloves. No ounce of the man's flesh showed save for his healthy red-bronze face strangely childlike in its expression of nervous timidity.

He never took his eyes from the road until he was abreast of the town's one store, a frame building with a porch across the front where most of the younger men gathered in the evenings. In silence the men watched as the stranger noiselessly mounted the steps and walked into the spicy, jumbled interior. Old man Danziger, who owned the store, followed him in and with ill-concealed hostility asked what he wanted.

"ROOMS," he answered. "I seen a sign outside, 'Room and Board.'"

Though he didn't like the man, Danziger's mind moved too deliberately for him to think of an excuse for turning him away. He led the way upstairs and flung open the door of a drab and cheerless room.

The crowd on the porch greeted old Danziger with eager-eyed curiosity when he returned. He couldn't tell them much. The man had asked about the fishing boats, who owned them, whom he should go to in asking for work. And he had said his name was Bowers—Adam Bowers.

"A queer feller." Danziger shook his head. Looking up, he saw that Captain Winters, owner of the town's biggest craft, had joined the group.

"Well, cap'n, I guess you'll be seeing him first thing in the morning. He do talk like he wants work."

"He looks strong enough and able," was all the taciturn Winters would say.

"Yeah! He looks a pretty husky feller," commented Danziger's son Dolf as his gaze narrowed up at the window of Bowers's room.

Dolf Danziger was a pretty husky fellow himself. A swaggering lad, Dolf Danziger, with a certain cocksure male youthfulness that won him the giggling attention of the young women of the town. His strength had won the wary respect of the younger men.

Leona Winters had unobtrusively drifted across from her house and was standing on the outskirts of the group. Through the screen of her black lashes she looked at Dolf, then lifted her gaze to Bowers's window where suddenly the enormous bulk of his shadow loomed on the lowered blind.

THE next morning before the sun had risen, Adam Bowers, who for an hour had been strolling back and forth by the edge of the woods, made his way down the beach to the sea where Captain Winters's boat, the Maizie Blue, swayed by her dock. Bowers wore the same high-necked, long-sleeved jersey, the same cotton gloves. As he neared the rotting hulk of a boat cast upon the beach by some long-gone storm he saw Leona seated on the sand inside the wreck. By her side sprawled a mongrel puppy. She was completely hidden from any curious eyes at the docks or in the village, as the open part of the boat faced south, down the beach, where there were no boats or houses; and there was not apt to be anyone abroad there so early in the day. Leona had thought of all that.

"You shore are a silly puppy dog, ain't you?" she said to the dog, pulling at his ears. As if she had no idea that there was a soul about, she looked up. And met Adam Bowers's eyes. For both of them the world stood still—all about them the soft early light, the fresh sweet air of dawn, the subdued bustle of sounds that presaged the beginning of another day.

She smiled. The tremulous curve of her lips brought him back to the knowledge of what and who he was. And yet he was impelled to smile, like a small boy shyly grateful.

The puppy yipped an infant's bark and Leona rolled him over in the silky soft white sand. Leona and Adam, trying to comprehend this discovery of each other, seemed merely a man and a girl laughing at the antics of a little dog.

"Well, I guess I better be going," he said at last.

"Well—good-by," she said, wishing she had the courage to ask him why he wore that high-necked jersey and those gloves, to beg him to take them off before he went down to the Maizie Blue and met the hostile suspicions of her father and the other men. But there was no suspicion of him in her mind. Her heart was what she reasoned by. At least with Adam Bowers it was her heart.

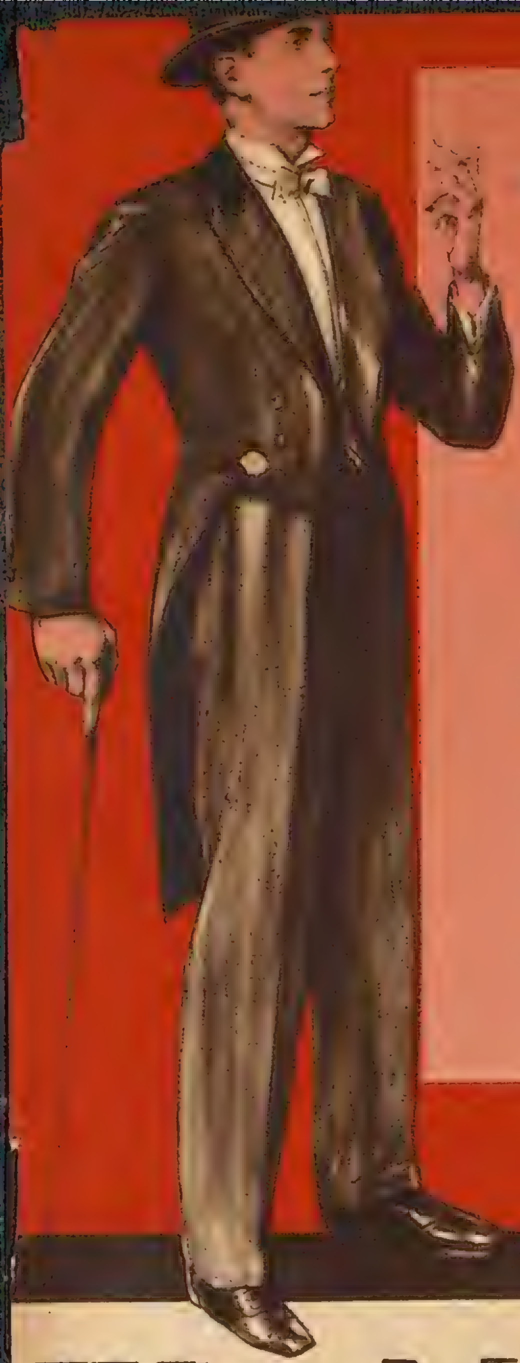
Captain Winters evidently took Adam on, as he didn't come back from the boat. The day dragged by in nervous impatience for Leona, scarcely able to endure the waiting. Yet at the end of the day she wasn't down at the dock to see the boat come in. If she found out first what had happened on the Maizie Blue she would know better how to keep from wounding Adam Bowers by some thoughtless comment when next they met.

During supper she tried by devious conversational paths to lead her father into some talk of the day's happenings. But the captain would never eat and talk too. Leona dared not ask a point-blank question.

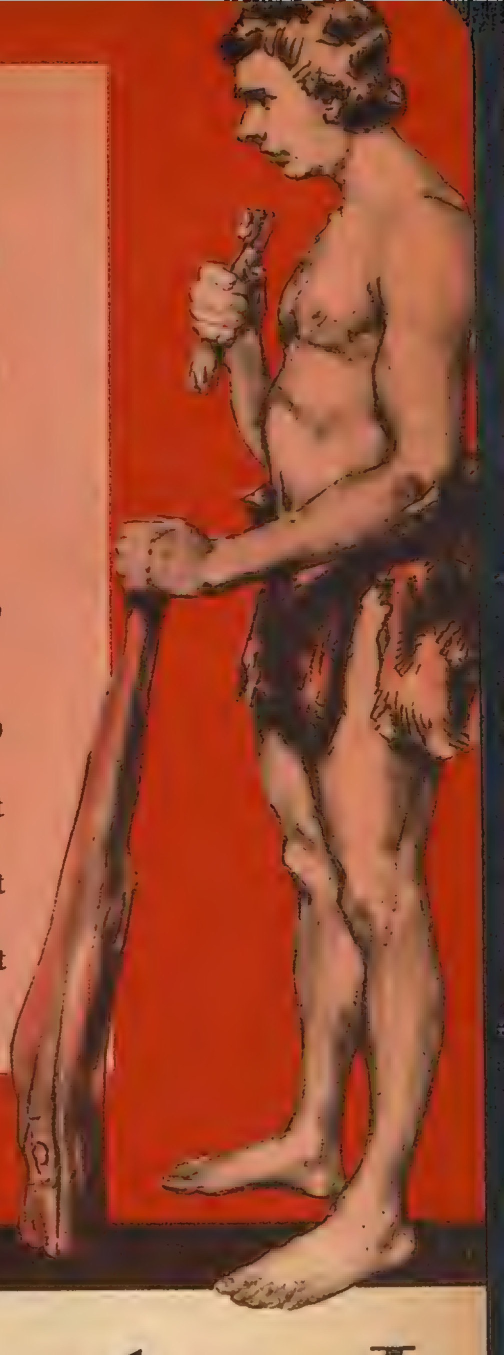
After supper she sought out Dolf Danziger, and it took only a word or two before he was launched on a boastful account of the day. Leona made herself laugh with him as he told of the humiliations Adam Bowers had suffered at his hands.

"He's so yeller—so

(Continued on page twelve)



MALCOLM CURTIS SAUNDERS, JR.		**UG**	
Age	23	Age	23
Medical costs since birth	$3,000	Medical costs since birth	0
Dentist bills	$650	Dentist bills	0
Money spent on tooth paste, brushes, etc.	$50	Money spent on tooth paste, brushes, etc.	0
Time spent on teeth	15 hours a year	Time spent on teeth	0
Tonsils	Removed in 1927	Tonsils	Perfect
Throat	Frequent colds	Throat	Perfect
Teeth	8 fillings	Teeth	Perfect



What Malcolm Curtis Saunders Jr. can learn from Ug

The debutantes would prefer Malcolm. So would we all. But Ug knew some things Malcolm doesn't. Ug never saw a dentist. Although he never brushed his teeth (!!) they were always firm and white.

At forty Malcolm will have to pay close to a thousand for some fancy bridge work, but at forty Ug's teeth were still strong, without even one cavity.

Ug, you see, ate hard grains, tough roots and raw meat and that hard chewing kept his mouth *naturally* healthy, his teeth clean. Alas, the young man of today exercises in gymnasiums, on golf links and tennis courts but doesn't know that he must chew to exercise his mouth, to make it keep itself healthy.

But at last we know what to do about it. Read the report on this page. Dentyne has exactly the right consistency to give the mouth the proper exercise. It makes the mouth keep itself healthy — and it keeps the teeth white. Every single day you should chew Dentyne. This is as important as any other daily health habit. And Dentyne is delicious. Here is an easy delightful way to keep the mouth healthy—the teeth white.

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to he proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

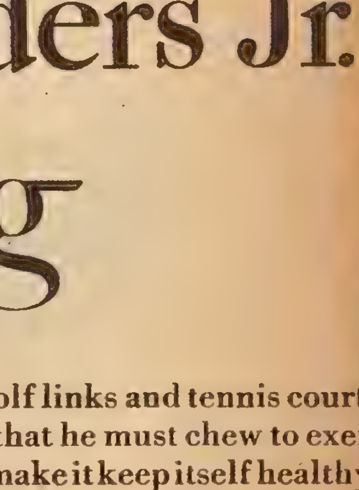
3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

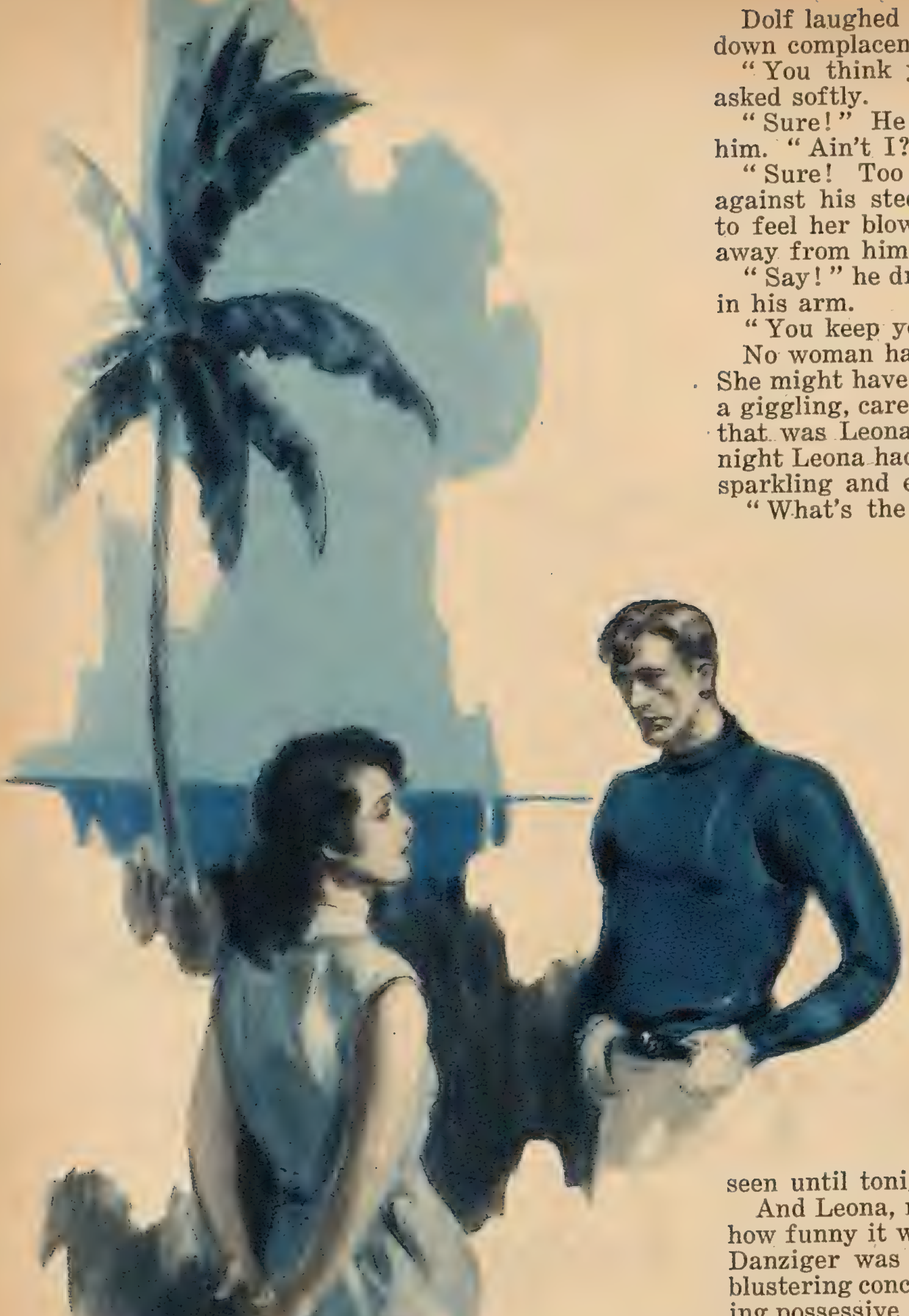
Dentyne has exactly the right tough onsistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will eep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

Chew delicious

Dentyne



KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - KEEPS TEETH WHITE



Leona was waiting for him the next day.

(Continued from page ten)

meek and lowly and scared—that it'd be kind of mean to go at him if it warn't for that low-down bullheaded way he acts about them clothes he wears."

" What way does he act, Dolf? "

" Plain mulish! He's got his nerve! So meek, and then I says to him, ' Say, why you wear that there hot sweater on a day like this, and them gloves? Take 'em off, man.' And he just says, slow and bullish, ' I wear 'em 'cause I want to, see? ' I says, ' Well, it looks mighty funny. People is like to get mighty suspicious of a man what'd be so onreasonable about his clothes.' And he answered very quick, ' There ain't no reason for nobody to be suspicious. I just like to be this way—for one thing, my hands ain't a pretty sight.' "

" Oh, Dolf! "

" And I asks him, ' What you mean? Why ain't they a pretty sight? ' And he just says, ' Why, they just ain't a pretty sight.' And then he moves away. All day he'd make excuses to git away from anybody what talked about his clothes. Why, he took things today I wouldn't take from no man! A big husky ape like him, scared and timid like a kitten! Why, he's up in his room now—hiding, scared to come out."

Dolf laughed his contempt of Bowers while he gazed down complacently at his own strong body.

" You think you're pretty strong, huh, Dolf? " she asked softly.

" Sure! " He put his arm around her, drawing her to him. " Ain't I? "

" Sure! Too strong! " She struck ineffectual fists against his steellike flesh. Teasing her, he pretended to feel her blows and loosened his grasp. She whirled away from him, out of his reach.

" Say! " he drawled, and made to draw her back within his arm.

" You keep your hands off me, Dolf Danziger! "

No woman had ever before said such a thing to him. She might have used those words but her voice had been a giggling, caressing provocation, not the cold command that was Leona's. And this was strange, for until tonight Leona had been, like the other girls of the village, sparkling and eager for his attentions.

" What's the matter, Leona? " With a sudden new interest he looked down at her. Intently he peered through the rapidly thickening dark. Her face was a shadowy mask down there below his shoulder, a white blur, telling him nothing.

" OH, nothing's the matter," she said lightly. Then inexplicably her tone was exasperated. " You think you've everything, don't you? You make me tired! " And turning, she ran away from him. Quickly she ran down the road from the old oak where they had stood until she reached her house, where Captain Winters smoked contentedly on the porch. She was there, seated beside her father, before Dolf had made his amazed and sluggish mind comprehend what she had said and done. He was afraid to follow her because of the captain. But now she wiped all the rest of the feminine world from his thoughts. Funny he hadn't seen until tonight how different she was.

And Leona, rocking quietly beside her father, thought how funny it was that she could have ever thought Dolf Danziger was anything at all with his silly grin, his blustering conceit of his awkward big body, and his stroking possessive eyes. And he had said that Adam Bowers was up in his room, scared to come out. He might be scared, he might be hiding, yet she felt no contempt, only an aching sympathy.

Leona was waiting for him the next day inside the old wrecked boat. They talked a while and then he went on down to the Maizie Blue. So matters continued, Leona and Adam meeting in the early light of first dawn, everything vibrant with stillness, quiet save for the muffled tumult of the ocean pounding on the sand. They didn't talk of each other. They really didn't say anything in particular, their vague generalities merely a half-heeded accompaniment to their eyes pouring out the words they couldn't speak.

He volunteered no information about himself. She asked for none. Every time he left her she resolved that next time she would ask him why he covered himself so completely against the burning Florida heat; why he disappeared into his room at night, never appearing in the town except to go to and from the Maizie Blue. Yet when she would see him again she would ask him nothing. As if he cast a spell on her, she would laugh and talk while she watched him with a breathless gravity.

The town grew taut with vicious curiosity about the man. Nobody could understand why Captain Winters kept Adam on. But the captain, who discussed his business with nobody, would only answer all questions with:

" Bowers is a good strong hand. Good hands ain't easy to get during the busy season. He knows boats and he knows the sea. He earns his money."

" But, cap'n, that's

(Continued on page fourteen)

BE "Mouth-Happy"

MISSING! . . . from week-end party . . . one boy (tall, slender, dark) . . . one girl (lovely, smiling, blonde) . . . one pack of Spud cigarettes (recognizable by that cool, clean sensation which makes fine tobacco taste its best).

SMOKE SPUDS

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

20 FOR 15c (25c IN CANADA) . . THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(Continued from page twelve) just it. He swears he ain't never been to sea! What good reason could a honest man have for acting that-a-way? Dressed like that and never saying nothing. Why, you ask him 'bout where he's been, where's he come from, and he just says he come from up the coast."

"Mebbe so. But so long as he ain't harming nobody he kin keep his business to hisself. He earns his money." That was all the captain would do or say about Adam Bowers.

Day by day the talk went on. Theories, explanations were advanced, discarded, only to be advanced again. Until at last all the uneasy, baffled suspicions were crystallized into one opinion, accepted by the village as the truth. Adam Bowers was a murderer.

"Why else is he so close-mouthed and sort of cringing?" they all asked. "Why else would he cover hisself up that way? It's because he's got scars on him that'd give him away if he run into the law."

On board the Maizie Blue the men fell more and more often to talking darkly of murder, men who had killed, and the law. Yet Adam gave no sign that their grisly words disturbed him. But any remark about his clothing made him rigid with the panic-eyed stubbornness of a cornered animal.

The moment came when Leona asked him. He was sitting beside her on the sand inside the wrecked boat. Without meaning to, her hand brushed against his; and without meaning to, he caught and held her hand. She looked down at her brown fingers wrapped about by his huge gloved fist. Without really realizing what she said, she asked:

"Adam, can't you tell me why you have to wear them gloves and this?" Her other hand touched the high collar of his jersey.

Dumbly he stared at her, no resentment in his gaze, only a resigned and hopeless sorrow. He was afraid that her love was not yet strong enough to understand and accept him as he was. He wanted a little more time before he told her. So, halting, a man unused to words, he tried to reassure her without answering her question.

"It ain't because of nothing wrong I ever done that I dress this way. And I ain't hiding nothing like no bad sickness or anything. I'm healthy enough, honest! That's the trouble."

And loving him as she did, she made herself believe him.

IT was bound to happen that somebody, some day, would take that slightly longer way down to the water and chance to be within hearing of their voices. Young Dolf Danziger was the one to find them. They were talking rather loudly for them, their usual caution forgotten.

"*Good* morning, Leona. Out early this morning, ain't you?" Dolf's voice twanged between them like a knife.

"Out early yourself." Adam spoke steadily. "And where you ain't wanted."

Danziger ignored him. He kept his eyes on Leona, who, startled and frightened though she was, managed to face him calmly.

"Well, I'm beginning to understand things now, Leona! Setting yourself up as too good to 'sociate with me 'cause you'd rather be with this murdering—"

"You shut your mouth!" Leona spat at him, catching at Adam as he lunged forward.

"All right! *All* right! But what's your dad going to do when he hears about you? And a lucky thing for you he will hear before you're found murdered yourself."

"I think you better shut up and go now," Adam said.

"Yeah? You gonna make me, you yellow-bellied—"

"Yeah, I'll make you."

"Mighty likely! If you tried you couldn't! And a pretty chance of you risking that covered-up hide of yourn." Dolf lurched forward and yanked at the neck of Adam's jersey. "Just what is it you got hid under there, huh, Bowers?"

What followed wasn't a pretty sight. Yet Leona, being what she was, made no effort to interfere, but, pressing her body against the curve of the boat, watched Adam, her eyes as savage as the eyes of an animal.

She peered through the gray half light at those lunging bodies and did not stop her ears against the awful sounds. Her body quivered when a grunt of pain escaped Adam. When Dolf Danziger let loose a choked cry of agony her little face glazed into a look of primeval exultance.

Finally Adam whirled and twisted free of Danziger's clumsy grasp and struck him straight and clean behind and a little below the ear.

Dolf thudded to the ground and lay still. A gust of wind blew low across the beach, swirling the white sands across his bruised, bleeding face and a cotton glove caught in his teeth. Quickly Adam reached down to the glove and quickly drew it on. He caught at his torn jersey, pulled it up and tied the ragged ends about his throat before Leona could catch a glimpse of his flesh. With his foot he nudged at the prostrate Danziger. Dolf moaned and turned a little on his side.

"He's all right. Listen, Leona," he whispered. "I got to tell you everything. But we ain't got time right now. Soon as Danziger comes to he'll tell your old man about you and me and they'll be searching for me. I'll hide out till you can come to me. Things should quiet down in a day or two."

LIKE a child intent on a difficult lesson she listened and nodded.

"I know where you can hide. Come here, Adam. Look!" She climbed one of the tall white sand dunes that marked the ocean's high tide. On the other side palmettos and an occasional scraggly palm grew in a thicket down to the dunes. They could scarcely be seen, for, though it was time for the sun to be up over the ocean's far horizon, the day was still only half light, the sky was low and turbulent with clouds dark and thick, forerunners of a storm blowing up from the Bahamas.

"Look," she said. "You just can see it from here. Over there—that tallest palm down yonder, and they's three small palms to the left, see?" He nodded. "They's a little shack in there. They ain't nobody used it for a year or more. You'll be safe there."

"I'll be there, Leona. Day or night, when you can get to me." Awkwardly he fumbled at her cheek. "Leona, I'd—I'd ask you now to run off with me, but I ain't got the right till I tell you everything. If I thought it was right, you know I wouldn't send you back to your old man and all he might do to you." In spite of himself his head bent down so that his hungry mouth might at last be against her lips; but he forced himself to turn away from that first kiss.

"I better hurry, Leona. I better run." He plunged down the dune to the beach and soon vanished in the mist.

Leona found Dolf still lying on the sand, his eyes closed, his body jerking fitfully as his stunned senses resumed their functions.

For Leona the day and night that followed were long hours of pain and fear. Old Captain Winters, being a simple man with a primitive code of right and wrong, reward and punishment, punished his child according to his sense of justice. She had been so good and dutiful a daughter that she had almost forgotten the feel of a whip across her back. Yet she did not rebel. She understood her father's way of reasoning.

Her rage and hatred were directed against young Dolf. Because of his doubly wounded vanity — pride in his strength, pride in his attraction for any woman — he tried to salve his wounds by constant taunts at her and wild accusations against Adam Bowers. He fanned the village's hostility into threats of tar and feathers, lynching, if Adam were found. Dolf led a search through the countryside, but there was no trace of Adam.

After twenty-four hours the excitement began to die down. Captain Winters lessened his vigilant supervision and Leona was allowed to leave the house. At dusk she ventured forth to sit a while beside her father on the front porch. The promised storm seemed at last to have reached the coast. The wind was blowing strong, skirling the black clouds across the sky, jumbling the sea into a dark chaos of white-topped waves, sucking dry sand into miniature whirlwinds that spun in minute fury down the beach. Inland, through the woods of oak and palmetto, palm and (Continued on page sixteen)

"Man Was Created October 23, 4004 B. C. *at nine o'clock in the morning!"*

Frost and famine were preferred by the Pilgrims . . . Malaria and massacre were the costs to the Cavaliers . . . all to avoid a motherland that wouldn't change its thinking.

So wrapped up in the traditions of a thousand years was the England they left behind them that no less a personage than Dr. John Lightfoot, Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge and undoubtedly one of the most eminent scholars of all time, published as his *magnum opus:*

"*Heaven and earth, centre and circumference, were created all together, in the same instant, and clouds full of water... This work took place and man was created by the Trinity on October* 23, 4004 *B.C., at nine o'clock in the morning.*"

Yet, while indulgently pointing out that astronomical formulae, architectural principles and cosmetic recipes unknown even to the learned Dr. Lightfoot were occupying the attention of a great civilization along the Nile exactly at Dr. Lightfoot's hour of Creation––many a modern scholar still preaches that the cosmic ray theory, the vitamin table and the prediction of the decline of modern civilization are infallible!

All history is nothing more nor less than an account of the conflict between those who have settled the affairs of the world to their own liking and those who don't particularly like the way that those affairs have been settled.

In the field of modern journalistic opinion, for example, Liberty was condemned by some when it emphasized the potential leadership in Franklin D. Roosevelt long before he had become a serious contender for the Democratic nomination.

Liberty was criticized by others when it published a signed statement by Adolph Hitler outlining all the policies that he intended to—and subsequently did—put into effect, nearly a year before the civilized world took his dictatorship aspirations seriously.

Liberty announced Alfred E. Smith's repeal plan which was subsequently hammered into the Democratic platform, prophesied Roosevelt's dictatorship ideas in a series of articles by Colonel House and dramatized the Back-to-the-Land movement which culminated in the twenty-five million dollar appropriation under the National Recovery Act to support that movement.

For all of these and many other expressions of its Liberal editorial policy, Liberty was, at the time, attacked by the traditional stand-patters.

Yet, today, more men and women come back again and again and ask for Liberty every week than for any other magazine.

Three exhaustive investigations by as many independent experts, covering over two years, prove beyond doubt that Liberty is read *more thoroughly* than any other popular magazine.

Of the best read editorial features, more are *non-fiction* in Liberty than in any other general weekly.

And that thorough, thoughtful reading is found to extend from the editorial pages to the advertising columns . . .

Today, with liberalism the very keynote of our existence, no publisher—and no advertiser—can afford to insist that the world was created at "nine o'clock in the morning"!

The open mind and the eye on the horizon are the one way back to prosperity. Liberty, as the journalistic keynote of popular liberalism, asks, what other advertising medium can give your product a more sympathetic background? What other banner can do so much to bring the exiled patronage of the Pilgrims and Cavaliers back home?

Dr. E. F. DAUGHERTY
MUNCIE, INDIANA
President, Izaac Walton League of America

Dr. Daugherty writes to Liberty:

"I must say, I like Liberty because it so consistently justifies its name in the general line of 'expostulating' and prophesying. It is, week after week, provocative. Liberty very decidedly is contributing constructively."

Dr. ANDREAS BARD
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
Pastor, St. Mark's Church, Kansas City, Mo. Author: The Dawn of Tomorrow and Other Lectures; In Memoriam; Your Flag and My Flag; The Trail of the Covered Wagon; The Bride of Bagdad; Seven Ages of Man.

Dr. Bard writes to Liberty:

"I am glad you are not merely critical, liberal, progressive, but also constructive. The wrecking crew has its place, so has the construction gang. It takes less genius to be a destroyer than to be a builder. Liberty is not Nihilism and I congratulate your writers on their contributions to progress rather than on their criticisms of past errors."

A. C. WILLFORD
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
District: 3rd District, Iowa. Committees: Merchant Marine, Radio, and Fisheries; Enrolled Bills; War Claims.

Congressman Willford writes to Liberty:

"I have many times read with a great deal of interest various articles regarding political situations and other world matters written by very able men and in a short concise manner. These articles were indeed interesting and I believe educational to anyone who will take the time to read these short sketches.

"It is my usual weekly routine to investigate the articles in Liberty and selecting from time to time articles which I think interesting. I fully believe that Liberty is fulfilling a duty to the American public in giving out this information."

(Continued from page fourteen) . vine-hung bay, there was the sound of boughs and branches bent and tortured by the gale, the frenzied fluttering of myriads of leaves, and the occasional crack of a branch broken from its tree. There was a faint roll of thunder and, far off, lightning flashed faintly.

"Looks like a bad night," Leona said.

"Hm. Likely the boats can't git out in the morning," Captain Winters answered.

"Shore is likely." It was Dolf Danziger who spoke. He had crossed over the road from his father's store. Leona stiffened like a cat at the sight of him. She turned and looked out toward the sea. Furtively Dolf studied her averted face, her black hair blowing free in the wind.

"Say, captain," he said, his voice shaken with suppressed excitement, "a man come in here 'bout sundown. Said he come from New Orleans, where he had word that Bowers was around here. But a funny thing—this feller says Adam Bowers ain't his name at all. His name's Larsen.

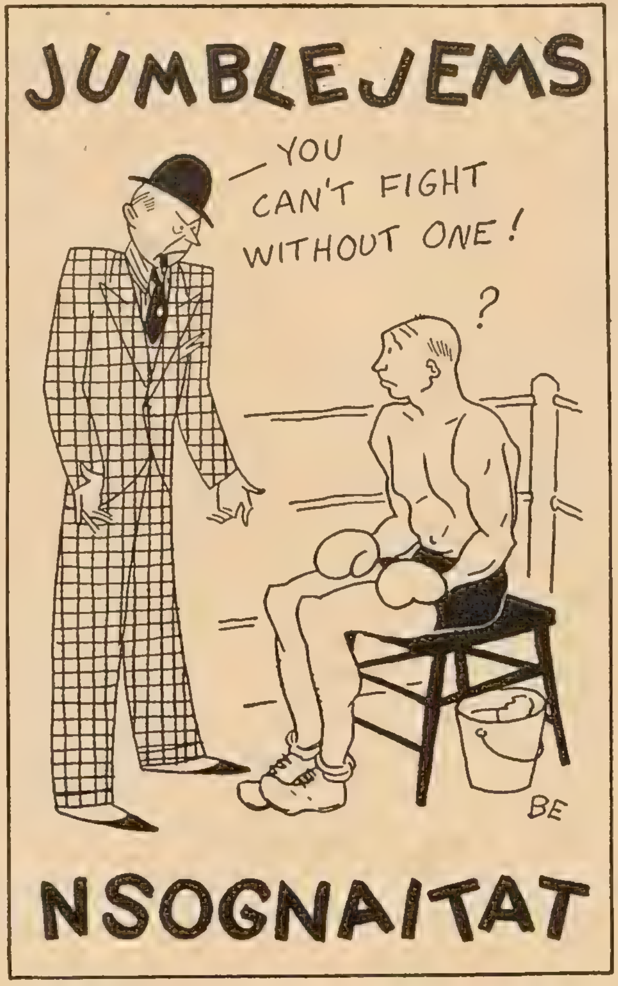
"And this feller," Dolf went on, "this feller—his name's Semedo—seems like a Portugee—says Bowers—uh, *Larsen*, that is—is a regular seaman, has shipped on boats all over the world." Dolf spat on the ground. "And him trying to put it over he never was to sea!

"This Semedo met Larsen down in Australia. I asked Semedo why Larsen wore them clothes and wouldn't talk none about hisseff. Semedo wouldn't say; he just laughed to hisseff fit to bust. He won't tell nobody why he come hunting Larsen. He jest keeps saying over and over he's got to find him."

"You see, daughter," Captain Winters said to Leona, "there's something mighty ugly 'bout that Bowers. You're lucky you're out of it."

"Yes, sir," she said, so low he could scarcely hear.

Dolf pointed across the street: "They's Semedo now, over at the store. Hey, Semedo!" He beckoned to the man, who came over and, after a word of greeting, sat down on the steps. Timidly Leona looked at him: a thickset stocky man, long brown hands drooping from the wrists with a woman's grace, a brown face with a cruel slash of a mouth, a long sharp nose, and avid black eyes beneath overhanging brows, coal-black like his coarse unruly hair.



The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 59.

"IS this the young lady, captain? Your daughter that knew Larsen?" he asked Winters.

"Well, young lady," he said as the captain nodded, "a lucky thing for you Larsen got out. You see, it'd be most sad for a nice young lady to get sweet on Larsen." He paused to cackle in ugly laughter at some secret knowledge of his own. "It's best that Larsen travels alone—until he's caught."

"I guess I better be getting to bed," Leona mumbled abruptly, her voice choked and breathless. "G'night."

For the first time Leona was afraid of Adam. And yet she had to go to him. She waited in her dark room until all the lights on the street were out, then, taking a packet of food, matches, and two unlighted lanterns, she crept out of the house and ran toward the beach. It was raining and the lightning was close now, splitting the sky. She did not see a raincoated figure slip from the porch of Danziger's store and follow where she led.

The tide was roaring, plunging in, all the beach submerged except for a narrow strip at the base of the dunes. It was so dark that she was guided by the ocean's tumult except when the lightning flared; and she was bent almost double keeping her feet against the gale of wind. At last she reached the hut. Calling to Adam, she threw herself against the door. Through the pitch-black night his arms reached out and drew her into the shelter.

Sobbing, babbling incoherently, she lighted the lanterns and forced him to take the food. She studied him as he ate, and as she watched, her terror and suspicions vanished. She trusted him again. The door banged open. Semedo, his swarthy rain-drenched face alert and eager with an unholy joy, stood before them.

Leaping to his feet, Adam stared at Semedo, his expression a mixture of childlike horror, weariness, and fear.

"Well, Larsen," Semedo drawled, "it's took some time, but I catch up with you. When I seen the young lady I knew if I could just keep track of her I'd find you."

"I guess if I went to hell you'd track me down," Adam answered, his voice lifeless.

"That's right! That's right!" Semedo chuckled.

"WHAT d'you mean? What's he mean, Adam?" Leona questioned them. They paid her no attention, so intent they were on the secret that lay between them. Adam's eyes never left Semedo, whose eyes never left Adam. And Leona watched them both.

"How's your health been, Larsen? You ain't been sick, have you? Ain't had no bad fevers, have you, no sickness that'd break out and mar your flesh?"

"I look healthy, don't I?" Adam answered with a timid belligerence.

"That's good! That's fine!" Eagerly Semedo leaned forward. "You ain't been in no bad fights, no knives cutting into you, nothing like that, have you?"

"You know I keep to myself, Semedo."

"That's fine! That's right! That's like I told you. You got to take care of yourself. And why'd you get mad when I told you?" He was abruptly hurt and petulant, railing at Adam. "Ain't I got some rights, some interests?"

"I paid you. I paid you what you asked."

"Pay!" The word was a scream. "What's the good of money? That don't pay me! The only pay I want is to have my work kept safe."

"What work?" Leona cried, tugging at Adam's sleeve, trying vainly to tear his attention away from Semedo.

"And when I try to watch out for you, take care of you, you run off and leave me. Leave me to worry myself sick!" Semedo buried his face in his strangely beautiful, graceful hands. "Sick I been—thinking maybe you been cut to pieces in a fight, or lost at sea, or buried in some lonesome grave. And everything lost! Lost the heart's blood of my work that I trusted you with!"

"Trusted me! I paid you."

"Stop saying that word 'pay'!" Semedo shrieked. "Why do you keep trying to get away from me? You can't lose me just by changing your name and giving up the sea! It'd be hard to hide yourself, Larsen." His eyes, bright with a gloating admiration, brooded on Adam. "You ain't a regular ordinary figure of a man."

"I was till you got hold of me. Till you and your devil's tongue talked me out of my right senses and set me wandering over the world like a criminal."

"You two!" Leona leaped to her feet. "What is it? You, Semedo, why are you doing this to him?" She flung her arms protectingly about Adam's bent shoulders. Before he could answer, Semedo, who for the first time seemed aware of her presence, answered with a crafty gentleness:

"Why, lady? Well — you know what an artist is, lady?"

Leona, having only the vaguest conception of what an artist was, nodded.

"Well, lady, when an artist paints his picture, no matter who buys the picture, his work is there for all the world to see. Long after he's dead his work lives on, getting its due praise. It's the same with an artist that writes a book, or a song, or makes a statue."

"Aw, that's crazy talk!" Adam growled. "You ain't no—"

"I'm telling this, Larsen! You see, mine's a peculiar art, lady. I can't just go to a store and buy a piece of canvas. Man is my canvas, and I can't buy a man. Besides, just any man won't do. There's got to be a certain texture and he must be big. At best my canvas ain't large. When Adam come into my place I seen he was the perfect background for my work. The dream of my life, my claim to be recognized as the greatest artist in my line, to be immortal like other great men—Rembrandt, Raphael"—he poured out a stream of names that meant nothing to Adam and Leona, and little more to Semedo, than names of vague people who had achieved a lasting fame. Frantic with impatience, Leona cut him off:

"But what's them people got to do with Adam?"

"This, lady!" Semedo darted forward, his beautiful hands tearing at Adam's gloves and jersey. Before he could throw Semedo off Adam was stripped to the waist, naked—and yet not naked—

FROM his broad shoulders to his flat slim hips his smoothly muscled fine-skinned body was tattooed—a design of leaves and flowers twined and interwoven about birds of gaudy feather, and faces holding almost the strange arrested quality of beauty that makes a painting. Down his arms, over his hands cascaded vines and flowers. On his right forearm, among the gay foliage, was tattooed an American flag, stubbornly insisted upon by Adam as a patriotic gesture—and to hell with art! His rapid breathing shook the brilliant hues of his covering until it seemed to shimmer in the dim light—purples, yellows, greens, reds, intricately combined; and above the color Adam's bronzed face, forlorn and stricken beneath his thatch of brass-bright hair.

"Oh!" Leona gasped and drew back from him, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"That's my masterpiece, lady! I'm the man that tattooed all that. You'll never see its equal." Proudly Semedo proclaimed his handiwork.

As if hypnotized Leona still stared at Adam, and he, thinking she found him horrible, shrank away from her. That was what he had feared—she would find him horrible, and contemptible to have run away from Semedo.

Step up gentlemen and get

15 SHAVES FREE

We are not in business for our health. We don't give away 15 free shaves to *anybody* for the fun of it. We make this offer simply—and selfishly—because we know that practically every man who sends in the coupon below will go on using Listerine Shaving Cream.

How can we be so sure? Because we've watched it happen. And because we know how Listerine Shaving Cream compares with others, regardless of price.

You could spend a dollar and you wouldn't get anything better for a tough beard and a tender skin than Listerine Shaving Cream—at 25¢! It lathers up like a cream puff. It soothes the skin. It softens the beard. Your razor slides through it like nothing at all and leaves a clean, smooth path behind. Chafes and scrapes just don't happen.

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Gentlemen: Below is my name and address. Please send me, free and postpaid, your large sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

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Street_____________________________

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"Why, Adam," she whispered, "it's beautiful!"

Confused, amazed with happiness, Adam, so clumsy with words, could make no answer, and she, relieved to find this harmless answer to the mystery of his dress, laughed up at him: "But, Adam, it's so silly! You acting so sort of guilty and strange just because you got tattooing on you!"

"Yeah," he agreed, "it's silly; but then again," he gave Semedo a strange look, "it ain't so silly."

Ignoring this talk, Semedo walked slowly around Adam. "You kept good care of it, Larsen. You ain't got fat and stretched it out of shape; and you ain't got skinny and let it sag." Standing before Adam he muttered fiercely, "I got to watch you, Larsen. I can't trust you out of my sight with it."

"That's what he started saying to me down in Australia." Adam spoke wearily, his harassed eyes on Leona. "He got me so nervous I shipped to England. I'd been running regular from Australia to New Zealand; but he followed me on a faster boat and when my ship docked he was there on the pier grinning down at me." Adam's big frame shuddered at the memory.

"You hadn't ought to done that to me, Larsen," Semedo reproached him. Then he appealed to Leona: "Can you imagine, lady, running off like that? Risking my masterpiece on the dangerous sea! Why, it was like using the Mona Lisa for a sail! And after I'd got him the offer of a good job where my work could be seen and appreciated by all the world—a fine job in a dime museum!"

VANISHING AMERICA

Some years ago a town or city didn't think much of itself until it had one or more drinking fountains. But, like the iron deers for lawns, the cigar-store Indians, and the high-crowned derbies like that worn by the man in the picture at the left, they've almost disappeared. This photograph was submitted by Mrs. W. W. Ackly, 4838 Thirty-fourth Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

"I didn't intend to sit in no chair all day and half the night while people went by and stared at me like I was a painted wall. I'm a seaman!" Adam cried angrily.

"Then why'd you have so much put on you, Adam?" Leona asked.

"I didn't mean to. You know how sailors are. I just went to him to get a little tattooing and then he got to talking so sort of enthusiastic and pleading that, well, I didn't have nothing better to do, so every time I made port I let him do some more."

"AND then," Semedo wailed, "when I had him finished, he started getting shy because I wanted people to look at him, and then he got jumpy just because I watched over him!"

"It was more than just watching, Leona. You see the way he treats me—like I wasn't a human breathing thing, but like I was a piece of property that belonged to him. I'd do anything to get away from him. That's why I let people treat me like a dog, do anything, call me anything, just so they don't find out about this here tattooing. For then they talk, and talk travels, and somehow he gets wind of it and finds me."

"But this is all too foolish!" Leona insisted. With an uneasy suspicion she looked at Semedo. She pulled Adam's head down and whispered to him, "He's a crazy man! All you got to do is get him put away."

"You don't have to whisper," Adam said hopelessly. "I tell him he's crazy. I reported him to the authorities, but the fellows that come down to talk to him—why, he talked to 'em as sensible and polite. They said I just had something against him and was trying to put him away to get even with him."

"That's right! You hadn't ought to done that to me, Larsen." Semedo's tone was hurt and reproachful. "But you won't catch me that way. I know when to talk and when to keep my mouth shut. I'll be there when you die and your skin won't be buried with you."

"What—did—you—say?" The words jolted from Leona's lips.

"His skin is mine! And I'll get it away from him. So careful I'll take it off!" Semedo's hands fluttered in gestures of dainty, crafty grace. "So careful! And then my picture'll hang, not in a cheap show but in a real museum for all the world to look at."

Leona started to laugh. Instead her mouth twisted into a grimace of horror.

"Why, it's too funny—it's crazy!" Again she tried to laugh but the sound was a quavering gasp of repugnance. Pawing at Adam's shoulder she implored him:

"You got to do something, Adam!"

"I CAN'T do anything but run away. I know it's silly. It's enough to make anybody laugh—that a man like him could turn me into a scared, hiding coward when I ain't done nothing at all; could make me feel like a criminal for loving you because I ain't got no right to ask you to love me with him acting like he owned me. I ain't got no right to ask a girl to go with me, with him always dogging at my heels, hanging over me like a knife."

"That's right, young lady, that's right—he ain't got no rights," Semedo agreed gleefully.

"What can I do?" Adam asked hopelessly. "If I don't get away from him you see, Leona, what it'll lead to. Some day he'll kill me, if he don't drive me crazy too, and I'll be pushed to killing him."

"But you got to make somebody—the authorities—see what he is!"

"Why, lady," Semedo interposed mildly, "what is there to make anybody see? There ain't no law against a man taking an interest in his work." He turned on Adam, his face suddenly as evil and distorted as his maniacal brain. "Did you ever notice, Larsen, how there's a red rose tattooed right over your heart? A man, Larsen, from a few feet away, couldn't miss such a target." With a gloating gentleness, he added, "And one clean bullet hole in the center of that red rose wouldn't mar my pictures."

With his catlike quickness Adam sprang on Semedo. Holding the struggling man with one arm he went through Semedo's pockets. He grunted with relief.

"So you ain't got a gun. But next time, I suppose! Now get out! Get out!"

As if Semedo were a rag doll Adam lifted him from his feet, and striding to the door, opened it and flung the man out into the riot of the storm.

An instant later Semedo stuck his head around the door, his face contorted into a burlesque of all the fiendish killers in the old melodramas.

"I won't be far off, Larsen." His mouth twisted into an absurd, uncanny sneer. "You'll never lose me. And you, young lady," he grinned at Leona, "go on with him now—while he's young and strong, because he won't never grow old. Not with my pictures on him. He can't get old—all shriveled and shrunken—my pictures ruined. He'll die young!"

Adam stared at him, his eyes blank, as his stolid, child-like mind comprehended what Semedo had said. Then, with a bellow of rage, Adam ran at Semedo and Leona ran after Adam.

The night was transformed to a greenish bright glare as lightning spat through the clouds. She saw Semedo running a zigzag course along the top of the dunes. Not far behind him was Adam on all fours climbing the slithering wet sand. The ocean at the height of its tide pounded halfway up the mounds. The light faded. Leona crawled after Adam. Lightning ripped the sky again and she saw that Adam was gaining.

Semedo turned to look back. He stumbled, fell, and rolled down toward the sea. A black wall of water surged in, curved, broke high against the dunes. In the churning fury of the breaking wave Leona saw for an instant the upraised clutching agony of Semedo's hands. Then he was gone and the light faded.

Lightning cracked the sky and she saw Adam again. He stood motionless, his head thrown back, the colors on his wet body gleaming in the green light as he gulped the first sweet breath of an almost forgotten freedom.

The light faded. Through the dark she made her way to him and, young savage that she was, exulted in the jungle brilliance of the vines, the gaudy birds, the leaves and flowers wrapping her in a barbaric tapestry as his arms encircled her.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the origin of the term U-boat as applied to submarines?
2—When was the seat of government fixed at Washington, D. C.?
3—Who invented the carbon filament incandescent lamp?
4—Who were the Jacobites?
5—What is opopanax?
6—What is the meaning of the word Canada?
7—What is the capital of Honduras?
8—What does the word meerschaum mean?
9—Who invented the monkey wrench?
10—What is the largest fresh-water lake in the world?
11—What is a hygrometer?
12—What is a vigia?
13—What is an ocean letter?
14—How many baseball games must be won by a team to capture the World's Series?
15—What is the name of the Danish Parliament?
16—What state was the first to ratify the Constitution?
17—What is the shortest verse in the Bible?
18—What is a misogynist?
19—From what poem is the quotation, "Water, water everywhere, Nor any drop to drink"?
20—What is a trireme?

(Answers to be found on page 36)

Jack's Smile

The Smile that widens in delight,
That makes Jack's frowns fly out
of sight,
The Quaker Oats Smile—that's all right!
The Smile that won't come off.

You lose that delightful flavor when you fail to get Quaker Oats★

SOME people think oatmeals are alike. But please remember this. It's flavor that counts in oatmeals. And it's flavor that has won the world to Quaker Oats.

Why the Quaker flavor is richer

Quaker Oats are flaked from just the finest grains. Sifted 32 times to get only the perfect ones. It takes a bushel of choice oats, to make 10 pounds of Quaker.

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These choice oats we roast whole. To a very perfection of flavor. Then they are further enriched with ultra violet rays. This gives an added food value no other oatmeal boasts.

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To save time we make Quick Quaker Oats. They take but 2½ minutes of cooking. And give you the same delightful Quaker flavor.

The extra flavor, extra nourishment is worth having. You get it in Quaker Oats.

QUICK QUAKER OATS

★Quaker Oats is purer, richer, better, because of the exclusive Quaker process which includes:

1—**The use of choicest oats.**
2—**Better flavor** due to 10 different roastings.
3—**Purity**—untouched by human hands during making.
4—**Further enrichment** by the use of modern ultra violet rays.

U. S. Patent No. 1,680,818.

Is HOLLYWOOD DECADENT?

(Reading time: 14 minutes 20 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD decrees that its stars must be thin. Hollywood demands the boyish figure, and demands it by contract. If an actress goes over a specified weight the studios can, by means of the weight clause common to all contracts, legally send her packing.

Hollywood buys its actresses by the pound. And, ironically enough, pays in inverse proportion—the fewer the pounds the higher the pay.

Cameras show up the human figure heavier than it actually is, so that even normally slender girls who want to get into the movies have to go on a starvation diet and be pounded, slapped, and mauled about on a massage table to be reduced to subnormal thinness.

If this passion for thinness were confined to screen actresses, it would be unimportant. But the whole world models itself on Hollywood. Women the world over are going through the same insane reducing processes, the same starvation, the same brutal massaging that the screen stars submit to, because the women of the world want to be as slim as Greta Garbo or Constance Bennett or Joan Crawford or any of the boyish-formed women they see on the screen.

Hollywood sets the fashion and the rest of the world conforms. And that's not unimportant, because it is creating a race of undernourished, unnatural, and unwomanly women.

If you don't believe that the world copies Hollywood, let me recall to you the quota bill passed by the English Parliament in 1927, and the similar bills that were put into effect at about the same time in France and Germany. This legislation, which demanded that a quota of foreign pictures be shown in America and which limited the number of American pictures that could be shown abroad, was the direct result of Europeans awakening to the startling fact that American merchandise was superseding European merchandise in their own markets. The movie habit had been spreading abroad, and when the people of Europe saw American clothes, furniture, typewriters, automobiles, sewing machines and the thousand and one labor-saving devices

Jean Harlow. "She isn't the least bit fat, but has an exquisitely rounded body."

BY CLARA BERANGER

Who Offers Herewith a Prayer for Relief from the "Rag and Bone" Figure —Can We Escape Its Spell?

Marlene Dietrich. "Alas, Marlene! What did you start?"—making mannish pants a world fashion.

Mae West. "Surprise hit of the year. She looks like a woman and she acts like one."

obviously available to the working classes at cheap prices, they demanded American products in preference to the clumsier and more expensive articles made by their own factories.

The sale of American goods followed closely in the tracks of American movies. Hollywood was setting the fashion in clothes, in furniture, in household appliances, in automobiles.

It was not doing it deliberately, nor with the ulterior motive of stimulating trade, as the French newspapers naïvely claimed. American pictures have always been made for entertainment only, because American audiences would never stand for advertising or trade exploitation in the theater.

If the people of the world were buying the things they saw in pictures, it was because these things seemed to be the last word in style and convenience.

If it were only *things* that the world copied there would

U. & U. News photo

"If women would be content to admire Marlene as the smartest-looking boy in all Hollywood—"

be no cause for alarm, except perhaps to traders and business men. But now Hollywood, with the innocence of a child playing with T. N. T., has set a fashion for thinness. It has succeeded in making women look, dress, and act like men. Not like strong men who could do a day's work—we could stand that. But like thin, unathletic, decadently smart, painted men of the gigolo variety. And that's hard to swallow quietly.

WHAT'S the idea? To please the stronger sex? I doubt it. The purpose of women's self-decoration may be to please men, but the methods and manners they use in the process are to please themselves.

Men—that is, normal men—like curves. In the gesture of caressing a woman a man's hand automatically describes an arc. He likes the soft rotundities that Nature gave women, the luscious contours. Old Mother Nature knew what she was doing when she differentiated between the cold straight lines of the male body and the warm circular form of the female.

The statue of the Venus de Milo, so dramatically placed in the Louvre, is the conception of a goddess in the form of a woman. Breath-takingly beautiful is the Venus. Breasts, hips, thighs, she is all woman. For years she has been the ideal of the woman-figure.

Whatever possessed Hollywood to substitute an anæmic, flat-breasted, hipless ideal in place of that gorgeous Venus model? I don't know the cause. But I do know the effect. And I can't say I like it.

I see feminine Hollywood take its exercise on the rubbing table. There it endures brutal poundings and wrenchings that the trainer of any professional athlete would forbid.

If a Hollywood husband beat his wife just once with half the strength used by her masseur, he'd be haled into the divorce court on a charge of cruelty. And the wife *pays* the masseur to do the beating. Laugh that off!

I hear women in Hollywood complain because they have breasts. I see these women in massage parlors being rubbed with camphor and alcohol, even after they are warned that they might never be able to nurse babies.

No wonder Hollywood stars have to adopt children. Thin undernourished bodies slapped down to the bone are not ideal for childbearing.

AND the diets that the fair ones of the pictures are swallowing in their attack on the mistake Nature made in giving them curves! What do you think of the same reducing menu for breakfast, dinner, and supper? The latest theory is that if you eat the same thing three times a day you'll get thin. Of course this means no fats, no sugars, no carbohydrates. You can select your own combination, provided it has neither butter nor sugar nor starch in it. Maybe it will be a chop and a slice of pineapple. Or a fruit salad (without dressing) and shrimps.

I know one young girl who ate nothing but fruit and shrimps three times a day for a month. It almost made me sick to watch her.

The idea behind this fad of eating the same article of food two or three times a day is that neither the stomach nor the psyche can use enough of one article to maintain nutrition.

Pity the poor man who has to live in a house with a dieting woman! Her nerves are on edge, her disposition sour. A starved woman is very apt to satisfy her hunger by persistently snapping her husband's head off.

Recently at a dinner party my husband was placed between two women who were on a diet. He looked across the table at me and said wistfully: "You know, dear, a man can starve to death sitting between two dieting women." His companions right and left took no food on their own plates but playfully pecked at his.

You may remember the eighteen-day diet that a famous surgeon, after expert analysis of a particular case, prescribed for his patient. Somehow the diet got about. Louella Parsons obtained a copy of it and published it in detail in her column. Soon all Hollywood was eating cucumbers, grapefruit, and tomatoes, and drinking skimmed milk. Restaurants in Hollywood were prepared to serve what their patrons demanded. All you had to say to a waiter was: "Third-day luncheon" or "Sixteenth-day dinner," and the most marvelous mixture of unappetizing foods would be placed before you. If you were in the mood for a slight variation of the day's diet and ordered perhaps a chop or a succulent bit of beef, you would be properly reprimanded by the waiter with a haughty "You shouldn't have that—it's not on the list."

The surgeon had recommended this eighteen-day routine for one particular case. He knew, of course, that you can't prescribe the same food for everybody, because metabolism and chemistry vary in each individual body. Yet here was a diet, with his name attached to it, published for the world at large.

The doctor repudiated the diet, issued all sorts of warnings, and even threatened suit. The warnings went for nothing, but the threat caused the diet to be rechristened. It became "the Hollywood Diet."

From Hollywood it spread all over the country, carrying in its wake a trail of wreckage. Hospitals and sanatoriums were filled with patients suffering from bad digestion, hyperacidity, and all sorts of physical upsets. If a person happened to be potentially ill, wrong feeding did an infinite amount of harm. And even in cases where the dieters were healthy, wrong food seriously disturbed their normal body balance.

Weight depends ordinarily on the balance between the energy that is taken in as food and the energy that is given out as bodily exercise—"caloric balance," as it is scientifically called. If a doctor wants to reduce a patient, he first takes a metabolism test to find out the exact chemical interchange of food in that particular body. He then arranges a diet that will reduce the intake of certain foods and allow the body to burn up its excessive and harmful fat.

But in the wrong diets it is not only excessive and harmful body fat that is burned up but also necessary vital proteins. And that means actually burning the substance of which the heart, kidneys, and other vital organs are composed.

All these women who go on any fad diet prescribed by any person they happen to meet, or by any newspaper article they happen to read, may be tampering with their vital organs in a way that is distinctly and sometimes permanently dangerous to their health.

IN an effort to be "a rag and a bone" (with sometimes "a hank of hair") they jeopardize their vitality, their jobs, perhaps even their whole future happiness.

Is any silly fad for a thin figure worth such a risk?

And now exercise, which is the natural way to burn up excessive fat, is taboo in Hollywood. Not long ago I read in a Los Angeles paper an article by a casting director in a prominent studio. He warned girls either to give up athletics or the hope of getting into pictures. "Athletics," he said, "spread the hands, the waist, thicken the ankles, develop unsightly muscles, and are the arch-enemy of that ultra-thinness, that boyish figure, that the pictures demand."

Whereupon tennis, horseback riding, and golf go into the discard, and contract bridge becomes the popular sport. Sun bathing serves as a substitute for swimming.

Last summer we had the opportunity of seeing the greatest women athletes in the world in Hollywood for the Olympic Games. They were gorgeous creatures to look at—radiant with health and brisk vitality, glowing with the sanity that comes from a sound body. As I watched them running, disk throwing, or poised for a dive into the pool, their bronzed half-naked bodies silhouetted against the tinted beauty of the California sky, I rejoiced that we had recaptured, after the dark ages of

Nothing Like It!

Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

gives 20 to 30% greater protection — untold extra comfort

EVERY woman will greet this news gladly. Kotex—your favorite sanitary protection—now gives far greater service because of a Patented Equalizer—a processed center. An intimate explanation is given you in the direction sheet inside each package. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness; how the pad is now able to give you greater protection with less bulk.

Ends, of course, "phantomized"

Rounded ends serve a purpose; but they must also be flattened and tapered, so that the "phantom" effect is certain. In Kotex this is done.

And all the other great advantages of Kotex are retained—softness, absorbency, disposability, and the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection. You want all these features. In Kotex, and Kotex only, do you get them, and at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Super-Kotex (extra thickness). Have a box of each size on your shelf.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt*... the final perfection in sanitary comfort ... designed to give wearing ease such as has never before been possible.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer . . . and this is why:

1 – it took two and one-half years to perfect.
2 – a board of three hundred women tested it.
3 – medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
4 – ★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustration and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

Pay no more than 25c for Kotex.

prudery, that priceless heritage from ancient Greece, the frank pagan pride in the human body.

The boxes were filled with movie actresses, and a comparison was obvious. And odious. No buoyant glow, no radiance can ever flow from an undernourished, underexercised body. The hothouse variety of tired, languorous beauty may be all right on the screen, but who wants a tired, languorous, and probably irritable beauty as a daily living companion?

Because of the return to the old Greek idea of innocent joy in the human body, girls and boys can now lie about the beaches, stretching their half-nude bodies to catch the radiant energy of the sun. A lover of beauty must rejoice in the sight of girls and boys chasing each other over the clean yellow sand or plunging unflinchingly into cold white breakers. But the lover of beauty must also regret that these girls and boys look so exactly alike that sometimes he has to look two or three times before he knows which is which.

Even the "crowning glory" that once was woman's—her hair—has gone. A lovely head of hair, once the delight and pride of our lords and masters and the inspiration of song and poem, has given way to the boyish bob.

Mary Pickford's curls, symbol of innocent girlhood and one-time model for all the girls of the country, are now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

When Gloria Swanson returned to America after her marriage to the French marquis, her hair was cut close like a boy's. Soon the whole feminine world was copying Gloria's headdress, and women's hair went to stuffing mattresses.

And now women dressed as men walk the Hollywood streets. Men's tailors are rejoicing. Their business is coming out of the red.

This fad began innocently enough in pyjamas for beach and boudoir use. Feminine pyjamas with wide hems, not unlike skirts. They were comfortable on the beach and really quite sensible for lounging.

Before long their use was not limited to beach and boudoir. Evening pyjamas of satins and silks and lace began to make their appearance at the most formal functions. Trousered women appeared on the boulevards and even in restaurants without self-consciousness.

Wide pyjamas gave way to slacks, which were narrower and easier to move about in.

ALONG came Marlene Dietrich wearing a man's Tuxedo suit to a Hollywood opening! She looked exceedingly charming and was by far the smartest-looking boy in the audience.

If the women of Hollywood would let it go at that, would be content to admire Marlene as the smartest-looking boy in all Hollywood, there'd be no cause for alarm.

But now other tuxedos are beginning to sprinkle other first nights. Regular men's trousers are replacing slacks on the streets, and women are having men's clothes made by men's tailors.

What of the effect upon men? If a woman is not appealing to a man as a woman, as what exactly is she appealing to him? Are women trying to appeal to men as boys? If that's true, we'll have a problem on our hands of the sort that put wrinkles in the brows of thinking Romans when Rome was on the verge of decay.

I hardly believe it's that serious. Hollywood is a perpetual adolescent and seizes every novelty with the avid joy of a child over a bright new toy. Some star pulls a stunt. The rest follow. Without thought—certainly without evil intent.

Although the boyish figure clad in men's clothes suggests a decadent appeal, I do not believe Hollywood is going decadent. The danger is there, however, and Hollywood must recognize it and stamp it out. Wise women know that a quiet, unobtrusive woman like Maggie in Barrie's What Every Woman Knows can exert the greatest influence over a man by never revealing or admitting her influence.

A mask of charming acquiescence can accomplish infinitely more than an open claim to power.

Women who look like women and who use feminine tricks of charm and beauty always have swayed and always will sway the lives of men. History is full of stories of men completely dominated by women. But they were luscious curved women who could never have got into pants and who had too much sense ever to try.

THEY knew that if a woman wants figuratively to "wear the pants" she must not wear them literally.

O Marlene! Alas, Marlene! What did you start?

Marie Dressler has curves; she doesn't diet and she doesn't wear pants. I do not know the actual box-office figures, but I'm willing to bet that Marie's audience is as great as Constance Bennett's—perhaps even greater.

Then there's Jean Harlow. She isn't the least bit fat, but she has an exquisitely rounded body with full breasts and lovely curving thighs. I'm quite sure that her womanly figure has as much to do with her success as her acting ability and sensational platinum hair. And cheer up! Something has happened that may help show Hollywood its mistake. The surprise hit of the year is Mae West!

Mae West not only is a woman but she looks like one and she acts like one. In She Done Him Wrong, Mae fairly exuded feminine vitality. She showed her curves as the buxom women in the gay 'nineties were wont to do.

The gay 'nineties may have been ignorant of many things we know, but their women were proud of being women and enjoyed themselves as such. They didn't go on starvation diets so that they could wear pants.

Come on, Hollywood, get wise to yourself! Stop ruining the physical health of the world's women. Moral health may also be at stake, and moral ill health is harder to cure than diseases of the body.

The whole world fashions itself after you, Hollywood. Why not set the fashion for women to be themselves? Women who needn't be afraid to eat and exercise. Women who will radiate health and vitality and generate a whole new race of gorgeous boys and girls.

The women of the world will sigh with relief if you end the fashion for thinness.

And as for the men—just ask any one of them which he likes better, a well rounded figure in dainty feminine clothes or a skeleton in pants. I'll answer for him. He likes the womanly figure. His eyes delight in the beauty of curves and his arms yearn for an armful.

So come on, Hollywood, wake up! You're not really going decadent. You're just being dumb!

THE END

Next Week—

HOW PENNANTS ARE REALLY WON

When luck steps in, bang goes everything, says a famous baseball pilot who ought to know

Joe McCarthy

Manager of the New York Yankees, 1932 World Champions

Also—

THE WAY TO PROSPERITY

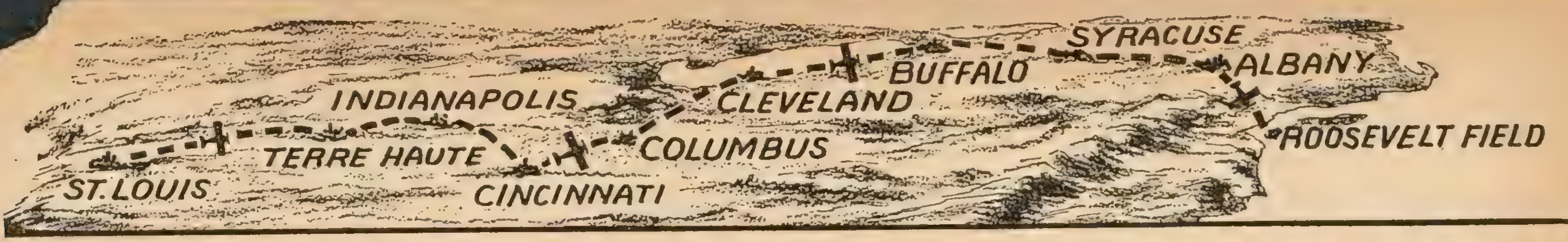
A great merchant offers a simple program of universal betterment—through hard-boiled, intelligent selfishness!

By **Edward A. Filene**

as told to

Earl Reeves

And stories and articles by Conrad Richter—Helen Augur—Capt. Myron B. Goldsmith—Edmund Pearson and others



TREASURE HUNTING ON WINGS

LIBERTY SPONSORS A NOVEL ADVENTURE

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

THIS has been a wonderful year for aviation. Wiley Post made his second record flight around the world. The Mollisons crossed the Atlantic to Bridgeport. Codos and Rossi flew from New York to Syria. Balbo brought his armada to Chicago and flew it back again to Italy. Mattern crashed, but continued his flight in another plane. Air circuses were held in Los Angeles and Chicago.

But the greatest air pageant of all is still to be witnessed. It will be held at Roosevelt Field on October 7 and 8, for the benefit of the Judson Health Center and the Emergency Exchange Association, under the auspices of the Sportsman Pilot Association of America.

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt has been named honorary chairman of this National Charity Air Pageant, and Liberty has arranged for a unique Aërial Treasure Hunt to aid in the program.

It is expected that two hundred or more nonprofessional aviators will take part. Flyers from all over the country have already made application for entry blanks.

Pilots from Seattle to Bangor will compete for the money prizes and the Bernarr Macfadden Trophy. They will fly from St. Louis to New York, alighting at various cities en route to find the clues to the treasure.

The air cruise, sponsored by Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, will start from St. Louis on Tuesday, October 3. The entrants will line up and the slowest planes will start first. Each pilot will be given a clue, but he must not open the envelope until he is in the air.

The clue will lead him to a spot where he will find the first of the seven letters spelling Liberty. Each letter, outlined in white cloth, will be fifty feet long and sufficiently wide to be read from the sky.

The clues will be in verse—something like this sample furnished by the Sportsman Pilot Association:

Leaving St. Louis straight to rear,
O'er a SOCIAL MOOD you steer.
And down below you will see
If you read as well as me,
The first name of an Engineer.

The sophisticated treasure hunter will find no trouble deciphering that one, or one similar to it. He will leave St. Louis " straight to rear," cross Illinois and the River Embarrass, and find the town of Casey. (Remember Casey Jones?) There he will spot the letter and come down to be handed a clue to the next letter.

Each night the flyers will spend in some " control " city. They will arrive at Roosevelt Flying Field on October 7—and some one of them will find the treasure.

In St. Louis each contestant will be given a map. He will be asked, as he finds each letter, to place a dot on the map to show its location.

At each of the seven letters an observer will be stationed to check the ships and award points.

The Bernarr Macfadden Trophy.

The man first discovering each of the seven letters will receive 700 points. And if he places the dots on his map correctly he will be given 700 points more. Each contestant will receive 50 cents for each point scored. The winner may receive $700 besides the beautiful Bernarr Macfadden Trophy, a silver punch bowl richly ornamented.

Liberty will consider as guests all the pilots entered. The magazine will not only pay all expenses for meals and hotel bills, but will also pay for the gasoline and oil of the entrants, and the hangar fees. Men and women members of the Sportsman Pilot Association are eligible and may take guests with them. Each plane will have its private insignia, and a number will be painted on each side of the fuselage and on the underside of the left wing for the benefit of the spectators.

Besides the arrival of the Liberty treasure hunters, spectators at the National Charity Air Pageant will see air races, Captain Al Williams's " mystery aërobatic exhibition," military planes in spectacular demonstrations, an aërial bombardment, and other thrilling events. The pilots of the Montreal Light Aëroplane Club will attempt to keep their title to the International Flying Club Trophy. Major Alexander P. de Seversky, Russia's great war ace, will attempt to break the world's speed record for amphibians. Motion-picture stars who have learned to pilot their own ships are arranging to be present.

And there will be the National Sportsman Pilot Championship Contest for trophies and $10,000 in cash prizes. Only four men and four women from each state and the District of Columbia are eligible. Only half as many will compete in the bomb-dropping contest.

The Scientific American Trophy will be awarded to the man or woman pilot who has made an outstanding improvement to his or her plane since its purchase.

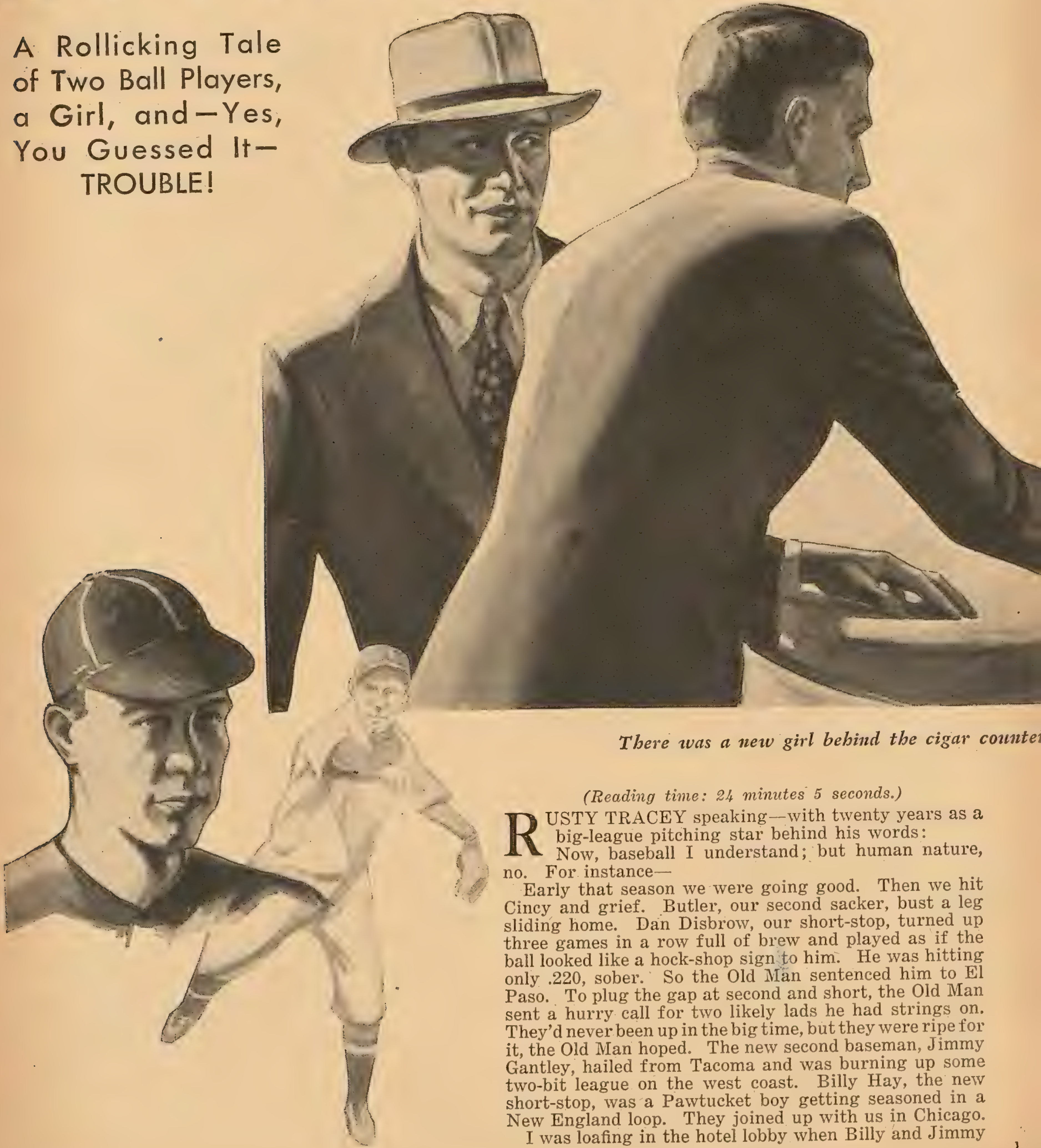
Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey and Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell are vice chairmen of the pageant. On the executive committee are Mrs. Duke Biddle, Mrs. Arthur B. Claflin, Mrs. Curtis B. Dall, Mrs. Henry L. Doherty, Mrs. Eugene W. Ong, Mrs. Charles S. Payson, Mrs. Culver S. McWilliam, Mrs. T. Raymond St. John, Lila Agnew Stewart, Mrs. Caspar Whitney, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. August Zinsser, John D. Farnham, Cortland T. Hill, Philip Hiss, C. M. Penfield, and John S. Reaves, head of the Sportsman Pilot Association.

On the advisory committee are John S. Reaves, Rex L. Uden, Al Williams, F. William Zelcer, Reginald L. Brooks, Clarence Chamberlin, Charles Healey Day, Major General J. E. Fechet (retired), Louis de Florez, Miss Jessamine Goddard, William R. Hearst, Jr., Charles L. Lawrance, John H. Lapham, Arthur M. Loew, Bernarr Macfadden, Roland Palmedo, Samuel F. Pryor, Jr., E. V. Rickenbacker, Alex P. de Seversky, Dr. Harry Spauling, Lorillard Spencer, James B. Taylor, Jr., Lawrence Turnure, Jr., Miles Vernon, and Eric Wood.

THE END

HATE AT FIRST SIGHT

A Rollicking Tale
of Two Ball Players,
a Girl, and—Yes,
You Guessed It—
TROUBLE!



There was a new girl behind the cigar counte

(Reading time: 24 minutes 5 seconds.)

RUSTY TRACEY speaking—with twenty years as a big-league pitching star behind his words:

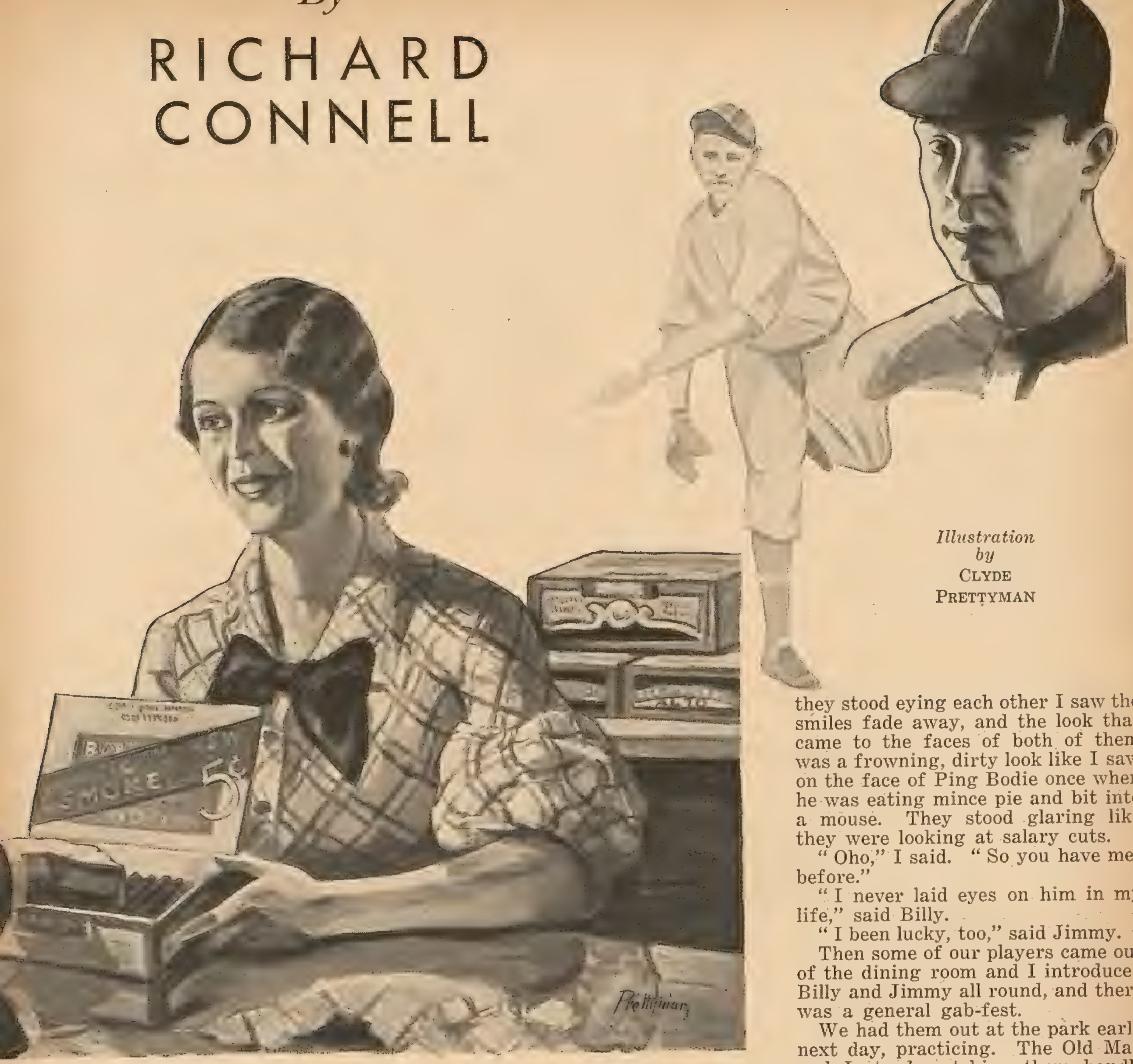
Now, baseball I understand; but human nature, no. For instance—

Early that season we were going good. Then we hit Cincy and grief. Butler, our second sacker, bust a leg sliding home. Dan Disbrow, our short-stop, turned up three games in a row full of brew and played as if the ball looked like a hock-shop sign to him. He was hitting only .220, sober. So the Old Man sentenced him to El Paso. To plug the gap at second and short, the Old Man sent a hurry call for two likely lads he had strings on. They'd never been up in the big time, but they were ripe for it, the Old Man hoped. The new second baseman, Jimmy Gantley, hailed from Tacoma and was burning up some two-bit league on the west coast. Billy Hay, the new short-stop, was a Pawtucket boy getting seasoned in a New England loop. They joined up with us in Chicago.

I was loafing in the hotel lobby when Billy and Jimmy

By

RICHARD CONNELL



The cigar business began to pick right up.

Illustration by CLYDE PRETTYMAN

checked in. They were a couple of medium-sized medium-looking young fellows, one sort of light, one sort of dark. They looked like a couple of ball players.

It's a good many years since I was a rookie, but I remember how it felt. Your chin may be out, you may act cocky, and you may keep telling yourself that you're a cinch to make good; but inside you is an empty feeling and you feel friendless and kind of dazed. So I buzzed up to the strangers, welcomed them, and told them the league belonged to them and all they had to do was to take it.

They grinned bashful grins and mumbled they were glad to work on a club with an ace like me, and right off I took to them. They acted regular. I said:

"Guess you two boys never met before. Whichever is Billy Hay shake hands with the one that's Jimmy Gantley."

"I'm Hay," said the blond and stuck out his fin.

"I'm Gantley," said the brunet and stuck out his fin.

They shook. Each had a smile on his pan. But as they stood eying each other I saw the smiles fade away, and the look that came to the faces of both of them was a frowning, dirty look like I saw on the face of Ping Bodie once when he was eating mince pie and bit into a mouse. They stood glaring like they were looking at salary cuts.

"Oho," I said. "So you have met before."

"I never laid eyes on him in my life," said Billy.

"I been lucky, too," said Jimmy.

Then some of our players came out of the dining room and I introduced Billy and Jimmy all round, and there was a general gab-fest.

We had them out at the park early next day, practicing. The Old Man and I stood watching them handle ground balls.

"Neat," I remarked. "And a sweet pair of whips."

The Old Man doesn't steam up easy. But he said: "Rusty, we got luck. That pair out there is just a natural-born double-play combination. With experience they'll be another Tinker and Evers. Just look at that!"

Billy had darted to his right, speared a sizzler with his bare hand, snapped it to Jimmy at second in just the right spot for Jimmy to make a swift underhand flip to first.

"They got it!" said the Old Man. "Perfect timing! And they work together like a couple of mind readers. I didn't know they'd ever played together."

"They never did," I told him.

"It's a miracle, then," said the Old Man. "And what a break for us! We'll help ourselves to some World's Series molasses sure. Of course they may turn out to be powder-puff hitters—"

But they didn't. At the plate they both took healthy cuts at the apple, and in the game that day each of them smacked out a single, a double, and a sacrifice fly. They handled all their chances in bang-up style and pulled off two of the snappiest double plays ever seen on any man's diamond. After dinner I was sitting in the lobby with the Old Man, and he was talking about how rare really great double-play combinations are. Billy Hay ambled up to us, flustered and respectful.

"There's something I want to speak to you about," said Billy.

"The answer is 'No,'" said the Old Man.

Billy gulped.

"Maybe next season," said the Old Man. "Right now I'm paying you and Gantley top salaries for greenhorns."

"But it ain't about money," said Billy. "When the club's on the road, like now, we got to share rooms with some other player, ain't we?"

"Correct," said the Old Man. "Y' see, the club owner is an odd duck. One of his hobbies is saving money on traveling expenses."

"Doubling up is oke with me," said Billy, "if it was with any other guy in the world—"

"I get it," said the Old Man. "Roommate trouble. Who you in with, son?"

"Gantley."

"What's he been doing?" asked the Old Man.

"Nothing," said Billy.

"That don't make sense," said the Old Man. "Spill it, no matter how daffy it sounds. Nothing would surprise me. Once I roomed with Rube Waddell. He slept in the bathtub in his unie and argued out loud with himself all night long. What does Gantley do you don't like?"

"Nothing," said Billy Hay.

"Snore?" asked the Old Man. "Keep white mice? Practice on the slide trombone?"

"I tell you," said Billy, "he don't do nothing."

"Then are you sore on account of what he says to you?" asked the Old Man.

"Nope."

"What does he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"Won't he speak to you when you speak to him?" inquired the Old Man.

"I don't know," said Billy. "I ain't spoke to him."

"Well, why don't you? Maybe he's shy. Ask him how good he is. That never fails to start a ball player talking."

"I know how good he is," said Billy. "He's as good a second baseman as I am a short-stop. As a ball player he's oke. I just object to him as a human being."

"Now drink this in," growled the Old Man. "You don't rate acting like a prima donna quite yet. And even if you hit .500, fielded perfect, and had candy bars named after you, I wouldn't stand for fool tantrums from you. You'll room with the egg assigned to you, and like it."

Billy shrugged his shoulders and went away scowling.

"WOULDN'T you know?" said the Old Man to me. "He looks like a find and he's begun to act squirrely."

"I'd never have picked him for a nut," I said. "I ate with him tonight. He struck me as being a level-headed good-natured lad."

"Did he say what he's got against Gantley?"

"No," I told the Old Man. "When I mentioned Gantley he piped, 'Don't bring him up! I want to enjoy my victuals.' And that's all I could get out of him."

We looked up and saw Gantley headed our way with a face that would poison a well. Our new second sacker marched to us, halted at three paces, and fired.

"I'm an easy-going guy," said Gantley, "and no trouble-maker. Ask any manager I ever worked for. But I got feelings, same as any other man. I'm willing to do just about anything to stay with this club, but there's something—"

He was all worked up and sputtering.

"Cool off, kid," said the Old Man. "Put a name to your troubles."

"Well," said Gantley, "it's tough enough to have to play in the same park with this Billy Hay without having to room with him."

"What's so tough about that?" asked the Old Man.

Gantley looked at his brogans a while, then said:

"I don't get on good with him."

"What did you have an argument about?" the Old Man asked.

"We didn't have no argument," Gantley said.

"Did he put oyster shells in your bed, or throw your shoes at cats, or take a punch at you?"

"No," said Gantley. "And he'd better not!"

"Well, are you jealous of him?" asked the Old Man. "Is that it?"

"No," said Gantley. "Why should I be? He's got nothing on me. He don't want my job, and I don't want his. We drag down the same dough. I know I'm as good at my work as he is at his. I don't want to be like him. I'd rather be like anybody else in the world. No, I ain't jealous."

"Maybe you're nutty," said the Old Man.

"Not yet," said Gantley. "But I will be if I have to room with Hay."

"That's just what you're going to have to do," said the Old Man, very stern.

"You're the boss," said Gantley, very grumpy.

"I'm glad you've noticed that," said the Old Man. "And I don't pamper players. You're lucky you don't have to sleep under the grandstand and live on old peanuts. I've done that. And I've been in a league where there was just one room for the whole nine. Now go some place and grow up!"

GANTLEY stalked off, and the Old Man shook his grizzled bean.

"One cuckoo I might expect," he sighed. "But two of them!"

"I guess it's a case of hate at first sight," I remarked. "Now, look. I'm willing to take Billy Hay in with me and let Mike go in with Gantley."

"No," said the Old Man. "They've got to learn to get along with each other. I've seen more than one club split wide open by some silly squabble. So I'm working an old army game on them."

"Which one?"

"When two bucks have a scrap in the army," said the Old Man, "they put 'em in the same cell in the guardhouse, and then they set 'em to washing the barracks windows, one on the outside of the pane, the other on the inside. All day long the two mugs have to look at each other, and pretty soon one of them grins, and then the other grins, and they end up buddies."

"I hope it will work out that way," I said. "We got trouble enough with the Cubs and the Pirates."

"Ain't we though?" said the Old Man.

I was too busy nursing the old soup-bone to pay much attention to Billy and Jimmy off the field for the next few days. On the field they kept up their good work. It was a treat to see Billy dig a fast one out of the turf and shoot it to Jimmy on the run in such a way that Jimmy was set to ferry the pill over to Mike Adler at first in time to wipe out both runners. They were steady at bat, both hitting around .300. Thanks mostly to their classy playing, we grabbed that series from the Cubs. Of course the five-hit game I turned in didn't do any harm.

On the train bound for St. Louis, Billy came up to the Old Man and said:

"Is there any rule against a player on the road paying for his own room if he wants to?"

"I'll have to buy me an ear trumpet," said the Old Man. "You can't have said that you'd like to pay for your room!"

"That's the idea," said Billy.

"Son," said the Old Man, "if you go on making cracks like that you won't have to pay for your room. You'll get one free—with padded walls."

"It's my dough," said Billy. "I ought to be able to spend it as I please. You wouldn't object, would you?"

"Object?" hollered the Old Man. "I'll put up a statue to you. I been in baseball nearly fifty years and you're the only player I ever heard of that ever offered to pay for anything he could get free."

"I'm the only player that ever had to room with a guy like Gantley," said Billy Hay.

"So you two saps are still off each other?" asked the Old Man.

"Way off."

"But you get on all right with the other players, don't you?" said the Old Man.

"Sure," said Billy. "I get on great with them."

"Yes," I put in, "that's a fact. We all like Billy. And Jimmy is popular, too."

"Why do you two boys go on acting like a couple of strange roosters?" asked the Old Man.

"Well," said Billy, "we just plain don't like each other, that's all."

"Why?"

"I dunno."

The Old Man gave up.

"I'm running a ball club," he said, "not a great big happy family. Pay for your room, or camp in a tent, or live in a tree—I don't care!"

We swung back to Pittsburgh for a series, and off the field Billy and Jimmy were as far apart as Ohio and Spain. Catching for the Pirates that year was Buster Conrad, the meanest man that ever wore a mitt. Just naturally nasty. He was what we call a "barber," always riding the other team with a rough tongue. Buster played dirty, too. When you slid home, he didn't care where he tagged you or how hard; and he was careless with his spikes, too. You'd think a gorilla like that would get a bat twined round his neck now and then. He did. But not often. Buster was two hundred pounds of bear-cat meat and scrap iron. Up an alley once he cleaned up four U. S. Marine sergeants. That gives you an idea.

When Gantley came to bat, Buster sneered at him.

"What you got that bat for, pickle-head? You ain't going to hit anything. You're yellow! I hear they're going to trade you to Joplin for an old bird dog." And so on. He rattled some rookies so they didn't know whether they were playing baseball or leapfrog; but not Jimmy. Gantley whaled one to the fence and sprinted all the way round. Buster was blocking the plate, as he always did, and Jimmy had to slide right into him. Buster got nicked in the calf by a spike, dropped the ball, and drew a razz.

"I'll get you for that, you so-and-so!" snarled Buster.

Later on Buster singled, and the next man hit a high bounder between first and second. Jimmy grabbed the onion and put it on Buster as he lumbered past. By accident, I guess, Jimmy tagged Buster on the ear, and Buster went down in a heap. He jumped up, fighting mad, but the umps and I got between him and Jimmy and shooed him back to the bench.

JIMMY dressed quick after the game and was the first out of the clubhouse. Buster was laying for him in a dark corner under the grandstand. Jimmy was a slender 160-pounder, but that didn't bother Buster. He pounced on Jimmy, gripped him by the throat with a big left hand, and began pasting him with his right fist. Then Billy Hay came out. Billy climbed right aboard Buster and the three of them rolled around, slugging, clawing, butting, and kicking like a couple of wolves and a bull. A bunch of us heard the rookus and swarmed out of the locker room just in time to save Buster from being morgued.

"Good!" said the Old Man, when he heard about it. "That big punk was begging for it. But the best feature of it is that it will end the feud between Hay and Gantley."

I said to Jimmy that evening:

"Game kid, that Billy. Don't you think so?"

"I don't think about him at all," said Jimmy. "I'm clean-minded."

"He saved you from a licking," I remarked.

"Did I ask him to butt in?" said Jimmy. "I'd rather take a licking than be helped by a guy like that."

I left him putting raw steak on a blue-green eye. I ran into Billy.

"I hand it to you, Billy," I said. "I'd hate to tackle a bruiser like Buster, even for a pal."

"Pal?" cried Billy. "Say, I didn't know it was Gantley. I thought it was Mike Adler. If I'd known it was Gantley I'd have helped Buster."

In Brooklyn I began to notice something. You had to have sharp eyes to notice it, it was done so slick. And

New Beauty For You . . . This Amazingly Easy Way

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Skin sallow, pimply and blotched—Ashamed to be seen!

Skin clear and smooth, complexion lovely—Attractive once more!

WHY be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old-looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings radiant new beauty—a clear, lovely skin—a fresh, youthful complexion!

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "Your yeast is certainly marvelous for the complexion," says a user in Tuckerton, N. J., "almost every day someone tells me how much better I look."

As you know, the two most common causes of poor skin and complexion are faulty elimination and a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

Watch beauty return

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

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Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!

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you couldn't be dead sure. Our double plays began to miss fire by inches. The easy ones came off, but the hard ones, where it was a question of a tenth of a second and perfect ball handling, didn't click any more. I began to see why.

Suppose the ball was hit to Billy. He'd nab it, all right, and shoot it to Jimmy, who'd dashed over to cover second; but Billy's peg would be a little low or a little wide, just enough to make Jimmy stretch or twist. That would tie up Jimmy or slow him up just enough to make him get off a poor toss to first. It was so swift and smart, the way Billy did it, that it looked to the fans as if Billy had done his part well but Jimmy had gummed things up. Jimmy was pulling the same sort of stuff. They were trying to make each other look bad. They were so clever that you couldn't pin it on them. Anyhow, we dropped a couple of games that we never ought to have dropped if Billy and Jimmy were pulling together.

Before we left Brooklyn, Jimmy came to the Old Man while he and I were tucking in our dinners.

"How's chances of trading me to Brooklyn?" said Jimmy. "They need a second sacker."

"They need a whole new team," said the Old Man. "It must have been mighty hot in the sun today. Better put some ice on your head."

"They might swap Duke Mosby for me," said Jimmy. "You could use another left-hander."

The Old Man struggled to stay calm.

"I wouldn't swap our bat boy for that whole gang of tail-enders, with their park thrown in," he said. "What's the idea, anyhow? With us you got a chance to cut in on the World's Series jack. Brooklyn will be lucky to finish in the league."

"I don't care about the jack," said Gantley.

"You don't like our club; is that it?" said the Old Man.

"The club is all right," said Gantley. "What's got me down is having to associate with a certain party—"

"Get away from here, crackpot," bellowed the Old Man, "before I brain you with this baked potato!"

When we're home, the fellows that aren't married live at the Hotel Regalton because it's cheap and handy to the grounds. Billy and Jimmy took rooms there. On different floors.

There was a new girl behind the cigar counter. The old one had eloped with a Philly outfielder. This new one was a nice-looking kid, round, rosy, and full of little ways. Her name was Daisy Taylor. The cigar business began to pick right up. I spotted Billy Hay coming away from the counter, a dizzy look on his map and his pockets bulging with stogies; and he didn't smoke cigars. That same night I saw Daisy coming out of a movie, and with her was Jimmy Gantley. He looked as if he'd just found ten grand.

"That does it," I said to the Old Man. "They did pretty well with no reason to hate each other. Now that they've got one of the best, murder is the least we can expect."

YES, that Daisy was full of little ways; and she had something in her eye. All the bachelors on our club fell like letters down a mail chute. It was dandy for the cigar business, and it didn't hurt our club much, because the boys wanted to be able to hang around the cigar stand and brag, "Well, baby, I got three for four today." But it didn't help the Hay-Gantley situation. They kept on trying to make boobs of each other, and they acted so sour and grouchy that you could blame near feel them hating each other, and it pulled down the spirits of all of us and made our bench seem like a funeral parlor.

Soon it was easy to see that in the Daisy league Billy and Jimmy were way out in front and the rest of the field was nowhere. The other lads one by one dropped out, leaving the race to the two bushers. Neither boy was an expert lady-killer. I gathered that neither of them had ever been in love before. But they were now, and no fooling. It was a comical sight to see them mooning around with that dreamy look young fellows get; and it was sort of pathetic, too.

Just which boy had the inside track nobody could tell. Maybe Daisy didn't know herself. And she knew that game a lot better than they did. We did some betting, and it was even money and take your choice. Both boys were in there trying. If Billy led with a dozen roses, Jimmy countered with two dozen. If Jimmy took her to a talkie, Billy came right back the next night with a show. So it went. Nip and tuck. When you saw her with Billy, and saw the way she looked at him with those big eyes of hers, you'd bet your house and lot he was the guy; and then, when you saw her smiling up at Jimmy, you'd swear it was him that was due to buy the solitaire. Girls are clever that way.

One morning I stopped at the cigar stand to lay in a supply of eating tobacco. Draped across the counter, chinning with Daisy, was a stranger. He was built long and leggy like a first baseman, but his neck looked too pale for a ball player. I had to speak loud twice to Daisy before she heard me. She was looking into this guy's lamps like she was crystal gazing. But that didn't mean anything. Daisy was that way.

"Oh, Mr. Tracey," she said, giving me the dimple, "I want you to meet Mr. Valcour. He's stopping here at the Regalton."

This Valcour turned round, mitted me, and said in a voice like an organ solo:

"Charmed, I'm sure."

NOW, I'd never do as a judge in a beauty contest for men. I don't mind any face if the guy behind it is right. They never named any collars after Hans Wagner; and a lot of great ball players have pusses that have broke more mirrors than hearts. But I or anybody would have noticed that this Valcour was one good-looking baby. Well built, too. And no sissy. Some of our boys blow wads on gents' haberdashery, but this Valcour made them look like a load of tramps just off the brake beams.

"I guess you're new in the league," I said, just to be sociable.

He flashed me a smile that showed a million dollars' worth of perfect teeth and looked at me the way I'd look at a busher that asked me for the key to the pitcher's box.

"You couldn't have caught the name," he said. "I'm D. Keith Valcour—"

"Oh, I see," I said, though I didn't.

"Mr. Valcour is here for the summer with the Craft-Art Repertory Company," said Daisy. "He's the leading man—"

"Well," I said, "I hope you have a good season."

"My dear boy," said this Valcour, "wherever I play they always have a good season."

I couldn't top that one, so I went away from there.

We took on the Cubs that afternoon. Their lead-off batter tapped an easy grounder down to short. A baby could of caught it in her bib. But it trickled right past Billy Hay. He didn't even seem to notice it. The next man whiffed, but the third Cub popped up a soft fly that Jimmy Gantley didn't have to budge for. It came down and hit Jimmy on the shoulder.

The Old Man lashed the boys when they came to the bench. They didn't put up an alibi, as most players would, like "Aw, it hit a pebble," or "The sun was in my eyes." They just looked sunk and took it. When I went out to coach at third base, I saw, sitting in the stands, D. Keith Valcour. He had a girl in blue with him. It was Daisy Taylor. She wasn't watching the game much. She was watching his elegant profile. Billy and Jimmy were no more use to us that day than a couple of snow men.

The two boys did a lot of heavy loving and hating from then on. Billy brought Daisy enough flowers to bury a gangster. Jimmy went for boxes of candy the size of trunks. If either boy took her out in the evening, she came back weighed down with jugs of perfume, stuffed dogs, and kewpie dolls. So far as I could see, D. Keith Valcour never gave her anything but that smile and a few careless words.

A kink showed up in my salary wing and I had to go away to a bonesetter to have the Charley horse baked out. I was away ten days or so. Nobody was around the Regalton when I blew in late one morning. I went out to the park early, thinking I'd get some young fellow to catch a few for me and so test out the old arm. As I passed the cigar stand I saw Daisy smoothing back her auburn hair with her left hand. There was a sparkler on the serious finger.

When I went into our locker room at the field, I was surprised to see Billy Hay sitting there. I called out a cheery "Hello." He said nothing but looked at me like I was the warden come to tell him the chair was ready. He was in his street clothes. In his hand was a bat. He kept tapping it on the floor. I went to my locker in the corner and began to change to my unie.

Pretty soon Jimmy Gantley came in. Billy stood up.

"Listen, you this-and-that," said Billy in a hard husky voice, "I'm going to knock your brains out with this bat."

"And you listen to me, you this-and-that," said Jimmy in the same kind of voice. "Do you think I brought this bat with me to play pool?"

He had a bat in his hand too, I saw. I got ready to jump in and stop the war. But it didn't start right away. The two enemies stood with their bats raised, staring at each other like a couple of hypnotists.

"So you want to knock my brains out?" said Billy, and he seemed kind of puzzled.

"If you got any, they're going to be all over the room in about a minute," said Jimmy.

"But why do you want to brain me?" asked Billy in the same baffled way.

"Why, you thus-and-so," said Jimmy, "do you think I'm going to stand by and see a you-know-what like you marry the sweetest girl in the world?"

"Meaning Daisy?" said Billy with a gasp.

"Who else could I mean, chump?" said Jimmy.

"But I ain't going to marry Daisy," said Billy.

"You ain't?"

"Not me," said Billy. "Ain't she sporting a cake of ice you give her last night?"

"I never give her no ring," said Jimmy in a voice like an echo in a tomb. "I thought you did."

"I tried to sign her up," said Billy. "She turned me down cold."

"Me too," said Jimmy.

THEY lowered their bats. They sat down on the bench. Their bats began to go tap-tap-tap on the floor like a couple of weary woodpeckers. Pretty soon Billy said:

"It must be that thus-and-so this-and-that so-and-so of a you-know-what ham actor, Valcour!"

"That's the blank-of-a-blank it is, all right," said Jimmy.

"We could gang him."

"Yeah," said Jimmy. "Beat him to a pulp."

"It couldn't be murder, killing a something like that," said Billy.

"Sure it couldn't," said Jimmy.

"Let's be on our way," said Billy.

Jimmy thought a minute.

"No," he said. "That's the wrong dope. We got to think of Daisy. I guess she loves the dash-dasher."

"I reckon so," said Billy.

They sat a minute or two in glum silence.

"I sure was crazy wild about that girl," said Jimmy. His voice was queer, kind of muffled and weepy.

"Me too," said Billy.

"I don't guess I'll ever feel the same about anybody again," said Jimmy.

"Me neither," said Billy. "My heart feels like an umpire's."

"I guess that all that's left in our lives now is baseball," Jimmy said.

"I guess you're right, Jimmy," Billy said.

They looked at each other.

"What you doing tonight, Billy?" asked Jimmy.

"Nothing."

"I know a place where the brew has a collar on it," said Jimmy.

"Lead me to it, Jimmy."

In the game that day they made two improbable and two impossible double plays. With a piece of their World's Series sugar they went off to Canada together to hunt moose.

THE END

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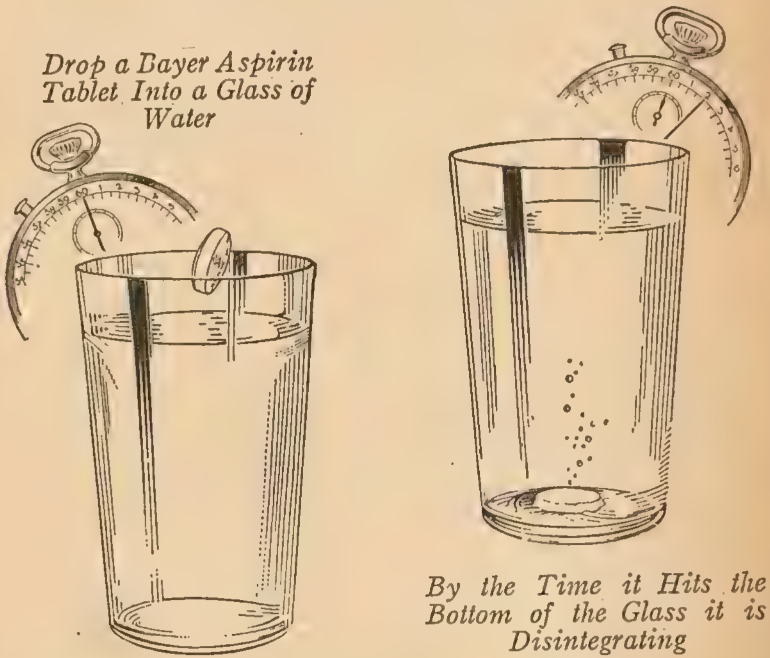

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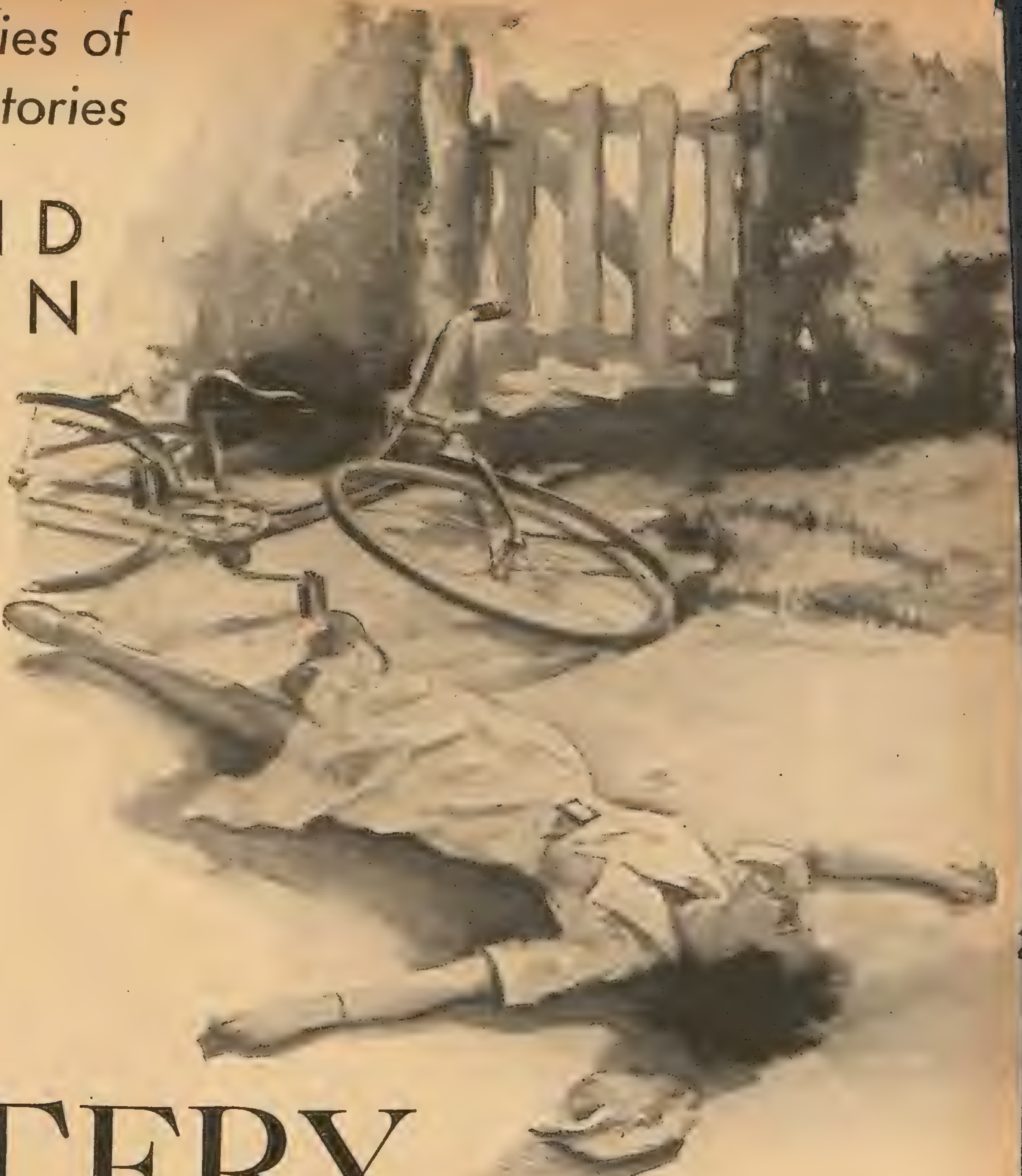


The MYSTERY of the Green Bi

(Reading time: 18 minutes 5 seconds.)

THERE was a murder case in England which not only needed a Sherlock Holmes but seemed as if it had been devised in solemn conclave by Conan Doyle, Holmes, and Vatson themselves. This is no fictitious yarn but an actual nurder which puzzled detectives and law courts for months. t can be entitled The Mystery of the Green Bicycle; or, The urious Incident of the Dead Raven.

Unfortunately, there was no great hawk-faced detective rom Baker Street in it. Only, at the beginning, a local contable named Hall. Perhaps that is why one of the men best nformed on this case says that it has "considerable claims be regarded as the most fascinating murder mystery of the ntury."

Bella Wright was twenty-one and lived with her father and other in a tiny place called Stoughton. This is within a mile two of the large city of Leicester, and in that city she was nployed in a rubber factory.

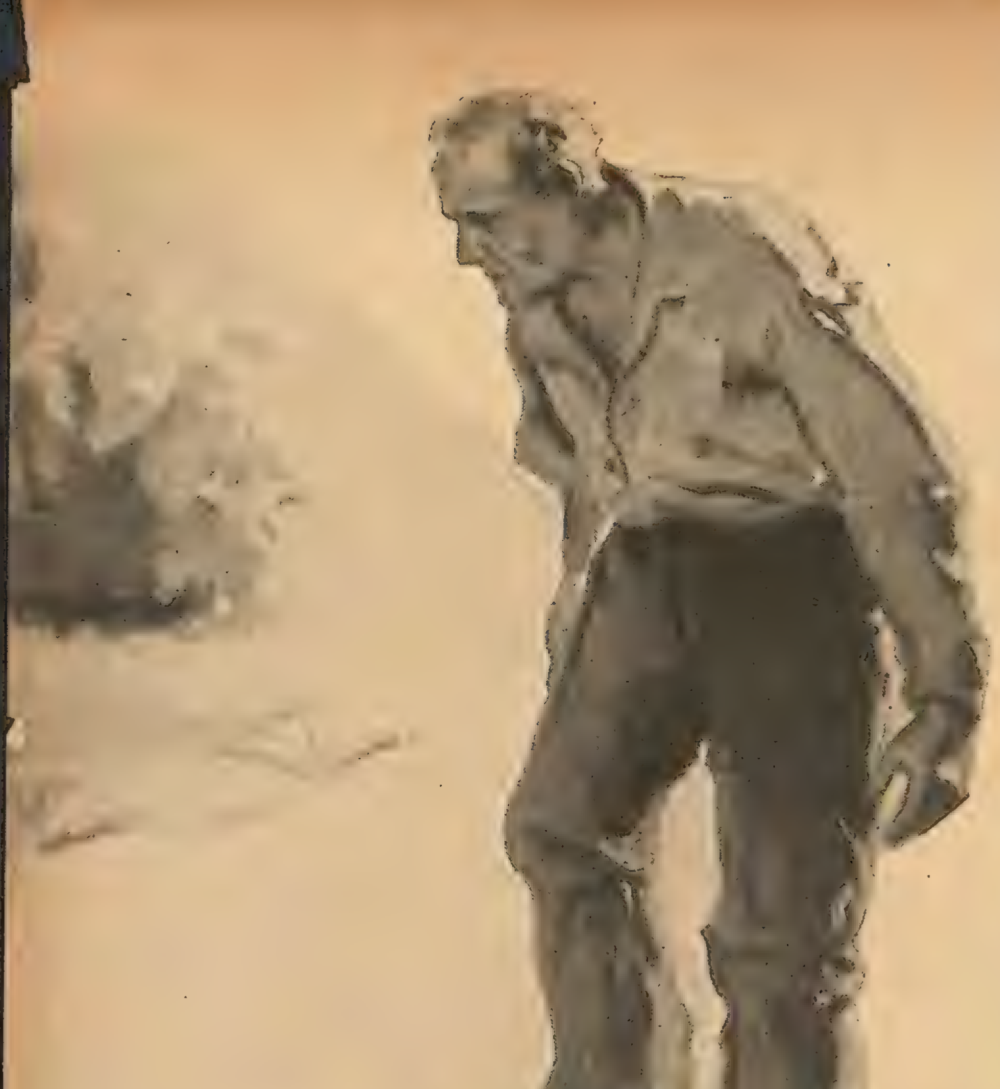
She was a girl with good looks and good character, and was engaged to be married to a stoker in the navy.

The country round about Leicester is full of little villages connected by old Roman roads or by lanes with high hedges. To the north is the famous hunting center of Melton Mowbray.

The lanes are charmingly picturesque and lonely, but were made for a less motorized age. They are sometimes full of surprises and excitement for the pedestrian or the cyclist. At a curve he may suddenly be confronted by a flock of sheep just as an enormous motor bus, brushing the hedge on either side, comes up behind him.

Miss Wright was accustomed to go to and from her work on a bicycle, and sometimes, in the long daylight hours of the English summer evenings, to cycle from one hamlet to another to do errands or to call on her friends. Her uncle, a man named Measures, lived in the village of Gaulby, three miles from her home.

She was on the late shift at the factory, and one Frida



A farmer named Cowell found Bella Wright lying dead in the road. Her cycle lay askew.

cycle

evening in July rode home from her work at eleven o'clock, going to bed soon after. Next day seems to have been a holiday, so she thoroughly made up her sleep, not getting up again till four o'clock Saturday afternoon. Then, after writing a few letters, she rode with them to the post office at Evington. Again she came home, but finally, at 6:30 P.M., set out on her cycle in the opposite direction away from Leicester. Her mother had seen her start for Evington, and never after that saw her alive.

At nine twenty that evening (still daylight) a farmer named Cowell was driving cattle along the old Roman road called the Gartree Road, or *Via Devana*. At a point about two miles from Gaulby, where the way is very lonely and the hedges, at that season, more than eight feet high, Cowell found Bella Wright lying dead in the road. Her head was covered with blood, and her cycle lay askew, with its front wheel pointing toward Stoughton—that is, toward home.

The farmer supposed that she had been killed by a fall or similar mischance. He placed her on the grass at the side of the road. Her body was still warm. Close to the spot where it was found — and this may be important — there was an opening in the hedge: a field gate which led into the grassy meadow beyond.

Constable Hall and a doctor came later, after it was dark. The doctor's hasty examination led to nothing more than a general impression that Miss Wright, being thrown from her bicycle, had fractured her skull on a stone. Cowell's statement as to his discovery of the body seems to have been accepted as quite satisfactory. This was due, I suppose, to his good reputation, since the only witnesses he could call to prove his story were his cows.

Miss Wright's body rested that night in a cottage near by. Early next morning Constable Hall decided to make further investigation. He carefully examined the road; and seventeen feet from the bloodstain which marked the spot where the girl's head had lain in the dust he found a bullet, caliber .45, partly embedded in the road as if it had been stepped on or run over.

HE made another exceedingly curious discovery: the gate which led into the field was painted white, and on the top bar were marks of claws—marks in blood. There were tracks of these claws, also in blood—twelve such sets of tracks, six going and six returning—leading from the body to the gate. In the field the constable came across a large bird with black plumage—dead. This bird was found to be gorged with blood. Indeed, that surfeit of blood was supposed to have killed it.

In England everybody is keen about birds and their habits. As soon as the Leicestershire police said that this bird was a raven, other folk flew to the defense of ravens. They said that (*a*) there were no ravens around Leicester; and (*b*) if there were they had never been known to drink blood. (The bird of which the Book of Job says " Her young ones also suck up blood " is not the raven but the eagle.) This creature, they said, must be a rook or a carrion crow.

Whatever bird it was, there are two schools of thought about it, and all the authorities on the case, men like Messrs. H. R. Wakefield, Edward Marjoribanks, and others, have discussed it. There are the severely practical ones, who think that the raven (or rook) had no connection with the death of Bella Wright; and there are the romantics, who believe there was very close connection.

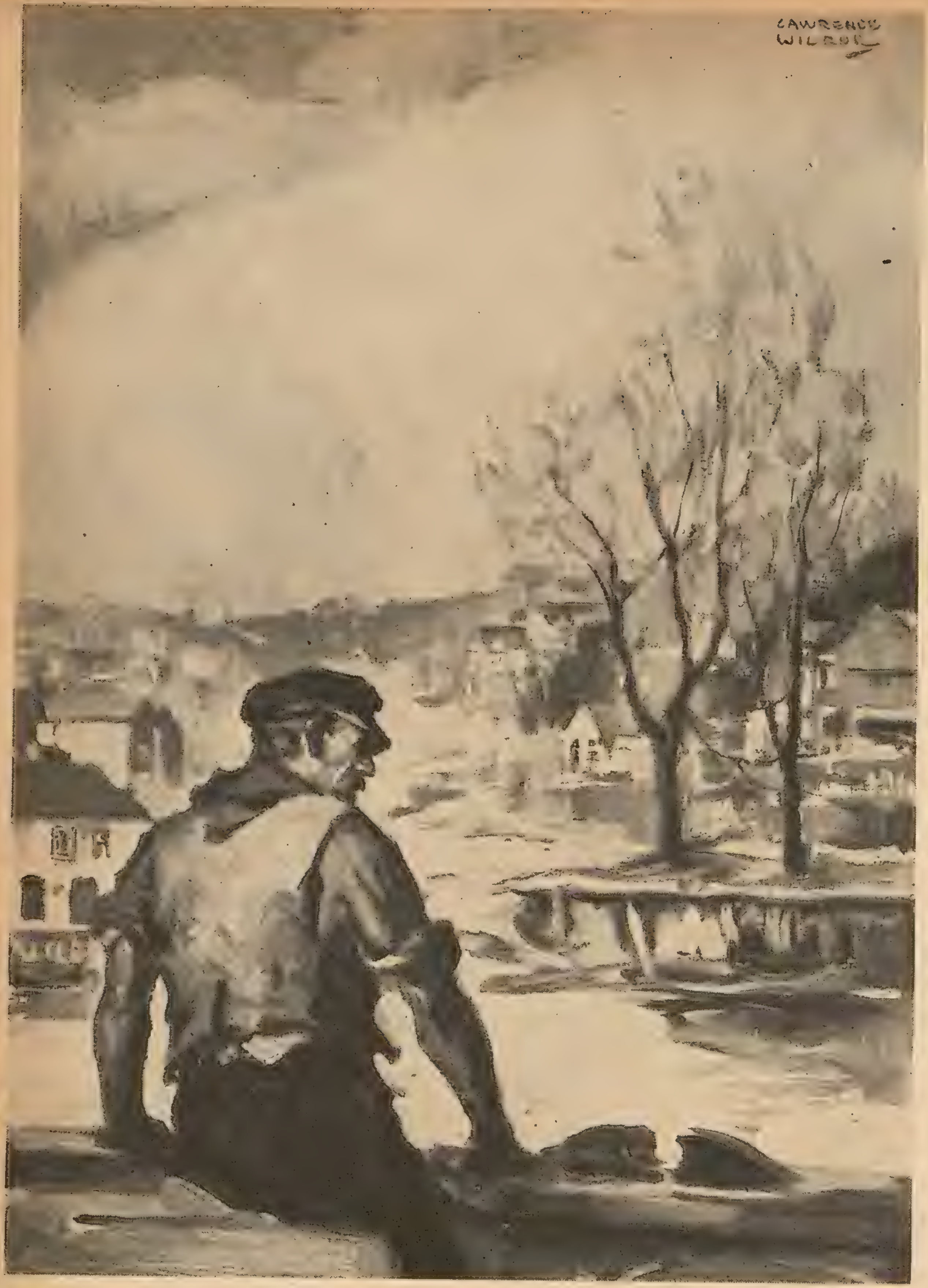
"Perhaps if I wait a while he will be gone," she added.

At all events, how did the bird ob tain so much blood from the poor dea or dying girl as to cause its own death Was that really the cause of its death How did it chance to be in that vicinit at the moment? Since the body is su posed to have been found within a fe minutes of death, how was there tim for all this gruesome feasting ar tracking back and forth from road gate?

Let's return now to Constable H and the bullet. He and the doctor ma another examination of the body. Afte the blood had been washed from th girl's face, they found a small bull wound one inch below the left eye, an another slightly larger, the mark the exit of the bullet, in her hair. Th it seemed that this heavy bullet h passed through the girl's head, yet h gone no farther than seventeen fe from her!

So this was murder; and it was t duty of the police to inquire where s had been, and with whom, between thirty and nine twenty of that sum evening—daylight all the time.

At seven thirty she had ridden to the cottage of her uncle, Mr. M ures, in Gaulby. Calling on Measur



A boatman saw his towrope slacken and then tighten.

at the time was his son-in-law, a man named Evans. So both were important witnesses to her arrival and departure. With her when she came was another cyclist, a young man. Bella Wright went in, leaving the young man outside. She remarked that he was "a perfect stranger," and added:

"Perhaps if I wait a while he will be gone."

YET she did not ask her uncle to drive him away, as if he were objectionable. And when, an hour or more later, they came out again, the young man was still there—having either returned or waited. This time he greeted her, so said Measures and Evans, with the remark:

"Bella, you *have* been a long time. I thought you had gone the other way."

Evans had some friendly conversation with the stranger about his bicycle. And finally the girl and the young man pedaled away together—at, say, eight forty. Only forty minutes later, or thereabouts, Cowell, the farmer, was finding Bella's dead body in the Gartree Road.

Now, as the reader has noticed, there are some contradictions here. If the man was "a perfect stranger" how had he progressed so far as to call her Bella? This has been answered by the statement that what he really said was "Hello." And that certainly goes more reasonably with the rest of his remark.

How is this for an explanation of the incident? That he was a stranger, as she said, who had joined her as she rode along; and that, while his company was perfectly tolerable to her, she had offered a little tribute to strict propriety when she said to her uncle that if she waited around a bit he would go away. Girls do not today — if they ever did — scream and say, "Sir, I have never met you!" when a presentable stranger starts conversation while riding along the road. They may welcome it, or they may simply bear it, not wishing to make a fuss and knowing that, in the majority of cases, the man will soon go away without becoming an annoyance.

MEASURES and Evans had had a good look at this man and his cycle, and so in a few days the police were offering a reward for a man of thirty-five, about five feet seven to nine inches in height, hair turning gray, and with rather a high-pitched voice. They gave a description of his clothes and various other particulars.

The notable thing was that he rode *a green bicycle.*

And for the next few months each man in Leicestershire unfortunate enough to own a green bicycle wished to heaven that he had never bought it. After he had satisfied the police as to where he had been on that July evening, he had to encounter the jeering remarks of his friends as to his diversions and his murderous disposition.

But the man really sought — the last man seen alive with Miss Wright—was not so easily discovered. Scotland Yard had a try at it, but could do nothing with the murder, the missing green bicycle, or the dead raven.

Half a year went by, and Bella Wright had long been lying in the churchyard past which she rode that evening. Then, one day in February, something happened: a most peculiar chance which probably revived faith in the ancient falsehood, "Murder will out."

A canal boat was passing through Leicester, carrying a load of coal to the rubber works where the dead girl had been employed. A boatman named Whitehouse was idly watching his towrope when he saw it slacken down into the water and then tighten. As it became taut it brought up part of a bicycle, which hung in plain sight for a moment—long enough to change the whole current of a man's life—then slipped back into the water. Whitehouse had not forgotten all those police advertisements and the reward: he came back next day and dragged the canal. He hauled up the bicycle frame again, and, as he hoped, it was green.

The police were soon busy—dragging the canal for other interesting objects and examining the one the boatman had found for them. From the canal they fished other parts of the machine; also a revolver holster with twelve balls and seven blank cartridges in it.

The green bicycle was of a special model made in Birmingham, and from it the name and number plate and other identifying marks had carefully been removed. But in an obscure place was found the number 103,648—and this was the number of a bicycle sold years before to a Mr. Ronald Vivian Light.

This gentleman was found teaching mathematics at a school in Cheltenham. He was a good-looking, rather earnest-looking man; a little prematurely old in appearance, possibly as a result of his experiences in the war. He was a Rugby School boy; a civil engineer who had served four years in France, part of the time with an officer's commission. Shell-shocked and slightly deaf since the great German attack in 1918, he had been discharged in 1919. For about a year thereafter (the year 1919, in the summer of which Miss Wright was killed) he had been out of employment and living in Leicester with his mother. His present position dated only from January, 1920, the month before the discovery of the green bicycle.

Invited by a police inspector to explain how the fragments of his bicycle happened to be at the bottom of the canal, Mr. Light proceeded to tell a pack of lies. He said he had never owned a green bicycle; he had never seen Bella Wright; he had never been in the village of Gaulby —certainly not on that crucial evening last July.

NATURALLY there was nothing to do but arrest him—especially as Bella's uncle, Mr. Measures, and Evans as well, positively identified him as the mysterious man who rode away with her so shortly before her death. Others recognized him: a bicycle repair man who had done some work on the green bicycle only three days before the murder. And two little girls, Muriel Nunney, aged fourteen, and Valeria Caven, twelve, believed they recognized him as a man who had followed and frightened them about five thirty on the day of the murder and in the same vicinity. They remembered this many months after the event. Some of the cartridges, by the way, found in the holster suspiciously near the sunken bicycle had bullets like the one found in the road. But of course Mr. Light denied the holster as firmly as he did all the other relics.

Now, here was a beautiful case of circumstantial evidence. The net was drawn tight around the poor young man. What would be the result?

About three months after his arrest Ronald Light was placed on trial. The attorney-general (afterward Lord Chief Justice of England) stated the case against the prisoner in all its deadly detail. He began to prove by his witnesses that the bicycle belonged to Light; that he was with the girl shortly before her death; that he had concealed evidence, and lied about it, over and over again.

IN the middle of this testimony the prisoner's counsel quietly interrupted. This was Sir Edward Marshall Hall—the famous defender of accused persons, for whom everybody sent in time of great trouble. Sir Edward courteously intimated that the learned attorney-general was going to unnecessary pains. He need not prove that the bicycle belonged to the prisoner: they admitted it. He need not prove that his client rode up to Mr. Measures' house that evening with Bella Wright: they admitted that. Most of the crown witnesses would not be cross-examined by the defense; only one or two points did they deny.

The attorney-general and the police were probably somewhat disgusted. Here was the defense conceding three quarters of the case at the outset. What about the other quarter?

Sir Edward denied, and his client would deny, that his client had used the name "Bella." He had said "Hello." And Sir Edward took in hand, very kindly and quietly, the two little girls who said they had met Ronald Light near the scene of the murder, and represented him going about the lanes seeking to molest unprotected damsels.

When he got through with Miss Muriel and Miss Valeria, they no longer looked like two little angels of

WE MIGHT GET *High Hat*

YESTERDAY we talked to our banker about a little matter. In discussing this and that, we noticed his shoes. They were shoddy, overrun. We mentioned them. Being an eighth vice-president and having paid $14.00 for them, he was very proud of the make. We pointed to our Fortunes, asked if he could see anything superior in his shoes. He admitted he couldn't. Just then the president of the institution came by. The smart shoes he had on looked familiar. We stopped him. His were Fortunes, too — and he was very proud to have saved several dollars in their purchase. The eighth vice-president said nothing. Today, we saw him in the local Fortune dealer's store. The president had taught him what our advertising had not: That the tested quality* which won 491,876 men to Fortunes in the last few months means more miles per dollar and smarter shoes.

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FORTUNE SHOES

justice, but rather more like two busy little minxes who, feeding for months on sensational newspapers and pictures, had suddenly begun to remember something which *might* have happened to them on some day or other—but which they obligingly fixed for a *certain* day, after the police had suggested the date. At the end of the trial the judge advised the jury not to trouble themselves at all with the testimony of Miss Muriel and Miss Valeria.

When he began to present his case, Sir Edward played his ace. He called the prisoner to the witness stand. Ronald Light was serious, calm, and dignified. He was what we call "a shell-shocked veteran," who had, moreover, become partially deaf as the result of an exploding shell. There was no attempt to capitalize on Light's wartime services, except in so far as his shattered nerves might explain some of his conduct.

Light now testified that he had never had a revolver or pistol since he had been sent home from France on a stretcher. On the evening of the murder he left home at about five forty-five for a bicycle ride, expecting to return at eight o'clock. He rode through Gaulby, a district he did not know very well, and at six forty-five he was near a place called Little Stretton. He did not see the two small girls anywhere. As it was still early, he turned about to go home by the long route, and this led him again toward Gaulby.

He met a girl, who was a stranger to him, standing at the roadside examining her bicycle. She asked if he had a wrench. He did not, but looked at the front wheel, which seemed merely to wabble a little. There was nothing he could do for it. They rode on together, chatting as they went. She said that she was going to see some friends in Gaulby, and added:

"I shall only be ten minutes or a quarter of an hour."

Light then testified:

"I took that as a sort of suggestion that I should wait and we should ride back together. I waited for ten minutes or more, then walked my machine up the hill to the church. Here I got on the bicycle to ride back to Leicester, when I found the rear tire flat. I pumped it up, and sat down on a gate; but the tire went down again and I had to mend the puncture. By this time it was eight fifteen, and I knew I was late anyhow. I thought I would ride back and see if this girl had come out. She came out the gate as I rode along, and I said, 'Hello, you've been a long time. I thought you'd gone the other way.' I talked with Evans, and all that he says is correct, except that I did not say 'Bella.'"

HE further testified that they rode together for only about ten minutes; that he had still more trouble with his tire; and that the girl left him at a crossroads. He kept on the upper or more direct road; she took the lower, the Gartree Road. He had to walk nearly all the way home and did not arrive till nearly ten. On the following Tuesday he heard of the death. He read the description of Bella Wright and of his own bicycle and came to the conclusion that he was the man wanted.

He was utterly terrified. Both for his own sake and for his mother's, who was an invalid, he wanted to escape the horror of an investigation, perhaps a trial. Foolishly, as he now admitted, he refrained from going to the police at once, and drifted into a policy of silence, then of concealment, and finally of falsehood. He never went out on the green bicycle again, but hid it and at last broke it up and threw it (together with the holster) into the canal. He now frankly admitted all his lies told when the police came to him.

"I see now, of course," he said to the judge, "that I did the wrong thing."

He must have been astounded again when the evidence rose against him from the canal. It is recorded that he had looked at this water from his cell, while he was awaiting trial, and exclaimed:

"Damn and blast that canal!"

Ronald Light's story as he now told it could not be contradicted or disproved in any detail. Five hours of cross-examination failed to trip him once.

His lawyer, who was himself an expert on firearms, sharply questioned the crown witnesses who testified on technical points: about the wound, and about the bullet. Sir Edward maintained that such a heavy bullet, fired, as they thought, from a distance of seven feet, would have blown out the back of the skull. It was absurd that it should not have traveled farther. The only explanation would be that she was shot as she lay on the ground, and even this was not wholly satisfactory.

That it was the same caliber as bullets found in Light's holster meant nothing: bullets like this one had recently been made in England by the thousand million. Sir Edward suggested that the bullet found in the road might not be the fatal one at all, and that she might have been killed by an accidental shot fired from the neighboring field. It could be a rifle bullet.

NO one had appeared who could testify that Light and the girl were together on the Gartree Road; he was never placed at or even very near the scene of the crime.

The crown had shown no motive. It was not a lovers' quarrel; the two were strangers: There had been no criminal assault. Why should Light have shot her?

The defense, of course, slid over the fact that certain kinds of murders, particularly of women and children, are committed for no apparent motive whatever.

The judge, in his charge, seemed rather to lean to the side of the defense. The jury argued the case for three hours, standing nine to three in favor of the prisoner. Then the three were won over, and they reported Ronald Light "not guilty." The verdict was cheered.

But who did kill Bella Wright? Probably we shall never know. Probably, also, we shall never know whether we ourselves, in a predicament like that of the rider of the green bicycle, would behave any better.

Now to come back to our raven. A Mr. Trueman Humphries went down to the Gartree Road, took pictures, and looked about. At the end he wrote, for the Strand, an excellent bit of fiction. He imagines a scientific detective challenged to solve the mystery of the green bicycle. This detective organizes, in the neighborhood of Gaulby and Little Stretton, a shooting match. A prize is offered and all the boys and men in the region are drawn in.

There are various targets: disappearing images of deer, running rabbits, or the like. All of them are sprung upon the contestants suddenly and as a complete surprise. Before one of these sportsmen—a young lad—as he lies on the ground, firing, there rises what seems to be a dark hedge cut in the middle by a white gate. And on this gate sits a raven!

The boy tumbles over in a faint. When he comes to, he is ready to make his confession. He was in the field near the Gartree Road that July evening. He had sighted a bird of some kind on the white gate. He lay behind a sheep trough two or three hundred yards away (there is really such a trough) and fired. He killed the raven—but the bullet also killed the girl who rode by the gate at that moment.

Far-fetched? Very likely. But—well, now *you* tell one!

Another startling and fascinating real-life murder mystery will be recounted by Edmund Pearson in Liberty next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—From the German word *Unterse*, meaning "undersea."
2—July 16, 1790.
3—Sir Joseph Wilson Swan.
4—Adherents of the exiled Stuarts, James II and his descendants.
5—A gum resin derived from a south European plant, used in making perfumery.
6—Probably from an Indian word meaning a collection of wigwams.
7—Tegucigalpa.
8—Froth of the sea.
9—Charles Monchy.
10—Lake Superior.
11—An instrument for measuring the humidity of the air.
12—A mark on a chart indicating a rock or shoal, the existence of which or its exact location is doubtful.
13—A message sent by wireless from one vessel to another bound in the opposite direction, to be sent by registered mail at the first port of call.
14—Four out of seven.
15—The Rigsdag.
16—Delaware.
17—"Jesus wept"; St. John xi. 35.
18—A woman hater.
19—The Ancient Mariner, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
20—In ancient times, a galley with three banks of oars.

SCRAMBLED GEOGRAPHY

JULY 22 WINNERS

BELOW are the winners of the July 22 Scrambled Geography Contest based on South America. If, in checking your entry against the published key list of names, you believe that yours were all correct but you are not named among the winners, it is because either you neglected to include the statement of preference called for in the rules or your statement did not rate among the sixty-four best. With hundreds of correct lists entered these statements were the controlling factor in arriving at awards.

CORRECT NAMES

BRAZIL—BOLIVIA—MANAOS—ARGENTINA PARAMARIBO—SANTIAGO—GEORGETOWN PATAGONIA—GUAYAQUIL—COCHABAMBA BAHIA — ANTOFAGASTA — BARCELONA BELLAVISTA — MADEIRA — AMAZON — ORINOCO — YAPURA — UCAYALI — MINAS MIRAFLORES—PARANA—NEGRO—BOGOTA CUZCO—MARACAIBO

$50 FIRST PRIZE

Stella E. Roach, Corpus Christi, Texas.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

Harry Browning, Honolulu, T. H.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

Hernandez R. Cleto, Colon, Panama.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

E. L. Kegresse, San Antonio, Texas.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Louella M. Arnold, Erskine, Minn.; Henry Spencer Booth, Baltimore, Md.; J. H. Bragg, Los Angeles, Calif.; H. R. DeSelms, Quincy, Mass.; William J. Hull, Hartford, Conn.; Howard B. Hutchison, Central City, Neb.; Mrs. Thomas R. Knittle, Douglas, Wyo.; Harold G. Lund, Rockford, Ill.; D. Thomas Russillo, Providence, R. I.; R. E. Tarpley, Atlanta, Ga.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

David M. Adison, Cleveland, Ohio; D. C. Anderson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; C. R. Beegle, Riverton, N. J.; Margaret Carr, Louisiana, Mo.; John F. Crans, Lombard, Ill.; Frank B. Cross, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Norbert K. Daerr, Homestead Park, Pa.; Clifton Darnall, Norman, Okla.; Mrs. Ethel O. Deatrick, Washington, D. C.; George F. Dutt, Charleston, W. Va.; W. C. Enright, Ventura, Calif.; Gay Graham Gilbert, Miami, Fla.; Herbert F. Goss, Braddock, Pa.; J. A. Grannis, Nashville, Tenn.; George Gwinn, Hutchinson, Kan.; Laurence S. Helffrich, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Betty W. Henry, Hilo, Hawaii, T. H.; E. G. Henry, Indianapolis, Ind.; Edith S. Hersey, Pasadena, Calif.; Bessie I. Hibarger, Normal, Ill.; Ralph H. Jewell, Corry, Pa.; E. H. Johnston, Wichita, Kan.; U. S. Johnston, Canton, Ohio; Alice L. Kaye, Alexandria, Va.; Mary E. Kennedy, South Amboy, N. J.; Rose Krulish, Austin, Minn.; W. P. Kuhl, Lincoln, Ill.; Mrs. J. E. La Breche, Elcor, Minn.; Leo J. Martin, Central Falls, R. I.; Charles A. Mattiza, Jr., Houston, Texas; Mrs. Emma D. McAtee, La Salle, Ill.; W. D. McCarthy, Oakland, Calif.

Elizabeth Montgomery, Santa Fe, N. M.; Allene T. Morehead, Haines City, Fla.; R. G. Nielsen, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Flora S. Perry, Lincoln, Neb.; Harold W. Peterson, Portland, Ore.; John B. Pierce, Jr., Pasadena, Calif.; C. C. Reeves, Lincoln Park, Mich.; Walter Rodutsky, Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. A. D. Rush, Haviland, Kan.; Dewey Russell, San Francisco, Calif.; Nellye M. Russell, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. Willie Scott, Jonesville, S. C.; Chryssia Shellenberger, New York, N. Y.; Mabel Thornton, Jamestown, N. Y.; Merrill Townsend, Park Ridge, Ill.; Bert C. Van Arsdale, Louisville, Ky.; Robert Van Eck, Garden City Park, N. Y.; Helena van Zelm, New Rochelle, N. Y.

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?

Your Explanation May Win a Share of

$250

IN CASH PRIZES!

THE INTRODUCTION

A Canadian "Mountie" starts north on the trail of a red-haired killer.

THE CONCLUSION

The daughter of a Houston cotton broker wins the annual yacht race to Bermuda.

HOW did it happen? That's up to you to explain. Call your imagination into play and invent a chain of circumstances that will show, logically, how the search for the fugitive eventually led to the winning of the yacht race. The sixty-four best explanations submitted in accordance with the rules will win cash prizes ranging from $50 downward. The complete list of prizes is scheduled below.

Don't pass this contest up until you've tried it. You may find it easier than you think. All it takes is some imagination and writing materials. And your chance to share in the money is excellent. Even if you miss the prizes you'll have had a lot of fun. If you do win a prize you'll be getting paid for enjoying yourself.

In building your chain of circumstances keep in mind the requirements of logic, conciseness, and entertainment. Be as brief as you wish and in no case use more than five hundred words. Entries exceeding that limit will not be considered.

The rules tell everything you need to know in order to win a share of the money. Note particularly that the closing date is Monday, October 9. This gives ample time to file your entry. Winners will be published in the first available issue of Liberty and checks will be mailed at approximately the same time. Will you receive one?

HERE IS THE CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. Write, using not more than 500 words, a chain of circumstances that develops the given introduction into the given conclusion.

3. It is not necessary to clip or copy the printed introduction or conclusion.

4. Write on one side of paper only. Use typewriter or pen and ink.

Penciled entries will not be considered. Neatness will count. Spelling will count.

5. The entry which supplies the most logical, most concise, most entertaining chain of circumstances will be adjudged the best. The entry rating next highest in these qualifications will be adjudged second best, etc.

6. On this basis sixty-four prizes will be paid as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2.

7. Address all entries to CIRCUMSTANCES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 9.

AIRWAY, BROAD

An All-Star Aviation Picture, a Tarzan, and a "Triangle"

By ROB

Two of the many stars who appear—if only briefly—in Night Flight—John Barrymore and Helen Hayes.

> *Mr. Wagner reviews all pictures in Hollywood just before their general release. After these previews endings are sometimes changed or cut. If the picture reveals other differences, they are probably due to censor boards, local, state, or national.*

(Reading time: 7 minutes 7 seconds.)

QUESTION: Why does a studio shoot all-star pictures like Dinner at Eight and Night Flight when the stars' salaries increase production costs so tremendously and many of the parts, especially the smaller ones, could be adequately filled by lesser artists?

ANSWER: Exhibitors claim that they sell pictures on "names." Professional people like the Barrymores and Helen Hayes; schoolgirls are hopped up over Robert Montgomery; women married to shrimps go for Clark Gable in a big if not a better way; and all males past the age of adolescence simply eat up Myrna Loy. If they can get all these people in one picture, they'll clean up at the box office and justify any production cost.

Figure it out yourself.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ NIGHT FLIGHT

THE PLAYERS: John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, William Gargan, C. Henry Gordon, Leslie Fenton, Harry Beresford, Frank Conroy. Directed by Clarence Brown.

Read over that cast and then stand up and give an elaborate bow to the director, cameramen, and laboratory fellows. For this is essentially a pictorial drama of pioneer night flying before the days of beacons, radio beams, and other guides to safety. "What we gain by day over land and water travel we lose at night," says John Barrymore, the head of a great Argentine air line of ten years ago. And so he inaugurates night flying over the Andes and up the coast of Brazil, and *insists* upon schedules being kept irrespective of weather conditions. The story interest then divides itself between the men battling it out through storm and stress over a vast unlighted continent and those on the ground, the officials and the flyers' wives, worried stiff over the safety of the flyers. There is no "love interest," and the closest approach to a "heavy" is Barrymore, who is simply impersonal in demanding extraordinary risks for the "good of the service." Indeed several of the most important "names" are incidental characters who appear on the screen for short sequences, and in the case of Robert Montgomery, for merely a flash or two.

But if the picture lacks the usual personality interest, the drama of the service is wonderfully gripping and the aërial photography magnificent beyond words. The tragic ending is symbolically turned into a happy promise of future safety. A strange and beautiful picture.

★★★ BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD

THE PLAYERS: Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Madge Evans, Russell Hardie, Jackie Cooper, Eddie Quillan, Mickey Rooney, Tad Alexander, Edward Brophy, Ruth Channing, Jean Howard, Jimmy Durante, Fay Templeton, May Robson, Clair Du Brey, Muriel Evans, Claudelle Kaye, Nelson Eddy, Una Merkel, the Albertina Rasch Dancers. Directed by Willard Mack.

A delightful Cavalcade of American theatricals from Tony Pastor's to Hollywood. The story is told through the lives of the Hacketts—Alice Brady and Frank Morgan—their children and grandchildren, all of the stage. The elder Hacketts bridge the entire gap. In the opening sequence we see Tony Pastor's at the zenith of its glory, which will no doubt get a superior laugh from the present generation but will be rosemary and rue to old-timers.

The second episode shows us the glories of the Weber and Fields period—vaudeville now surrounded with choruses, dance numbers, and grand finales. The Hacketts are still doing their same old act, and being gently shoved back by the younger Hacketts—Russell Hardie and his bride, Madge Evans.

When the third generation comes along the scene moves to Hollywood, and Ted Hacket III—Eddie Quillan—is a juvenile star. By this time the original Hacketts are hasbeens, honored by the profession and proud of their rec-

Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, and Eddie Quillan in a scene from the theatrical Broadway to Hollywood.

WAY, and JUNGLE

a Cavalcade of the Theater,
Story Among the Week's New Films

WAGNER

ord—particularly sentimental over the fact that a Hackett "never held a curtain." In the last episode old Hackett dies of heart disease on the set while his grandson is registering. Old Mrs. Hackett simply looks at him wanly until the scene is finished—"The show must go on."

The picture is a back- and front-stage kaleidoscope of old-timers, reigning stars, and popular juveniles—Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney are the second and third Hacketts at the time of their youth—in which each and every one clicks handsomely. A warm, human, and sympathetic picture of American stage life—truthful to the last detail.

★★ TARZAN THE FEARLESS

THE PLAYERS: Buster Crabbe, Jacqueline Wells, E. Alyn Warren, Edward Woods, Philo McCollough, Mathew Betz, Frank Lackteen, Mischa Auer. Directed by Robert Hill.

Swell for the kids. And swell for those grown-ups who still possess the hearts of children. Wonderful adventures of naïve incredibility told with the simple charm of a fairy tale. It is a three-cornered conflict between an ancient civilization lost in the jungle, a modern expedition, and Tarzan the ape-man. Tarzan fights the ancients, tossing them about like paper dolls, he jousts with his jungle enemies, rescues the beautiful white girl from every possible human and animal danger. His fights with lions are truly remarkable, for even if the lions are only pretending, they put up battles of terrific excitement. But perhaps the most beautiful shots are the rhythmic swingings of Tarzan as he flies through the forest like a stupendous pendulum. There are no unpleasant sex scenes. Buster Crabbe acts splendidly and his gorgeous body beats anything the Greeks ever wrought in marble.

This is a feature-length picture to be followed by a series of shorts. Being a critic with a somewhat childish mind, I can hardly wait for Tarzan's future adventures.

Buster Crabbe as Tarzan and Jacqueline Wells as the many-times-rescued heroine in Tarzan the Fearless.

A "triangle" and a murder feature One Year Later. Mary Brian and Russell Hopton take leading roles.

★★ ONE YEAR LATER

THE PLAYERS: Mary Brian, Russell Hopton, Donald Dillaway, George Irving, Will Ahern, Gladys Ahern, De Witt Jennings, Jackie Searl, Pauline Garon, Marjorie Beebe, Al Hill, Myrtle Steadman, Edward Keane, Harry Holman, William Humphrey, Lloyd Whitlock, Nina Guilbert, John Ince, Pat O'Malley, James Mack, Walter Brennan, Herbert Evans, Jane Keckley, Kit Guard, Al Klein, Tom London, Virginia True Boardman. Directed by E. Mason Hopper.

Most film stories end in marriage; this begins with one. "Dearie, your boss is on the make for me. I'll string him along for the sake of your job. But stick around in case—" If brides were as loyal as that they'd get along better—with their husbands. But there'd be ten thousand fewer plots.

Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway have been happily married a year. Edward Keane, Don's boss, is the serpent. Mary hates serpents; but then, there is Don's job.

Phone. "I'm going over to see Ethel," lies Mary. Keane awaits her, licking his chops. Don, suspicious, follows. Ah, Mary has been deceiving him! Big fight with Keane. Murder.

Mary on the same train with Don, accompanied by De Witt Jennings on his way to electric chair. Russell Hopton, who reported trial, also aboard, on way to sanitarium to die of t.b. Russell hears truth from Mary and Don, and after conking De Witt, changes clothes with Don and jumps from train into the deepest cañon in the world. Mary and Don get away at next station.

The train is also loaded with comedy cut-ups who are directed to get laughs and thus "relieve" the drama.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

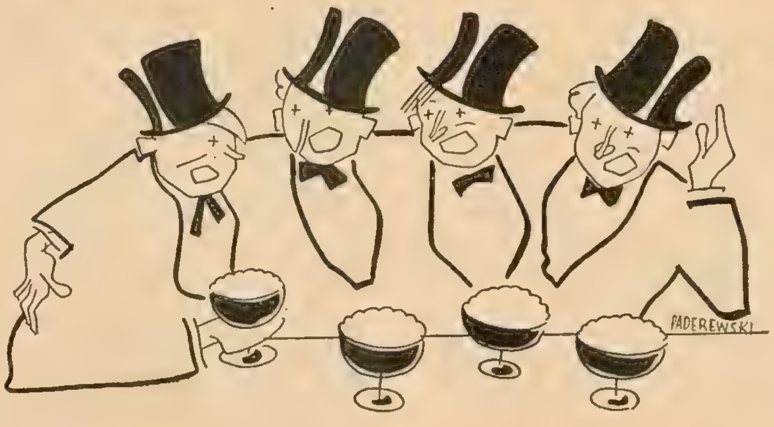
★★★★—F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze.

★★★—Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight.

The Flower

Being the Timely Confessions of a National Hero—the Man Who Wrote Sweet Adeline

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)



If wishes could kill, I guess I would have been murdered a long time ago, because I'm the man who wrote the song that has kept more wretched people awake than all the lovesick cats in Christendom. But I never thought to see my sentimental little ballad exalted into a bottle hymn of the republic.

I'll have to admit I got a great kick—almost as much as I get out of the new beer itself—in reading headlines and captions that said: Sweet Adeline Is Queen Again; Beer Lovers Brushing Up on Sweet Adeline; Sw-ee-ee-T Ad-dd-e-l-ii-ine—Hold It, Boys; and so on.

I've lived in obscurity for years, earning a livelihood as a postal clerk and raising a family. No fooling, it feels pretty good to bask in some of the limelight reflected on me by a song I wrote way back in 1903.

I wrote it at home, 49 Morton Street, New York City, during days when I was a medical student. At the time I wasn't thinking about beer at all, and I didn't rely upon beer for an inspiration.

I had two inspirations, both feminine. One was a girl named Rose, and the other was Emma Tolen, who sold sheet music in a department store.

I had already had a number of songs published, but no hits. My first song was suppressed by Anthony Comstock. That upset my family, so when I brought out my next song I changed to the pen name Richard H. Gerard, which I have used ever since.

Emma Tolen was pretty good at "plugging" my songs, and one day I told her that the next song I wrote I was going to dedicate to her. The next song happened to be the one that afterward became Sweet Adeline, and to this day every copy has the dedication on the cover.

No vast ambition was burning in my soul when I sat down to scribble the words of it. I was just trying to turn out a little piece that my gang could sing and that might bring me in a few dollars. Rose was in my mind at the time, so the opening of the chorus was "Sweet Rosalie, my Rosalie, when shadows fall, love calls to me."

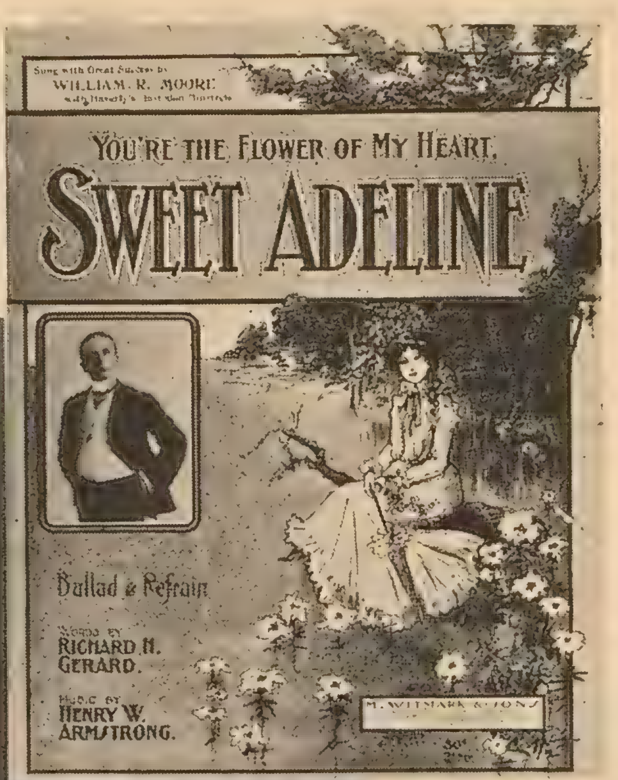
When we first sang Sweet Rosalie, it was to an improvised tune, and not even I thought much of it. About a year later I became acquainted with Harry Armstrong. He and I did several songs together, and one day he showed me one of his melodies that had a set of words he didn't particularly like. It was called My Old New England Home. I picked out the treble on the piano. With changes here and there, it seemed to be just the tune for Sweet Rosalie.

We took the manuscript to Paul Dresser, the composer of On the Banks of the Wabash and brother of Theodore Dreiser. Dresser kept it several months, but finally sent it back, saying he didn't think it had any appeal. Next we took it to the Witmarks. They already had a song called Rosalie. They suggested we change the name and fix up the first line of the chorus.

At the time Adelina Patti was still enchanting the world, and I simply worshiped her. I decided to take her name, but to make it rhyme with "pine." Right away my problem was solved.

At the end of the first quarter my royalties were $35. Soon after the song was published Armstrong sold his interest outright for $800. I held mine until 1905, when I sold out for $1,800. Even then, two years after the song was brought out, it was still a slow seller.

But about that time the Quaker City Four, a famous vaudeville act of its day, chose Sweet Adeline for one of its numbers—and stopped the show. The Empire City Quartet and the Penrose Quartet took it up, and it was also plugged by other teams and famous singles, among them Chauncey Olcott, until it became a sensation.



Title page of the first edition of the anthem that goes with 3.2.

Photo by Bert Thayer Photo-Laboratories

The author of Sweet Adeline as he is today.

# of My Heart

By

RICHARD GERARD HUSCH

Cartoons by **PADEREWSKI**

PADEREWSKI

You can guess the rest. It sold over two million copies.

I've sung it myself countless times. One night I was in a crowd in a barroom that didn't know me, and somebody said I didn't seem to know the song very well. I told them I had written it. They wanted to throw me out. They never did believe me.

During the war I sang it and heard it sung on troopships, in training camps, on the streets of Paris, behind the lines, and in Greece and Italy. I got a great kick out of that, because usually no one knew that I had written it.

Mr. Husch with Harry Armstrong (signing), who composed the music of Sweet Adeline, and Messrs. Witmark and a notary (seated at left), at the renewal of the contract for the everlasting flower of his heart.

A few years ago a judge in Media, Pennsylvania, ruled that the singing of Sweet Adeline in an alleged speakeasy was prima-facie evidence that the beverage on sale there was intoxicating. Now, really, I think that was a slur. Of course it's probably true—as Edwin C. Hill has pointed out—that nothing soothes the troubled soul or relieves the overburdened heart like Sweet Adeline, whether the boys have just a gentle little bun or one of those souses which rise practically to the eyeballs. But that doesn't mean that anyone who sings it is drunk. I resent such an implication.

One of my youngsters came back from school the other day with a copy of Current Events that had a piece in it about Sweet Adeline, and she was ready to burst with pride.

It told about Marvin McIntyre and Stephen A. Early, former newspapermen and now assistants to President Roosevelt, organizing a quartet among weary White House correspondents who were waiting on the portico during the bank crisis. They sang Sweet Adeline.

One of the most famous, heaviest, and worst quartets that ever sang it was composed of Jack Dempsey, George McManus, Russ Westover, and "Bugs" Baer, who bore down on it over the radio the night 3.2 beer came in.

A bartender once lost a $7,500 damage suit to a man who claimed he had been cracked on the jaw for singing it. A condemned man on the way to the electric chair sang it to steady his nerve.

At Quantico, Virginia, when Major General Smedley Butler retired from the Marine Corps, as the flag was hauled down he asked the men to sing it.

When Irene Bordoni started learning English, Sweet Adeline was one of the first songs she attempted.

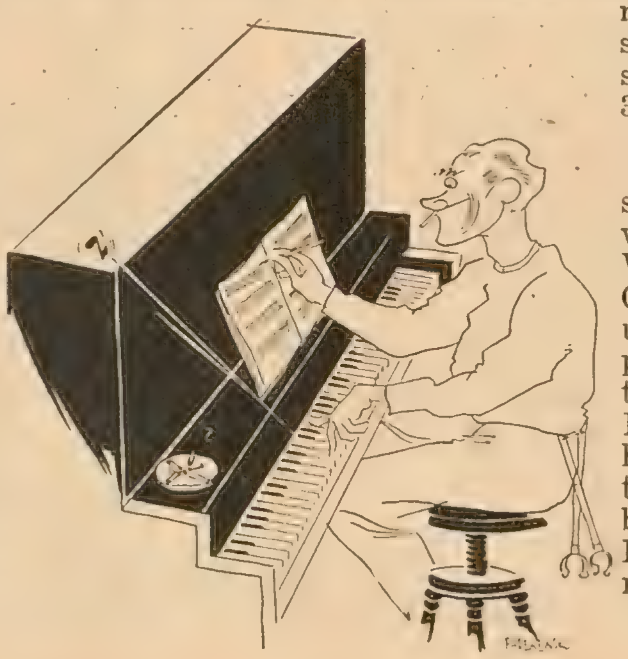
I've heard that Woodrow Wilson sang it on occasions and that it is one of President Roosevelt's favorites. Not so long ago Sweet Adeline got into the Congressional Record. The House voted on the Collier Beer Bill, and Representatives Hoch of Kansas and Sirovich of New York engaged in banter:

MR. HOCH: Will the gentleman explain from a scientific standpoint why milk seems to be lacking in the Sweet Adeline qualities?

MR. SIROVICH: Sweet Adeline qualities are not found in milk. When we legalize beer, the people of the United States throughout the length and breadth of the country will rejoice in the Sweet Adeline qualities of healthy, nutritious, nonintoxicating, palatable beer.

To which discussion the New York Sun added this editorial comment:

This is no scientific answer. Sweet Adeline qualities are not inherent in milk, beer, wine, porter, or any other potable liquid. They are inherent in *Homo sapiens*, latent perhaps, ready to be brought forth not alone by environment but by circumstances as well. Harmonizing is not subject to such a simple explanation as 3.2-per-cent beer.



I'll never forget when Harry Armstrong and I were trying to get my words and his music to come out even. We used to meet in a barroom on Greenwich Avenue, and the bartender used to listen to us discussing our problem. He was a quiet, patient, thoughtful man, that bartender, and I often wonder now what he must have thought of us. He knew something about rhymes and rhythms too, but he never disclosed that fact to us. His name is John Masefield and he is now poet laureate of England.

THE END

LAUGH, TO

THE PRIVATE JIMMY

Conquest in Foreign Parts—J. W. Goes on the Wagon, Kids Hollywood, Keeps Mr. Coolidge Waiting—When Domesticity Came High

Jimmy and Allie—she just barely got into this picture, on the left—call on Il Duce.

International photos

Jimmy does the right thing by Germany's beer.

(Reading time: 26 min. 20 sec.)

THE honeymoon period of Jimmy's first term as mayor, with the jazz age approaching its height, was pictured in last week's installment. Jimmy greeting visiting celebrities with wise cracks; Jimmy late for everything, and making, if not a merit, a more or less winsome failing of his tardiness; Jimmy jaunting about town at the taxpayers' expense in a $17,000 special limousine; putting in a "twenty-four-hour day" that might include three or four banquets and wind up in a night club; above all else, conducting at the City Hall, in Board of Estimate meetings, a "municipal minstrel show"—all that, Mr. Collins brought back from the past that is so recent and seems so remote.

The installment left Jimmy on shipboard bound for Europe: his first trip, on which he took "Allie" along, obviously to give him an appearance of domestic decorum.

PART SIX—MAYOR AT LARGE

LONDON crowds turned out to stare at Jimmy, just as they had stopped traffic in the Strand to get a glimpse of Tom Mix's horse. And, like the immortal Tony, Jimmy strutted his stuff!

At a night club to which he went the very first evening with a party of theatrical friends he danced enthusiastically, and took over the piano from Teddy Brown's band to give a special author's rendition of Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?

At the Guildhall, when somebody asked him if he intended to adopt for City Hall wear the gold-trimmed scarlet robes of the Lord Mayor of London, he replied: "That's the best English joke I ever heard."

After a brief pilgrimage to Ireland by way of the simple little Welsh town of Llanfairpwyllcylghlantsillohogh—this was the name of the town even before Jimmy visited it!—during which he took a bow at Castlecomer as "Billy Walker's boy," the mayor suddenly remembered his constituents in the Steuben Society, and promptly took boat for the Reich.

Jimmy made no secret of his appreciation of German beer. "If I were an expert in the science of chemistry," he blurbed, "I would say that the difference between New York and Berlin is about the same as the difference between ether and hops." On a subsequent trip to Pilsen he inspected the famous breweries, "emptied a row of steins in less than two minutes, and begged someone to push him into a foaming vat." In Munich, presumably after pouring similar libations, he sent out a message to the morning-after reporters which read:

"In the words of the popular American song, 'Please go away and let me sleep.'"

Of course Jimmy went to Italy to see Mussolini—there are Italians in New York too!—and Benito, whose prose style runs to rolling periods rather than to wise cracks, decided after looking Jimmy over that he was "highly fitted to govern the great metropolis where millions of Italians live."

The Pope also was apparently impressed. "You are a very young man," said His Holiness, "to be mayor of such a large metropolis."

Jimmy was becomingly truth-

Below, Jimmy and Allie on the Berengaria.

WN, *LAUGH!*

LIFE OF WALKER

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

U. & U. News photo

Greeting Prince Potenziani, Governor of Rome, who came over and returned his visit.

ful. "I'm not as young as I look," he said.

Prince Potenziani, Governor of Rome, entertained Jimmy at what the latter described as "the best lunch I've ever drunk." The prince made an eloquent speech in Italian, expressing pleasure in having as his guest "the Chief Magistrate of the greatest city in the world, of that fabulous city of incomparable development in which Anglo-Saxon energy with untiring activity has translated into actual fact the boldest conceptions of human thought."

"Prince," responded Jimmy, "if you said what I think you said, I'm grateful."

His Honor tried to show his gratitude by being duly appreciative of the local monuments and sights, of which, as you doubtless know, there are a goodly number. Beneath Michelangelo's dome of domes in St. Peter's, he remarked: "They must have passed the hat around several times to build all this." The catacombs he described as "nice fresh tombs, two thousand years old." Then he added: "Wish we could find a few catacombs in New York's subsoil. It would save us a lot of money when we build subways."

Photo by Nickolas Muray

Betty Compton as she looked in a Broadway show.

U. & U. News photo

Jimmy at Lake Louise in Canadian Rockies.

The mayor arrived in Paris from Venice in one of his now rare poetic moods. "I should have preferred," he said to General Gouraud, the military governor, "to come to Paris incognito to decipher the soul of the city."

"You incognito? Impossible!" said the general.

HIS Parisian hosts were repeatedly impressed with the fact that Mr. Walker understood everything that was said to him, although he did not know a single word of French. "It isn't hard to understand the French people," he said diplomatically, "if you have an ear for music." Paris liked the mayor; and the mayor liked Paris—although, as he himself said, a New Yorker in the gay French capital "has to look twice to see anything. The first time all he sees is the American Bar at the Ritz."

At the American Club he made himself solid with his compatriots by addressing them as "fellow refugees from the Eighteenth Amendment." When his French admirers deluged him with such a flood of letters that he was forced to hire a French secretary, he remarked: "Let me know when you come to mash notes, if any." When he noticed the nude paintings on the walls of the Paris City Hall, he grinned appreciatively. "If I had an office decorated like this," he said, "I'd have a hard time keeping my mind on my work."

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It was a question whether Walker's travels attracted more attention at home or abroad. The foreigners may have taken him a little more seriously than we did. After all, we knew that he didn't really take himself that way. Nor did we attach to his personality, no matter how pleasing, the same significance that Europeans did. To them he was the American type. Nevertheless we could not help being impressed by the unanimity of the applause that accompanied him on his dapper way.

His wanderings became one of the major news events of a twelvemonth which was quite the most interesting, from a news standpoint, of all those that preceded the panic and followed the peace. The Hall-Mills trial drew eighteen columns a day in the New York Times; unmeasured acreage in the tabloids. The Sacco-Vanzetti furor waxed its highest and its hottest. Ruth Snyder brought the sash weight into the newsprint Hall of Fame. Slim Lindbergh went to France with letters of introduction—which, somehow, turned out to be superfluous. Clarence Chamberlin also flew the Atlantic, taking along Charlie Levine.

Nan Britton wrote The President's Daughter. Dwight Morrow went to Mexico. Stocks were up; so were skirts. Warner Fabian wrote Flaming Youth. The Theater Guild produced Porgy. Some talked of introverts and extraverts; others played Ask Me Another.

But in spite of all this competition Jimmy made the front page with a regularity which has never been approached in peacetime by any political figure save the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and not only in New York but throughout the land.

"JIMMY is the only city official," wrote a shrewd observer, "whose roamings are first-page news in all parts of the country. . . . He has become more than Mayor of New York. He has assumed national, even international proportions."

The most remarkable thing about all this publicity was that it was almost invariably favorable. The foreign press sometimes assumed an attitude of amusement, even of amazement, but never of criticism. His clothes were perhaps the hardest pills for conservative Europeans to swallow. "He dresses like an operatic tenor!" exclaimed one Berlin journalist. Parisian critics noted with awe that Jimmy "flipped off the train in a chocolate crush hat, blue shirt and suit, green-and-brown tie, beige topcoat, and lavender handkerchief dashed with brown and purple." London journalists solemnly recorded that the Mayor of New York "cocked his white straw skimmer at an acute angle and exhibited a burst of United States energy." Lido correspondents gasped at his "kaleidoscopic sweaters."

But even these good-natured gibes were the exception, not the rule. For the most part Jimmy's regalia was accepted as the American national costume.

At home there were occasional suggestions that Jimmy was racing through Europe "like an urchin through a drawing-room." But most critics were inclined to agree with the conclusion that it was "a good thing to have abroad for a little while an American public functionary with whom everybody falls in love."

To editors as well as to reporters he became known as "Ambassador Walker," "New York's Super-Salesman," "Manhattan's Good-will Delegate," "Mayor at Large." "Mayor Walker might well be considered for the diplomatic service," wrote one editor. "He makes an excellent social representative to the countries of Europe," wrote another. "He hasn't made an error in his diplomacy," wrote still another.

"THE Prince of Wales may be a good salesman," pæaned one of the more enthusiastic chroniclers of the mayor's travels, "but he will find the going hard after Jimmy Walker has smiled upon his customers, sung them a song, and sold them little old New York."

These comments now seem a bit fulsome. But even now most fair-minded critics will agree with the more measured verdict that little Jimmy Walker of Greenwich Village "has carried to the Caribbean, Europe, and the British Isles the notion that Americans are, if slightly erratic and invariably late for their appointments, a charming, youthful, and sophisticated race with a neat faculty for turning a pretty phrase."

It is a curious commentary on human nature that two million American youths who were prepared to risk their lives to save that which at the time seemed dear to most of the nations of the Old World, had visited Europe without leaving behind them any such pleasing impression of the American national character.

It is another curious commentary on human nature—Jimmy's career is full of them!—that at a time when alcohol was still political anathema in most parts of the country, the reports of "the mayor's whisky-tippling in England, his beer-drinking in Germany, his liquid luncheons in Italy, his winebibbing in France," seemed to have no really serious effect on his popularity.

Perhaps it was the frankness with which he discussed all this that saved him. Pointing to the slight protuberance in the middle front where the beer had hit him, and referring to his more than slight lumbago, he publicly announced that he was going on the water wagon.

"The funniest thing that happened to me abroad," he confessed to the ship news reporters, "was the most pathetic. For two weeks I've been refusing good drinks."

"How often?" asked a skeptic.

"Continuously."

"Why?"

"Hell!" said the mayor. "You spoiled it all by asking me that. I was sick!"

Naturally these admissions did not pass without comment. Dr. Christian F. Reisner took the Walker stomach as a text for a temperance sermon. Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition, commented satirically: "One of the greatest accomplishments of my term in this office is the reformation of Jimmy Walker. Another soul has been redeemed."

"The announcement by Mayor Walker that he had gone on the water wagon was legitimate news at the time," commented one editorial writer. "It carried the inference, for one thing, that our mayor had, at some period in his life, not been on the water wagon—which surprised all who heard it without startling them. Looking back on this official laxity in law obedience, it seemed not to violate conventions. . . . All that we ask of Mr. Walker is that, when he decides to leave the wagon again, he announce it publicly, with the same businesslike solemnity which attended his first statement. We ask this merely for the sake of consistency and balance, and to keep the records straight."

THE mayor never specifically complied with this seemingly reasonable request, but there is casual evidence of his own supplying that he stayed as long on the water wagon as he has ever been known to stay anywhere. The following year we find him pausing during a speech to drink a gobletful of ice water.

The crowd laughed irreverently. So did Jimmy.

"It's funny," he said, "how used you can get to this stuff if you only stick to it for a year and a half!"

As a matter of fact Jimmy had—at this period of his career — to be very careful not only about what he drank but about what he ate. At banquets he acquired the art of assuming an appetite when he had it not. Even though he went to three or more in one night, he was able to give an absolutely lifelike impression at each banquet of a healthy man enjoying a huge meal. Actually he ate almost nothing at these public feasts.

Privately he ate little more. His breakfast was usually a cup of coffee and a thin piece of toast; on large mornings the toast might carry an egg. Although he frequently took an hour and a half for luncheon—as the sweating crowds that waited for him in the Board of Estimate room could well testify! — the luncheon itself rarely exceeded a sandwich. Even his dinners were light: frequently only vegetables; sometimes fish; seldom meat. He longed for beef but ate almost none of it; never touched pastry; and hadn't eaten a plate of ice cream since the old days in the Village. Even his cigarettes he cut down from a daily fifty to a daily dozen. Like the late Flo Ziegfeld, the only candy he could tolerate was licorice.

This enforced temperance seemed to have no effect on his exuberant spirits. When he went to the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, Mayor O'Keefe of that city declared that he had never seen anyone get so hilarious on ginger ale as Jimmy did. Certainly the mayor's performances at the Mardi Gras, which he attended in February of 1928, would indicate a state of exhilaration which in anyone else could hardly be accounted for except on alcoholic grounds.

"Ladies and gentlemen of New Orleans and surrounding cities, hamlets, villages, towns, and states," he began his address, after holding up the celebration by his usual tardiness, "I was never so thrilled in my life."

The crowd was sure that he spoke the truth!

His comments and his actions, as the historic procession passed in review, amused a gaping world. "Who's that fellow?" he said, indicating a pompous figure in elaborate costume. "The Grand Marshal," somebody explained. "Good!" said the mayor and, expert baseball player that he has always been, let fly with a giant chocolate cream which found its mark on the marshal's head. When the Zulu Rex, pride of the Negro population, tossed the mayor a coconut, he made a neat catch. "From one nut to

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another!" he shouted, and the crowd roared.

When a pretty girl threw the mayor a ten-pound box of candy, the impact of which nearly knocked him off the stand, he solemnly raised a warning hand. "Don't throw any watermelons," he said.

He found the historical part of the pageant especially stimulating. Of Christopher Columbus: "There is the greatest man that ever lived. Except for him, I'd be in Ireland now." Of Pocahontas: "Smith she was in love with, wasn't it? Yes, Pocahontas looking for Al Smith. Good!"

Which leads us—as all roads do in approaching our Jimmy—to the question whether his spotlight performances were the natural outburst of his so-called bobolink buoyancy, or whether they were the calculated details of a devious political program.

Skeptics had professed to see even in his European trip a deep-laid Tammany plot. "It was timed," they said, "so that if the unexpected happened, and Al Smith was not named the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, Walker would undoubtedly be named." Now that he was starting on an intensive "personal appearance" tour of his own country—with the Houston convention only a few months away—it was generally accepted that he was campaigning not in his own interest but in the Brown Derby's and, of course, Tammany Hall's.

Singularly, however, none of the factors which were to spell defeat at the polls for the great Al Smith—the fact that he was a Catholic, that he was a wet, that he was a "city feller," and that he was a product of Tammany Hall — seemed to have the slightest diminishing effect on Jimmy's appeal to the popular fancy.

SOMEONE once said of him that he could, if necessary, manage a teacup with his Park Avenue friends and still go back to Greenwich Village and explain it to the boys. Al Smith might have managed the teacup, but he could never have got away with the explanation. He was never forgiven for leaving Oliver Street for the Biltmore. Likewise he was never accepted at his true value in communities where Jimmy, who as to intellect was scarcely fit to kiss the hem of Al Smith's garments, rode to triumph on the shaking shoulders of laugh-mad crowds.

Al Smith was of the people. Yes, but Jimmy Walker was of the mob. And since the mob seemed to be in the saddle during those drunken years which preceded the collapse of Coolidge prosperity, it might have been better politics for the Hall if this modern John Alden had spoken for himself instead of for Miles Standish Smith.

Even a hidebound Republican paper like the New York Herald Tribune went so far as to say that "If Mayor Walker were all of Tammany Hall, or had been running for higher office himself, there would be little question of his success in rounding up the Southerners to his cause."

Seems absurd, doesn't it, in view of the deservedly different positions which James J. Walker and Alfred E. Smith now occupy in the public regard?

Anyway, Jimmy kept right on going, landing — as most people do who keep going long enough — in Hollywood, where he and his thirty-six pairs of spats were a cinematographic triumph. He even rated an invitation to the Hearst ranch—which was another thing which Al Smith would never have done!—and, perched cozily among the blonde beauties of Enchanted Hill, he exuded nifties with the speed, if not with the intellectuality, of Mr. Hearst's more recent visiting jokesmith, George Bernard Shaw.

ON a Los Angeles street corner a young girl asked him for a kiss. The mayor took a quick look at her to make certain that she was pretty.

"Sure!" he said, fitting the deed to the word. "And I'll be right here every day at this hour."

Between these playboy activities under California's golden sun he took his old friends, the cinema chiefs, to task for attempting, as he thought, to turn the screen over to the enemies of the Brown Derby. Possibly his scolding did no good, but his influence may have helped immeasurably. Anyway, Smith got a better break than he had been getting in the newsreels.

Next Jimmy was in Washington arguing before the Supreme Court for the "five-cent fare," which is, as you may or may not know, the world's most famous nickel. If you live in an outlying section of New York City it is what you drop in the subway slot to make the entrance gate go clickety-click so you can ride in sardine comfort from your home to City Hall. If you live in City Hall, it is what you lift on high as the symbol of civic liberty and corporate bankruptcy to keep the voters from sending you back to the Bronx or Queens.

If ever money talked, it was this same nickel. For eight long years it talked through Hylan's hat. For seven more years, which were just as long but did not seem so, it talked through the greased microphone of Jimmy Walker. The transit people fought in the courts for an increased fare. Jimmy fought back in the newspapers. Finally the two methods and the two media merged in his spectacular trip to Washington.

Of course he called at the White House; and when reporters asked him what he and President Coolidge had talked about, he replied: "About three minutes." (More dignified visitors, leaving the White House, have been far less discreet!) When the stenographers in the Treasury Building crowded out to glimpse the handsome visitor, he said: "Just like the City Hall! Nobody works." When invited to visit the halls of Congress, he refused firmly. "But don't you want to see where the laws of this great country are made?" he was asked. "No," he answered. "I'd rather keep my good opinion of my country."

There was, of course, the usual difficulty about keeping appointments. He was due, so it was said, at the White House at twelve noon. He finished breakfast at his hotel at 12:25. The next day a joyous press headlined: "Walker's Tardiness Keeps President Waiting." And the whole world laughed!

There was one thing you could always depend upon about Jimmy Walker: no matter how late he might be in getting to a place, when he did arrive he would be as fresh as the proverbial daisy. Of course, after very large evenings there might be a trace of what came to be known around City Hall as "night-club pallor"; but, even so, he was usually smiling of countenance and springy of step, always recently shaved and immaculately dressed.

Knowledge that, come what might, the mayor would be shaved was important to his staff, for it meant that there was one place where a message would reach him ultimately: his barber's.

Along toward the end Kerrigan and the others didn't even bother making the weary round of phone calls to Paul Block's apartment at the Ritz, Arthur Blumenthal's apartment at the Ambassador, Dudley Malone's apartment at the Mayfair—years before they had given up trying Jimmy's own house at St. Luke's Place!—but simply called up Philip's, and waited patiently for the returns to come in. Sooner or later if the mayor didn't come to the barber the barber would go to the mayor.

Philip himself never knew when the call would come, or whence. He was prepared at all hours of the day and night, with razor stropped and bag packed, to grab a taxi and rush through traffic to the side of this ninety-ninth Mayor of New York.

FOR nearly sixteen years, whenever Jimmy was in town, nobody but Philip shaved so much as a whisker off his chin. Not merely once but several times a day, in the busier seasons, would Philip drop the lathered brush in some lesser customer's eye and rush off to attend the mayor. For Jimmy made it a point, before keeping any important appointment, to freshen up with an application of steaming towels from Philip's practiced hands, a cold shower, and, of course, a complete change of raiment.

Of the Walker wardrobe it is difficult to speak truthfully and hope to be believed. Even seeing was hardly believing. Perhaps Wilton Lackaye described the effect most graphically when he said: "Jimmy's clothes are by Belasco out of Urban. They are a production!"

But if it is difficult to describe them it is equally difficult to ignore them. In the flesh, so to speak, it was impossible. They walked right up to the innocent bystander, tapped him on the shoulder, and shouted, "Here we are!" It wouldn't be considerate to ignore them, anyway. They meant so much to Jimmy—and, in a way, to his times.

During his first years in office the Walker wardrobe was such a dinner-table topic that the New Yorker undertook an investigation to determine its origin and extent.

"It appears," reported the investigator, "that the task of making our mayor the sartorial triumph he is along Broadway falls on the shoulders of a jovial fellow named Jeann Friedman, tailor to His Honor.

"WE have had the good fortune to meet Mr. Friedman, and after a conference with him are in a position to disclose details about the mayor's snappy wardrobe, which, obviously, is important news. The official waistline is 29½—an enviable girth. Chest 36. Legs slim. Suits must be built out to suggest muscular development. Pants narrow. Inclined to the double-breasted in dinner jackets and dark blues, but the first warm breezes of summer bring a desire for something neat in a one-button sack, possibly a neat brown. Flowered bath robes, yes. White trousers important, with stripes of varied widths.

"One thing His Honor insists upon is that the coat shall break correctly at the waist when he leans forward in the throes of after-dinner speaking. Let it break an inch high or low, and the speech is spoiled. Even a smoking jacket for around the house must be quick fitting. . . . Traveling with the mayor at the moment are twenty white piqué vests, twelve pairs of white trousers with fancy stripes, six sport coats, two topcoats, three dinner coats (two single-breasted and one double), something like two dozen dress shirts, countless other shirts, a dozen hats, and a valet with a whisk broom.

"'And such a dandy fellow,' said Mr. Friedman. 'An exceptional fine dresser, very particular. I can make a suit to be very perfect, but Mr. Walker stands in front of a mirror and says, "It iss good but it iss not Jimmy Walker." And then he tells me how it must be changed.'

"All told, His Honor takes clothes pretty seriously, and it is no wonder we heard a lady exclaim after a certain parade, 'Oh, I hardly saw Lindbergh at all, the mayor was so beautiful!'"

But beauty purchased in wholesale quantities is expensive. Jimmy may not have spent so much for his spats as Mrs. Jimmy spent for her mules, but he spent plenty. He spent a good deal, too, for custom-made shirts and even custom-made neckties. A valet to take care of all these dainties, and to accompany him wherever he went, was also expensive. In 1927 and 1928 even whisk brooms were not cheap.

One does not own a million-dollar wardrobe and spend one's evenings in a one-arm lunch room. The mere possession of twenty white piqué

"She had suffered needlessly"

says DR. BRUNO, of Paris

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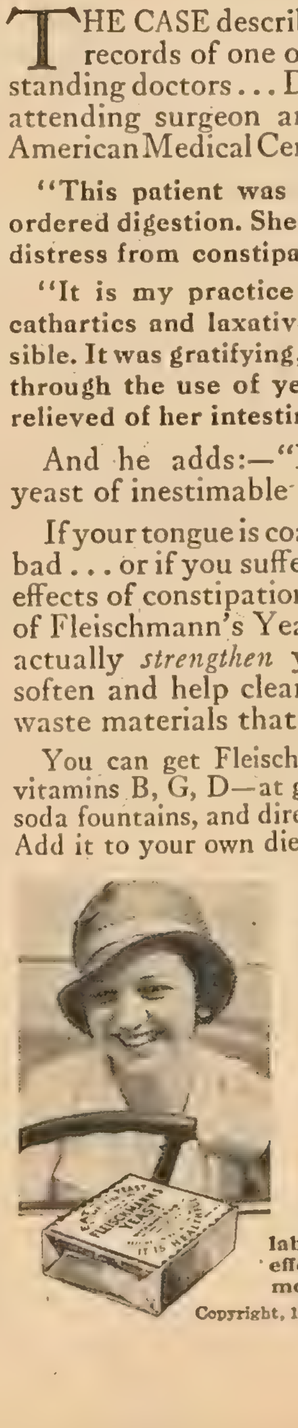

"MY FIRST YEARS at college were a round of 'special foods and medicines,'" writes Miss Mary E. Sims, Miami Beach, Fla. "I finally had to leave school . . . The doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast . . . In 3 weeks I was able to discard my shelf of medicines."

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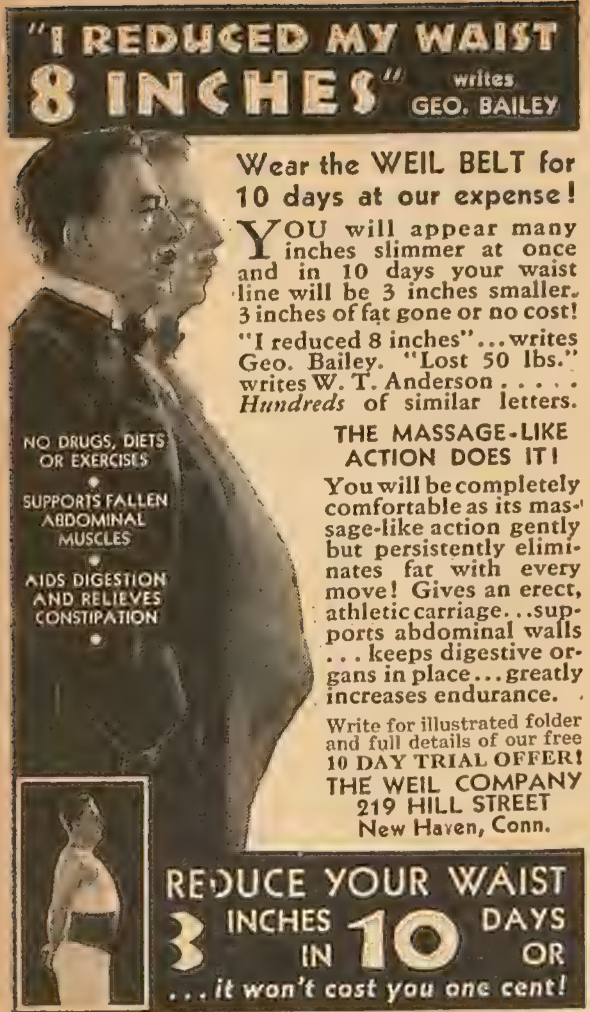

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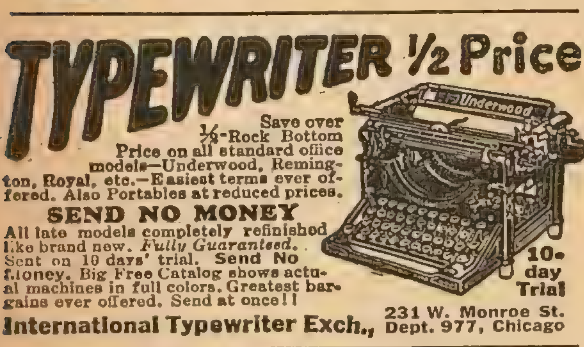

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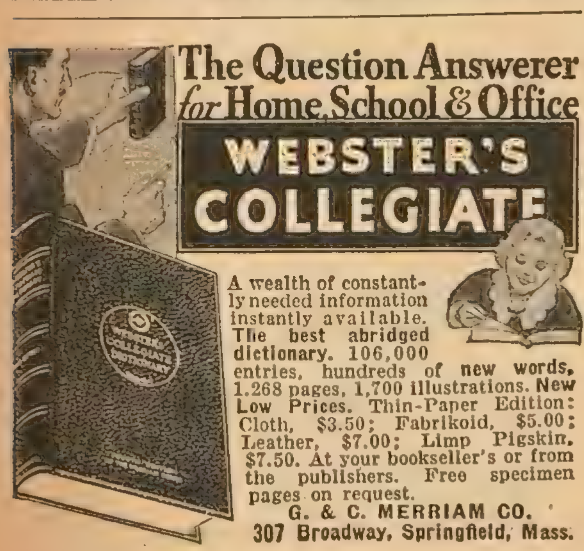

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waistcoats almost necessitates a night life of caviar and champagne; the possession of twelve pairs of white trousers certainly necessitates going somewhere beyond the limits of City Hall Park.

The legitimate demands on the mayor's purse were naturally heavy. It is said that every President of the United States except Coolidge has emerged from the White House a poor man; some of them even bankrupts. The City Hall in New York City is different only in degree. The salary, at the beginning of Walker's first term, was $25,000. Later, with the aid of other members of his official family who also received substantial increases, it was advanced to $40,000. But it didn't do Jimmy any good. At the first murmurings of protest from the reform elements, he promised to give his increase to charity. And he did. He even gave the list of his beneficiaries to the daily press.

But what difference would it have made, anyhow?

Forty thousand dollars was scarcely more adequate than $25,000, at the then high prices for everything, to meet the requirements of a mayor like Jimmy Walker.

Then there was Allie. The holy state of matrimony has subsisted for years on the theory, not always substantiated, that two can live as cheaply as one. But two cannot live as cheaply if one is living in Palm Beach and the other in a de luxe New York apartment hotel. Separate establishments may make for harmony but not for economy. Besides, Mrs. Walker, as subsequent court proceedings showed, was an expensive wife. Fast motor cars, a yacht in Florida waters, a villa at Palm Beach, trips to Europe, suites in hotels—none of which Jimmy shared—were a few of the major expenses attached to her maintenance. No one can say that Mrs. Walker spent more money than she was entitled to; most members of the wives' union would say that she was entitled to spend all she could get. The facts indicate that she did.

IN addition to Allie's clothes and her separate homes and her trips and her luxuries, there was the matter of her photographs. It can't be said that she was unduly fond of posing for the camera. She didn't have either the camera face or the camera figure that Jimmy had.

But she had something which she could give to a photograph of herself and Jimmy which no other woman in the world could give: the respectabilizing presence of his wife.

Jimmy sometimes needed such a certificate of character. When rumors of his night life on Broadway became too bothersome, it was wise for him not only to put on horn-rimmed glasses but to put on a wife. There were a good many times, too, when the wife of even a model mayor would be expected to appear, as it were, in his support: dinners of women's organizations, City Hall receptions to feminine celebrities, numberless political occasions, especially during campaigns.

Perhaps Mrs. Walker would have been entitled, in the circumstances, to charge a good sum for these appearances. It has never been proved that she did. At all events, she was expensive.

About this time, 1928, the mayor met the expensive lady who is now his wife. It is unimportant, except as showing how history repeats itself, that the new love, like the old, was a chorus girl. As a matter of fact she was; and a very beautiful one, who had been glorified by Ziegfeld and who was, when Jimmy met her, one of the comeliest ornaments to Oh, Kay! It is also unimportant that she later became a principal in musical comedy, and a very talented one; and that she was featured prominently in the highly successful Fifty Million Frenchmen.

It is not especially important that she was the divorced wife of Captain C. Stanley Reed Riches, a Toronto attorney.

BUT it is safe to assume that Betty became, if not an immediate, at least a prospective reason for Jimmy Walker's needing money; and needing it in important denominations.

It was a dangerous position for the Mayor of New York to be in. Up to that time there had never been any suggestion that James J. Walker had appropriated to his own use a cent of the public's money. Since that time there has been no proof of his having done so. But it wouldn't have been so surprising — or, from the standpoint of human nature, so inexcusable —considering the political training he had had, the financial situation in which he found himself, and the spirit of the times in which he lived, if he had been tempted.

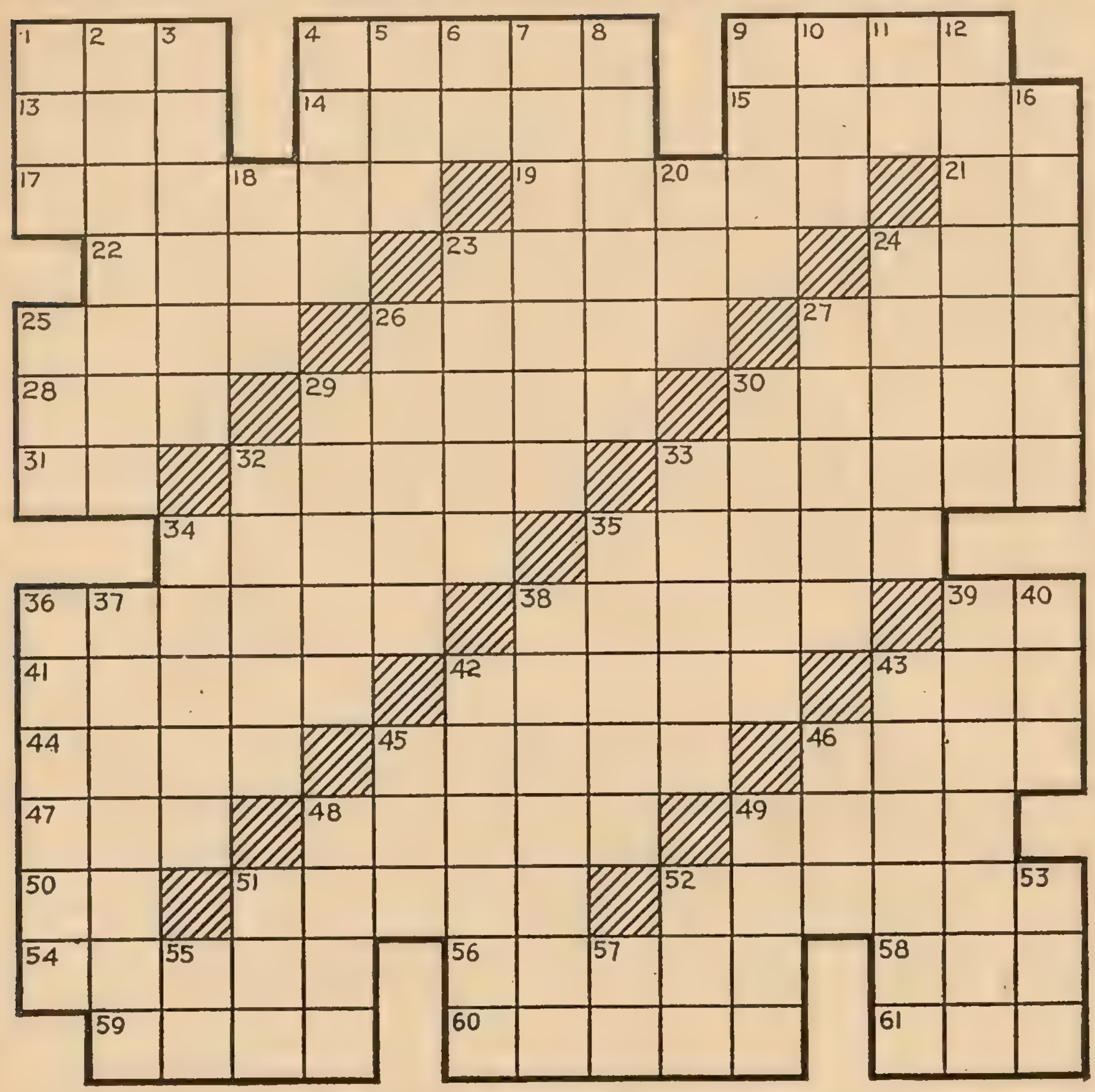
After all, as Alfred Henry Lewis used to say, "The morality of one man is the sin of another, and the truth in this mouth is the serpent lie in that."

Certainly the morality of the political organization to which Jimmy belonged was not exacting, especially as it related to the management of public funds.

"For many years now, as a working editor," wrote Ralph E. Renaud in the Forum as late as 1931, "I have studied Tammany, and in my opinion it is the biggest racket in the United States, with the sole exception of the organized liquor traffic. I do not hesitate to set its annual 'take' well into the hundreds of millions."

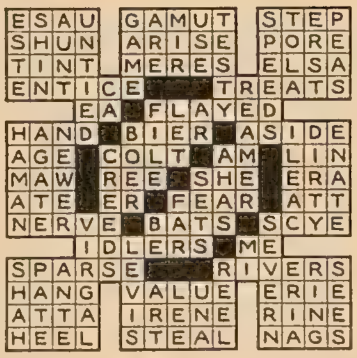
Jimmy at the top, the very pinnacle of his phenomenal popularity, celebrity, and influence—prevailing against Al Smith himself in the selection of a leader for Tammany, and getting triumphantly reëlected mayor — will be seen in next week's installment. So will the indiscretions and entanglements which, unconcerned about them though he was at the time, were so soon to bring him down.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Greek letter
4 Bounds
9 Gather, as a harvest, by cutting
13 Substance resulting from electrolysis
14 Egyptian female entertainer
15 Fragrant root
17 Ovule-bearing organ of a seed plant
19 Claw
21 Symbol for an element
22 Regretted
23 Seraglio
24 Termination
25 Combining form: far
26 Proofreader's mark
27 Deity of ancient Semitic races
28 Moist
29 Predatory incursion (plural)
30 Humorous dramatic composition
31 A bone
32 Seethes
33 Revolved; rotated
34 Scorches
35 Looks slyly
36 In the rear of a vessel
38 Sea mammals
39 A parent
41 Bumpkins
42 Asterisks
43 Ancient Chinese dynasty
44 Descendants
45 Embers
46 Leopard (poetic)
47 Emmet
48 A region of the hand (plural)
49 Intoned
50 The symbol for an element
51 A king of Tyre
52 Margin
54 A city in Germany
56 Pertaining to a region of a bird's beak
58 Before
59 Civil wrong
60 Muse of lyric poetry
61 A lixivium



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ESAU  GAMUT  STEP
SHUN  ARISE  PORE
TINT  MERES  ELSA
ENTICE    TREATS
   EA FLAYED
HAND BIER ASIDE
AGE COLT AM LIN
MAW REE SHE ERA
ATE ER FEAR ATT
NERVE BATS SCYE
   IDLERS ME
SPARSE    RIVERS
HANG  VALUE  ERIE
ATTA  IRENE  RINE
HEEL  STEAL  NAGS
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 To cry, as a chicken
2 An evening party (plural)
3 Gross indignity offered another
4 Put in position
5 Measure of length
6 Form of to be
7 A kind of firecracker (plural)
8 Part of a plow (plural)
9 Compartment
10 A bird of prey
11 Area ten meters square
12 Man-of-war's steam launch
16 Moved sidewise
18 Mound
20 Term used in tennis
23 Greets
24 Deserves and receives as compensation
25 A cardinal number
26 Heap of stones erected as a memorial
27 Sound uttered by some animals (plural)
29 Laughs loudly and continuously
30 Matter burned to produce heat
32 A vegetable (plural)
33 Rips
34 Hinder from normal growth
35 Rings
36 A province of France
37 Earliest
38 Stutter
39 Woman's name
40 Furthermore
42 Comfort in grief
43 German composer
45 Vehicle
46 Equality as to value
48 Measure of capacity
49 Variety of omber played with thirty-two cards
51 A pronoun
52 Flying mammal
53 Sandpiper
55 Thus
57 The son of Nut (Egypt. myth.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"I COULDN'T TELL MY DOCTOR

the Torture I Suffered!"

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

IS THERE anything more painful than Hemorroids, or, more frankly, Piles? The suffering is well nigh inexpressible and the sad part of it is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more crushing or more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles!

Yet blessed relief today is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Threefold in effect, Pazo supplies the treatment needed. It is (1) *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. It is (2) *healing*, which repairs the torn tissue. It is (3) *absorbing*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Put up in a Collapsible Tube, with Detachable Pile Pipe. Pazo may be correctly applied, high up in the rectum where it will thoroughly cover all affected parts. (Pazo also comes packed in tins for application in the ordinary way.)

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HAPPY DAYS

By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

The Century of Progress for Children—Public Life for Both Sexes—The Importance of Home Tasks—A White House Recipe for Curry, and a Schoolgirl's "Trousseau"

(Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.)

I HAD never been to a World's Fair until about a month ago. Of course, every year I have been to our local Dutchess County, New York, Fair, where we and our neighbors compete for prizes with our cattle, horses, dogs, vegetables, and flowers. We grew up to love these occasions—the fun of competition, the invariable heat, the crowds of people, the dust, the overeating of hot dogs, and the innumerable bottles of pop.

It may have been naïve of me, but in Chicago I did find myself comparing our county fair with the Century of Progress. The heat, the crowds, and our appetites seemed the same, but there it ended. It was a great delight to see so many children spending hours inside the fair grounds, and it struck me that seeing the fair "from top to bottom" would give them an impetus to knowledge which would last throughout their school days. There a child can visualize the growth of his country from the time of the old stockades up to the modern skyscrapers. He can see the development of all the sciences and actually watch the different industries of our country in operation. He can get glimpses of other civilizations, some as they were many years ago and some as they are today. When the child who has seen the fair returns to school this fall, can't you hear him in the geography class explaining to other less fortunate children that he has really seen a Belgian Village?

I'LL have to take exception to a statement made by a famous woman author recently. She said something to this effect: "The men of the world have had the power in their hands for a long time and they've made a mess of things; it's time to turn the reins over to women and give them a chance." This is the type of criticism which seems to me much more destructive than constructive. Even if such a proposal were possible, I think it would be ridiculous. The old feminist war should surely be over by now. It's not a question of men versus women; the most qualified individuals of both sexes should be encouraged to enter public life. I believe that the depression has stimulated young men and young women to consider more seriously political lives as careers in America. Of course, for generations in England politics has been as much of a calling as the law, medicine, or the ministry. I sincerely hope that the trend in this direction will grow in our own country, and that the smaller financial rewards for public service will be compensated for by a sense of satisfaction in social accomplishment.

NOW that school days are starting, the school and home routines must be adjusted to each other. I've often heard this question discussed: "Mary has been doing practical chores at home all summer; now that she's at school she seems to have such a full curriculum that I don't feel I can ask her to help in any way with the household. Still, I do like her to feel that she should have some definite responsibility and tie up with the family life."

I believe that it is most essential for boys and girls in school to have definite tasks at home, although, naturally, they must not overtax their energies so that this work becomes drudgery. For instance, I can remember, as a child, having to look after the family linen closet, which consisted of counting the different articles returned from the laundry, putting aside those which needed mending, and putting away neatly in their proper piles on the shelves all the various pieces. Of course, this job only came once a week, but on other days there were smaller tasks which did not take much time or energy, but which I was expected to do as a matter of course.

The child who is in school all day should certainly play out of doors as long as daylight lasts. Then such simple tasks as setting the evening supper table or sweeping the front porch will give him a definite feeling of being a part of the family organization.

I am glad to see some of the modern educators frowning on an overdose of home work in school subjects. I've often seen children slaving after supper until they never wanted to hear the words arithmetic or history again. They then have to go to bed without even a short period of relaxation with the family. No wonder so many children talk and walk restlessly in their sleep!

MRS. NESBITT'S recipe from the White House this week is for one of our favorite dishes, curry. Mrs. Nesbitt says, "A curry is a simple way of using left-over gravies and meat." Here are the directions: First skim all fat off the gravy. Add your left-over meats, ground. Set on low fire to simmer slowly. Add either a clove of garlic or a small onion, 1 teaspoon of curry powder, salt and paprika to taste. A can of tomatoes may be added. Thicken to taste, although a moderately thin gravy is desirable. The ingredients are:

Gravy
Can of tomatoes
1 teaspoon curry powder
Ground meat
1 clove of garlic or 1 small onion
Paprika, salt

MY six-year-old daughter's school "trousseau" is now giving me much thought. So far, because of her cousins' "hand-me-downs," her clothes haven't been a problem. Now their sizes don't seem to match. So I discussed the question of a school wardrobe with a friend of mine who has several daughters. She suggested the following as a perfectly adequate outfit:

2 pairs of shoes
4 pairs of stockings
2 nightgowns or pairs of pyjamas
1 "best" dress
1 wool skirt
1 coat
1 pair of rubbers
3 outfits of underwear
3 wash dresses
1 sweater
2 blouses
1 raincoat and hat

A great many schools favor the wearing of uniforms, and of course this simplifies the problem of dresses considerably. I used to be heartily in favor of uniforms, as I felt that they prevented children from having the feeling of competition in the superficial matter of dress and even jewelry. Now I feel that most mothers are sensible enough to dress their daughters simply and appropriately and to aid them in the development of their own individuality through the choice of their clothes.

Panhandler

A Short Short Story

By

ELMER DAVIS

(Reading time: 5 min. 3 sec.)

MISS BURTON was always careful about giving money to street beggars. A self-supporting spinster, stiffly independent and rigorously honest, couldn't feel that it was right to encourage such people. Once in a long while she gave a dime to somebody who accosted her on the street, but only after careful questioning had satisfied her that this was really a deserving case. If they wouldn't abide the questioning it was proof that they were professionals, who doubtless made a good living.

If you'd asked her if she thought she could make a living by begging she'd have said (if she hadn't been too furious to answer such an outrageous question) that she certainly could; she could always make a living at whatever she tried, even in hard times. When her job in Toledo sank under her she didn't worry; she paid a visit to her cousin in Wynwood, New Jersey, took her first look at the sights of New York, and set about hunting another job.

You and I, in such times, might have trouble in finding anything decent; Miss Burton within a week had heard of just what she wanted. You had to see somebody at Columbia University about it; so she telephoned for an appointment, and the next afternoon she went up to Morningside Heights; and twenty minutes later she had the job. It was after five when she returned to the subway station and reached in her hand bag for her purse—and found that the bag was empty. Coming up, she'd had to stand in a crowded subway car; some pickpocket must have opened her bag and rifled it. But how was she going to get back to Wynwood with no ticket and no money?

Standing on the sidewalk, she counted up—a nickel for the subway, three cents for the ferry, fifty-nine cents for a railroad ticket; sixty-seven cents in all. She had nothing she could pawn. And of the seven million people in New York she didn't know a single one except the man who had just given her a job—and who had left his office. Her cousin might be summoned by telephone, but it cost fifteen cents to telephone to Wynwood. If she could get fifteen she could get sixty-seven. But where? The Travelers' Aid functioned only at the great railroad stations—miles away; and she had the middle-aged spinster's reluctance to throw herself on the mercy of the police.

To a mind so precise as Miss Burton's it was clear that she'd have to borrow the money, borrow from a total stranger. Offices were closing now, and the stores on Broadway seemed too busy to give her story a hearing. Obviously she'd have to accost someone on the street. Horrible—but less horrible here, she imagined, than in any other part of New York. She picked the most amiable-looking old lady in sight.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Miss Burton, with the most terrific effort any words ever cost her. But she felt more at ease as she went into her story. The amiable old lady listened, and shook her head.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "Haven't you got back to New Jersey yet? I'm sure I gave you your car fare three years ago."

She walked on and left Miss Burton gasping. It was some minutes before she got up the courage to try another woman—a younger woman this time. Nervously she stammered out her tale.

"You've got it down very glibly, haven't you?" said the woman, with a frigid smile. "Why not try something else next time?"

She walked on. Miss Burton stared after her, shocked by such callousness; shocked, and beginning to be afraid.

It was dark now, and chilly; she was weak with hunger. But suddenly she was heartened by finding a rather mannish-looking woman who stood still and listened—with a smile, to be sure; still, she listened.

"Sixty-seven cents?" she said. "Yes, I'll give you sixty-seven cents—if you'll give me a truthful answer to a question. I'm a professor of psychology, and I've wondered for years why it is that the people in the different rackets pick different parts of town to work in. West Thirty-third Street, now, is the headquarters for the people who pretend to be selling stolen furs at a fraction of the price; and up here on Morningside we get the lost-car-fare-to-New-Jersey racket."

Miss Burton's gasp was drowned in the other's rushing voice.

"I'VE lived here ten years," she said, "and I must have been approached a dozen times—always by nice-looking middle-aged women like you. The story's always the same. How do you work it? Is there a clearing house that assigns each racket to its special part of town? Have you a union that decides which of you is on duty each day? I'll give you sixty-seven cents if you'll tell me about it."

"But it's really true—" Miss Burton began desperately. The other laughed.

"Won't give away trade secrets, eh? Well, maybe you're right."

She walked off and left Miss Burton shuddering.

From the shadow of the building on the corner a woman detached herself, drew near—middle-aged, respectable-looking, but rather grim.

"Did I hear you asking people for sixty-seven cents?" she demanded.

Miss Burton felt a despairing relief. Evidently this was a policewoman—but she could prove her story if they'd only let her call up her cousin. It might mean publicity, and publicity might cost her her new job; but anything was better than this ordeal.

"Yes," she said, "but it's really true—my story."

The other woman took out a handful of change. "I'll give you sixty-seven cents," she said, "if you'll go away. If I thought you'd stay away I'd give you two dollars. A technique like yours—stopping people one after another, and asking for a sum with odd cents in it—would ruin any racket. After the way you've been working this block I don't suppose I can take in a dime all evening."

THE END

Hearts *and* Swords

(Reading time: 32 minutes 55 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the adventures of Marc-Antoine, Vicomte de Saulx, in Venice during the last days of the Doges. A secret envoy of Prime Minister Pitt, he poses both as Camille Lebel, agent of the French Directory, and Mr. Melville, an English flâneur. In Venice he again meets Isotta Pizzamano, with whom he had an understanding while her father was Venetian ambassador to England and Marc-Antoine a fugitive from the French Revolution, having escaped the guillotine by bribery. Isotta, believing him dead, is now engaged to Leonardo Vendramin, impecunious noble. Vendramin arrives to take Marc-Antoine to the home of Isabella Teotochi, where a woman posing as the widowed Vicomtesse de Saulx is waiting to meet the handsome Mr. Melville. Marc-Antoine knows that this woman must be a French spy, but accompanies Vendramin with expectation.

PART FOUR—THE INQUISITORS

IN Marc-Antoine the lovely Teotochi could discern no claim to her lofty interest. She gave him a languid careless welcome. But he cared not, for all his attention was being given to the porcelain lady of the Casino del Leone.

His eyes had discovered her enthroned on a settee, receiving the courtship of a little group of lively gallants, foremost among whom he recognized Rocco Terzi of the uneasy eyes. He observed her with grim interest, reflecting that it is rarely given to a man to enjoy the advantage of contemplating his own widow.

Her quickening glance apprised him that she was aware of his approach. Then he was bowing before her and she was telling him archly that he arrived in time to check the scandalous tongues of those about her, to whom no character was sacred.

" That is too severe," Terzi protested. " We leave sacred things alone."

Marc-Antoine seized his opportunity in the first lull in the trivial talk.

" We have acquaintances in common, I believe, madame. In England I know another Vicomtesse de Saulx."

The blue eyes were momentarily startled. But the movement of the slowly waving fan was never checked or troubled. " Ah! That will be the dowager vicomtesse. My late husband's mother. He was guillotined in '93."

" So I had heard. And then there are others. There is Camille Lebel, for instance."

" Lebel? " She frowned in thought, and slowly shook her head. " I do not number anyone of that name among my friends."

" I could not suggest that. But you will have heard of him. Lebel was at one time the Vicomte de Saulx's steward."

His dreamy-looking eyes watched her closely. He gathered—and was relieved to gather—that he gave her information.

" Ah, yes," she said; " I seem to remember that. But I never met the man to my knowledge."

" That is strange; for I seem to remember that he spoke of you and told me that you were in Italy." He sighed, and then, to put her to the test, abruptly flung his bombshell:

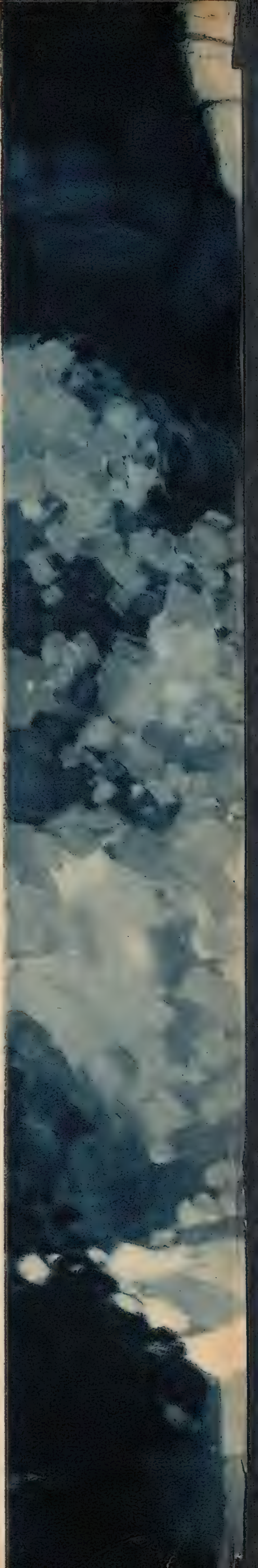
" Poor fellow! He died a week or two ago."

There was no explosion. " We need not trouble about him, then," was her careless comment. " Talk to me of the living. Sit here beside me, Mr. Melville, and tell me of yourself."

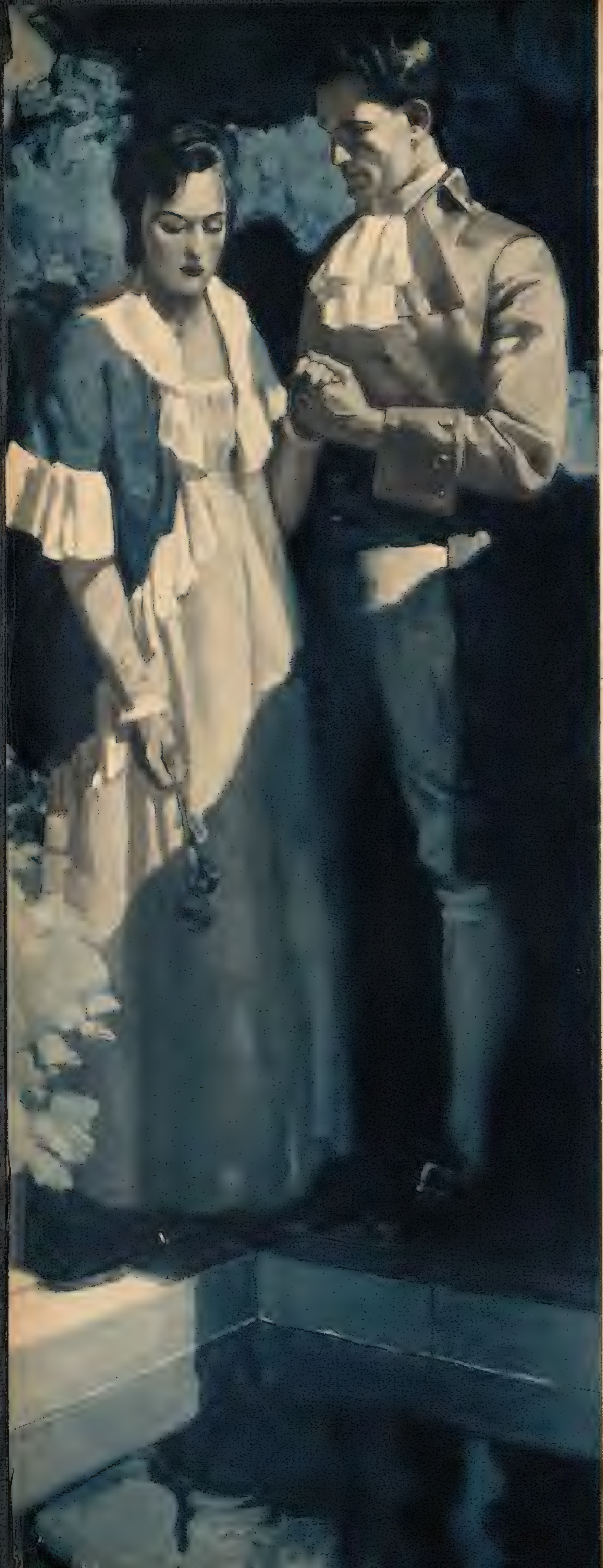
Her obvious and utter lack of interest in the man's fate put Marc-Antoine at his ease. Lebel must personally be as unknown to her as she asserted.

Her interest in this newcomer had dispersed her audience.

Alone with the lady who claimed to be his widow, Marc-Antoine found himself subjected to a rapid fire of questions. Above all she desired to know why he was in Venice and what



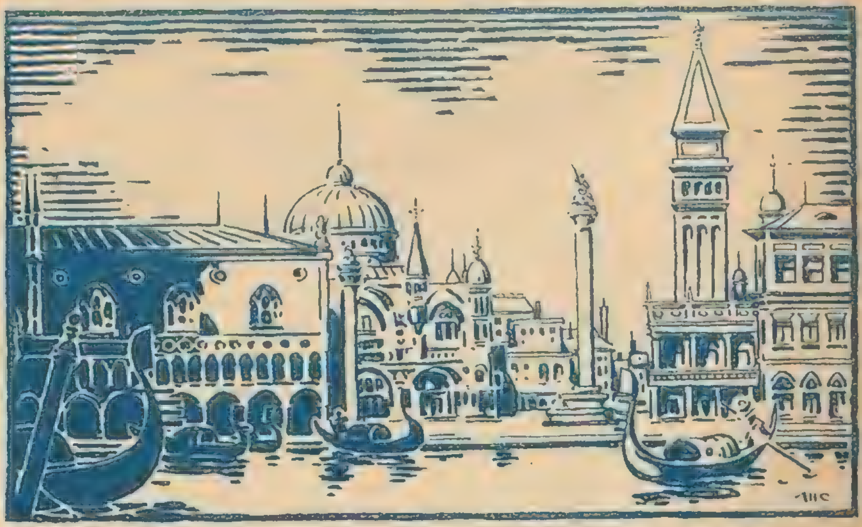
By RAFAEL SABATINI



Here Is the Newest and Best of All This Master Story-Teller's Colorful Romances —It Is Not Too Late to Begin It Now Even If You Haven't Read What Has Gone Before

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN FALTER

DECORATIONS BY
MONTE CREWS



was the nature of his relations with the Pizzamani. She was a little arch about this. But he did not choose to notice it.

He had known the Pizzamani in London when the count was Venetian minister there, and they had become friends of his.

"One of them in particular, no doubt." She watched him slyly over the edge of her fan.

"Oh, yes. Domenico."

"You disappoint me. Leonardo, then, troubles himself in vain?"

"Ser Leonardo troubles himself?"

"You know, of course, that he is to marry Isotta Pizzamano. He senses a rival in you."

"And he has left us together so that you may ascertain for him whether he has cause to do so?"

SHE was shocked. "You are blunt, you English. *Mon Dieu,* how blunt! It is what renders you adorable. And how sternly you can look upon a woman! With those eyes upon me I could never lie to you. Not that I should ever want to. Can you keep faith?"

"Put me to the test if you doubt it."

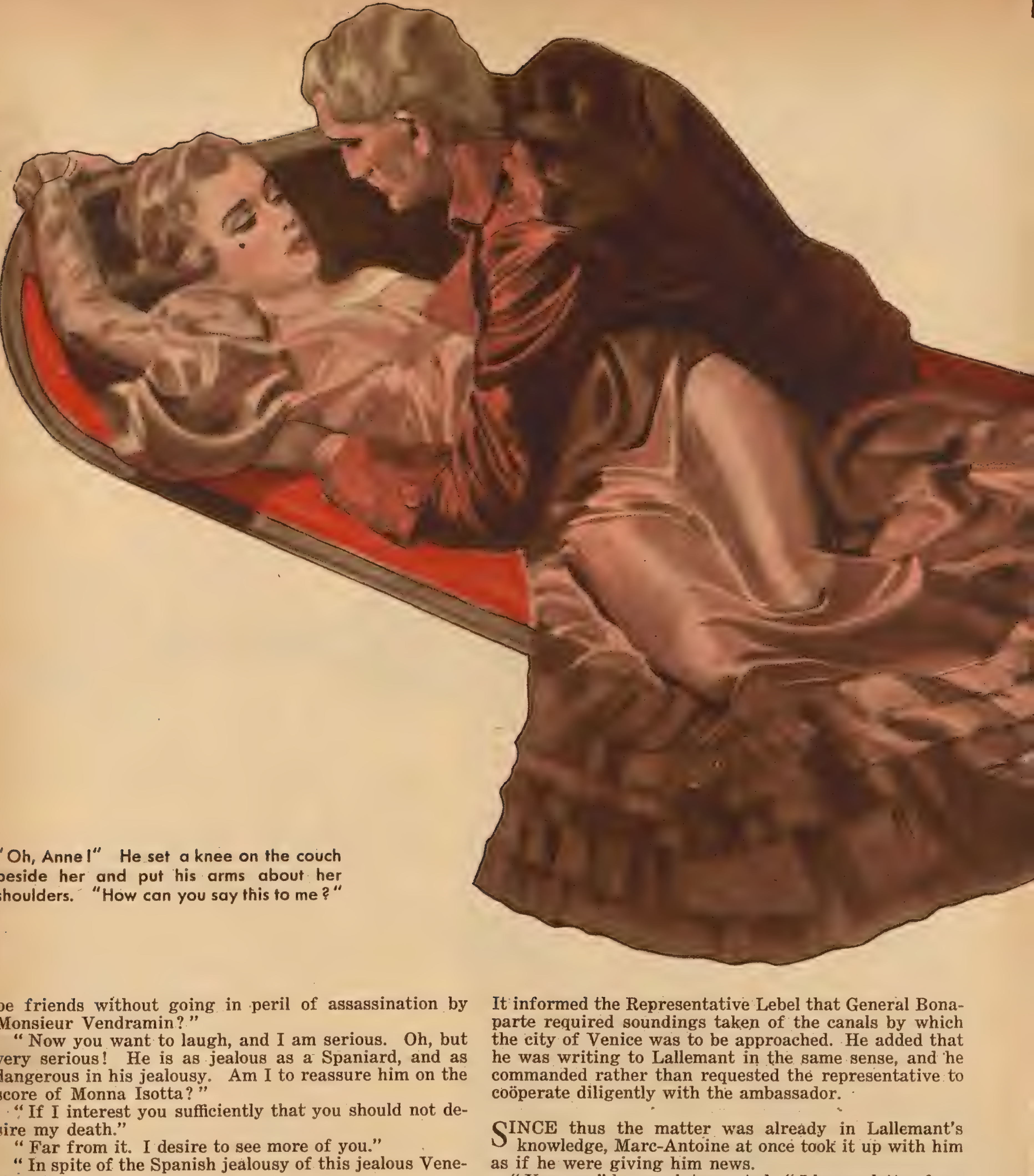
"I don't. Well, then, you've guessed it. An easy guess to one who knew Leonardo better. Unless he had an end to serve, he would not so readily have left us alone together."

"Let me hope that he will often have such ends to serve. Is it possible that I could have the honour of making him uneasy on your account as well?"

"Are you so ungallant as to be surprised?"

"It is the plurality of his jealousies that confuses me. Are there in Venice any ladies with whom I may

Her hand closed suddenly over his. Did he catch in her voice that hope which she insisted was dead?



"Oh, Anne!" He set a knee on the couch beside her and put his arms about her shoulders. "How can you say this to me?"

be friends without going in peril of assassination by Monsieur Vendramin?"

"Now you want to laugh, and I am serious. Oh, but very serious! He is as jealous as a Spaniard, and as dangerous in his jealousy. Am I to reassure him on the score of Monna Isotta?"

"If I interest you sufficiently that you should not desire my death."

"Far from it. I desire to see more of you."

"In spite of the Spanish jealousy of this jealous Venetian?"

"Since you are so brave as to make a jest of it, come and see me soon. I am lodged at the Casa Gazzola, near the Rialto. Your gondolier will know it. Will you come?"

"In imagination I am there already."

Marc-Antoine went a few days later to the embassy, where he found Lallemant had letters for him.

One of these was from Barras. The Director wrote on various matters, and particularly stressed the need for harmonious coöperation with Bonaparte, who must be given every assistance. Marc-Antoine observed here a change of tone reflecting the growing influence of the commander in chief of the Army of Italy.

The other letter was from Bonaparte himself. It was cold, curt, peremptory, and remarkable for bad spelling. It informed the Representative Lebel that General Bonaparte required soundings taken of the canals by which the city of Venice was to be approached. He added that he was writing to Lallemant in the same sense, and he commanded rather than requested the representative to coöperate diligently with the ambassador.

SINCE thus the matter was already in Lallemant's knowledge, Marc-Antoine at once took it up with him as if he were giving him news.

"Yes, yes," he was interrupted. "I have a letter from the general, too, on that. The matter has been having my attention for some weeks already." He displayed his acumen with a certain pride. "It is well advanced, although progress is necessarily slow. Naturally we cannot engage many hands without attracting notice."

"Who is at work on it?"

"Our invaluable vicomtesse. She has corrupted a rascal named Rocco Terzi—another starveling Barnabotto—and he is employing a gang of three or four scoundrels. They work for him by night and bring him daily their results from which he is preparing charts. Considering what I have done, I propose myself to inform the general in detail."

Marc-Antoine shrugged indifferently.

He reserved the excitement begotten in him by this piece of news until he was closeted with Count Pizzamano.

The count was in a condition between exasperation and dejection at the apathy into which he observed the government and the people alike to be relapsing. In particular he was disgusted with the Doge.

"I am, then, opportune," said Marc-Antoine. "I bring you something that must make Lodovico Manin realize the seriousness of the French menace."

He informed him of the matter of the soundings.

Pizzamano in a simmer of excitement carried him off to the Casa Pesaro and the Doge. Two barges stood at the palace steps and an encumbrance of chest and cases filled the vestibule, heralding the imminent departure of Manin for his country seat.

The Doge consented to receive them. But his greeting was peevish. He was dressed for travelling, and they were delaying a departure already belated if he were to reach Mestre before nightfall. He hoped that their news was of an importance to justify this.

"Your Serenity shall judge," said the count grimly.

The Doge wrung his hands in distress when he had heard the story. And yet he was disposed to discount its importance. It had an ugly look. Oh, yes. He would admit that much. But, after all, so had the preparations the Serenissima was making. Most probably the French were, like themselves, merely disposing for a remote eventuality.

"But until the peace is signed," ventured Marc, with a daring hardness of voice, "these troublesome questions will exist and answers to them must be found."

"Must be found!" The Doge stared at him, deeply offended. Here was a tone for a stranger, one who was not even a Venetian, to take with the Prince of Venice!

"Your Highness will remember that I speak with the voice of the British government. It is as if Mr. Pitt himself were speaking to you. Myself, I am of no account. Remembering this, perhaps your Serenity will pardon a frankness which duty seems to impose upon me."

He merely provoked a deeper impatience.

"BUT is it, then, for me to go in quest of evidence? Really, Francesco, you should know better than to bring this young man to me. All that he has at present is a denunciation. That is for the inquisitors of state. Time enough to trouble me when they have found evidence to support this incredible story. Go, then, to the inquisitors, Francesco. Lose no time."

Thus he got rid of them, which appeared to be his main concern, so that he might be free himself to set out for Mestre.

The count, his soul laden with contempt, carried Marc-Antoine to the Piazzetta and the Ducal Palace.

In his office there they found the secretary of the inquisitors, and to him, at Marc-Antoine's request—since he desired to appear in these matters no more than he must—the count formulated the denunciation of Rocco Terzi.

In the dead of that night Messer Grande, as the captain of justice was called, descended upon Rocco Terzi in the house at San Moisé, where he lived in a luxury that in itself should have betrayed him. Cristofoli, the alert confidant of the secret tribunal, went carefully through the prisoner's papers, and amongst them found the charts.

A brother of Terzi's, hearing of the arrest, presented himself two days later before the inquisitors of state, to inform himself with brotherly solicitude if there was anything he might procure the prisoner for his comfort. He received from the secretary the smooth sibylline reply that nothing whatever was then necessary to the prisoner. It was the literal truth. For Rocco Terzi of the uneasy eyes, convicted of high treason, had been quietly strangled.

CHAPTER XIII—THE ULTIMATUM

MARC-ANTOINE alighted from his gondola on the steps of Casa Gazzola, and sent up his name to the Vicomtesse de Saulx.

He was kept waiting. The vicomtesse was in a state of distraction which at first prompted her to deny herself to this visitor. On second thoughts she decided to receive him.

Marc-Antoine, dressed with the care and elegance demanded by a visit of gallantry, was ushered into her boudoir. The vicomtesse had made no effort to compose herself. Thus she could come more directly to her very object in admitting him.

"My friend, you arrive in a sad moment. You behold me inconsolable."

He bowed over her slim white hand. "Nevertheless, let me essay consolation."

"You will have heard the news?"

"That Austrian troops are pouring down from the Tyrol to the relief of Mantua?"

"I mean about poor Rocco. Rocco Terzi. He has disappeared, and the rumour is that he has been arrested. What do they say in the Piazza?"

"Oh, yes. Of course. Rocco Terzi. A friend of Vendramin's. That is the rumour: that the inquisitors have arrested him. It is said, I think, that he is suspected of holding communications with General Bonaparte."

"Preposterous! My poor Rocco was not the man to trouble about such things. A butterfly; a joyous crea-

ture concerned in life only with its gay aspects. And so amusing. Do they say what it was that he communicated?"

"I don't think it is known. The inquisitors work very secretly."

She shuddered. "That is what frightens one."

"You! But of what should you be frightened?"

"That harm may come to this poor foolish Rocco."

"So much concern! He is enviable a little, this Messer Rocco."

Messer Vendramin was announced and ushered in at the same time.

He came in airily with that swaying jaunty step of his, and frowned upon beholding Marc-Antoine. His greeting was tart:

"Sir, I protest, you begin to have the gift of ubiquity."

"A little, yes." Marc-Antoine smiled amiably. "I develop it. I do what I can." Then he turned the subject: "This is sad news I hear of your friend Terzi."

"No friend of mine, by God, sir! The treacherous rogue. I sicken to think that such a man moved freely amongst us!"

"Yet," Marc-Antoine objected, "all that you know at present is that he has been arrested. The remainder is rumour."

"I want no friends about whom such rumours are possible."

"How is rumour ever to be suppressed? Rocco Terzi, for instance, is said to have lived in luxury, and yet he is known to have been without any proper source of means. Is it not usual in such cases for rumour to suggest an improper source?"

Vendramin had entirely lost his genial look. His eyes were almost malevolent at this reminder that Rocco Terzi's case in that respect was very much his own.

He came to it with the vicomtesse as soon as Marc-Antoine had gone:

"You heard what that damned Englishman said, Anne? That Rocco may have been arrested on suspicion because of the means he displayed? Do you know whence he derived them?"

"How should I?"

He got up from the couch, where he had been sitting beside her, and paced the little room. "It is cursedly odd. It must be that what is said is true. He was being paid by the French government. They'll most likely rack him to make him speak." He shivered. "The inquisitors stop at nothing." He stood still and looked at her. "Suppose now that I—"

He did not dare nor was it necessary to continue; nor for that matter did she give him time.

"You are starting at shadows."

"A shadow seems to me to have been all that there was against Rocco—the same sort of shadow they may discover that I am casting. Like Rocco's my resources are beggarly; yet like Rocco I live well and lack for nothing. Suppose they put me on the rack to discover the source of my means. Suppose that I break down and confess that you—that you—"

"THAT I have been lending you money. What then? I am not the French government. They may despise you for living on a woman; but they can't hang you for it."

The phrase made him uncomfortable. He flushed and looked at her in annoyance. "You know that the money is only borrowed. I am not living on you, Anne. I shall pay you back every penny."

"When you make your rich marriage, I suppose."

He thought he detected a sneer. "You are not jealous, Anne?"

"Why not? You are jealous enough of me. But perhaps you have the exclusive right to jealousy. You certainly behave as if you had, and as if you suppose that others have no feelings."

"Oh, Anne!" He set a knee on the couch beside her and put his arms about her shoulders. "How can you say this to me? You know that I make this marriage because I must. That all my future hangs upon it."

He stooped to kiss her cheek. She suffered it without excitement.

But there were others who had not at hand such delectable means to stifle their alarm at the fate of Rocco Terzi. And Lallemant was of these.

Profoundly disturbed and exercised by the event, he welcomed the arrival of Marc-Antoine.

"I have just left the vicomtesse," the supposed representative announced. "I found her distressed by news of the arrest of a friend of hers, one Rocco Terzi. Was not that the name"—he dropped his voice—"of the man who was charting the canals?"

"It was," said Lallemant with a queer dryness.

THE ambassador sat at his writing table in a crouching attitude, watching Marc-Antoine with eyes that were like gimlets in his pallid face. The tone and the look were warning enough for Marc-Antoine. He knew himself in danger.

"This is very serious," he said.

Again the Frenchman was laconic. "It is, Lebel."

Swiftly Marc-Antoine stepped close up to the table. "You fool! Have I not warned you against using that name? God of God! Do you think I want to end like your Rocco Terzi?"

The other took a turn in the room, his chin in his hand. "Will you frankly answer me one question?" he asked at last. "Will you tell me why you went to the Ducal Palace on Monday evening with Count Pizzamano, and whom you went to see there?"

"Do you set spies upon me, Lallemant?"

"Answer my question. Then I will answer yours—as many as you please. Whom did you go to see at the Ducal Palace a few hours before Terzi's arrest?"

"The inquisitors of state."

As once before, the immediate frankness of the admission was like a blow.

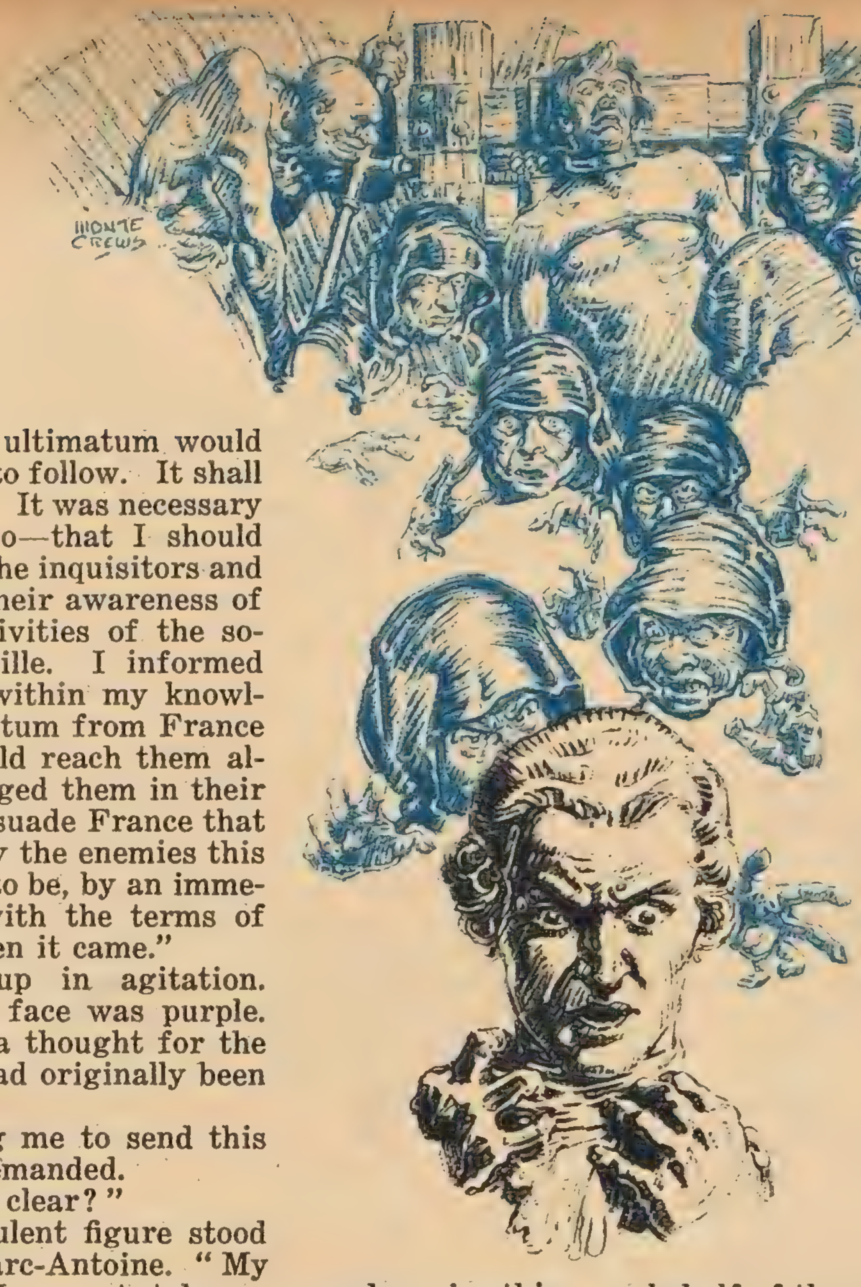
Lallemant rallied. "For what purpose?" he insisted; but he had lost half his fierce assurance.

"For the purpose which I came here to discuss with you today. Sit down, Lallemant." All at once he was peremptory, the hectoring official in authority. "Sit down," he repeated more harshly, and Lallemant almost mechanically obeyed him.

"In Verona there is a fat slug of a man, the ci-devant Comte de Provence, who calls himself Louis XVIII, keeps a court there that in itself is an insult to the French Republic, and is actively in correspondence with all the despots in Europe, weaving every kind of intrigue and doing everything in human power to sap our credit. That man is a menace to us. Yet for months he has been suffered to continue there unmolested in the enjoyment of Venetian hospitality, abusing it to our constant detriment. Have you really been blind to the harm that he is doing us? It seems you must have been, since it has been necessary for me to take in hand the work you should have done."

His level gaze was steadily, almost hypnotically, upon the ambassador, whom he had now flung into bewilderment.

"Here was the chance to serve two purposes at once: on the one hand, to put an end to an intolerable interference; on the other, to establish a sound grievance against the Serenissima, create a pretext for the measures which our arms may presently find desirable. Thoroughly to estab-



Rocco Terzi of the uneasy eyes, convicted of treason, had been quietly strangled.

lish this a written ultimatum would not serve. That is to follow. It shall go from here today. It was necessary —or I judged it so—that I should first attend before the inquisitors and test the extent of their awareness of the monarchist activities of the so-called Comte de Lille. I informed them that it was within my knowledge that an ultimatum from France on the subject would reach them almost at once. I urged them in their own interest to persuade France that they were not really the enemies this made them appear to be, by an immediate compliance with the terms of this ultimatum when it came."

Lallemant got up in agitation. His broad peasant face was purple. He no longer had a thought for the suspicions which had originally been urging him.

"Are you asking me to send this ultimatum?" he demanded.

"Haven't I been clear?"

The rather corpulent figure stood squarely before Marc-Antoine. "My regrets, citizen. I cannot take your orders in this matter."

Marc-Antoine remained unmoved. "You must allow me, Lallemant, to be the judge of what is necessary. I will take upon myself the responsibility that you shirk." He began to draw off his gloves. "Be good enough to call Jacob."

To the swarthy little secretary, when he came, Marc-Antoine dictated the curt terms of his communication, whilst Lallemant paced up and down the room simmering with suppressed indignation.

It was addressed to the Doge and Senate of the Most Serene Republic of Venice, and couched as follows:

> I have the honour to inform you that the French Directory views with the gravest misgivings the shelter afforded in Verona to the so-called Comte de Lille, ci-devant Comte de Provence, and the faculties for conspiring and for intriguing against the French Republic, One and Indivisible, which the said ci-devant has there enjoyed. As evidence of this we hold and are prepared to submit to your Serenities letters of the said ci-devant Comte de Provence to the Empress of Russia, which were intercepted by us as lately as last week. In consideration of these activities we cannot but regard the said ci-devant's sojourn in Verona as a breach of the amity existing between our two republics, and we are under the necessity of demanding the immediate expulsion of the ci-devant Comte de Provence from the territory of the Most Serene Republic of Venice.

When Jacob had completed it, Marc-Antoine took the quill from him and signed the document: "Camille Lebel, Representative of the Directory of France."

Chapter XIV—Justification

MARC-ANTOINE went home that day with a heavy heart. He was discovering how tortuous must be the ways of a secret agent, and he was almost aghast to discover in himself so great an aptitude for ready and circumstantial falsehood.

That explanation of his visit to the Ducal Palace had been a superb essay in the art of impudent untruth. It could hardly have carried conviction had it not been backed by that cruel ultimatum. Nevertheless he hated himself for being the means of that measure of persecution of his unfortunate prince. This ultimatum was a very ugly business.

AND a very ugly business the Serenissima accounted it when it reached her. But she bent in servile humility her once proud head. She ate dust and complied with the French ultimatum, and Louis XVIII departed from Verona.

Save for transient alarms and transient upliftings, life in hedonistic Venice flowed much as usual, and Marc-Antoine found in it little more than the part of the English idler he had assumed.

He was in constant touch with Lallemant and consequently informed of events from the French point of view. But a measure of stagnation had descended upon the political side of the campaign.

In those months his only activity on behalf of the cause he served was concerned with another denunciation. He had gleaned from Lallemant that a successor to Terzi had been found and that soundings were once more being charted. When he inquired into the identity of this successor, Lallemant shook his head.

"Let me keep that to myself. If there should be an accident I cannot again commit the folly of suspecting you of indiscretion."

The accident followed. The inquisitors of state, on information supplied through Count Pizzamano by Marc-Antoine, employed the *signori di notte*, as the night police of Venice were termed, to keep a sharp lookout for any boats that might be fishing in unlikely waters between Venice and the mainland, and to track them carefully down. After weeks of patient vigilance the signors of the night were at last able to report such a boat. After operations which could have no legitimate object this vessel was wont to repair to a house in the Giudecca. The person with whom the boatmen communicated there was a gentleman in poor circumstances named Sartoni.

This time not only was Sartoni taken by order of the inquisitors, and upon conviction suppressed as Terzi had been, but the two boatmen were also caught and sent to share his fate.

When Lallemant, missing Sartoni, discovered his fate through one of his spies, he perceived in this distressing event a confirmation of the utter groundlessness of his earlier suspicions of Marc-Antoine. It merely rendered him the more apprehensive of the Argus eyes of the inquisitors of state.

Marc-Antoine beguiled his abundant enforced leisure of those months quite easily in a city in which amusements, even in such times as these, were never far to seek. He was to be seen at theatres and casini, often accompanied by Vendramin, who continued freely to borrow money from him whilst keeping him under observation.

He was also frequently met by Vendramin at the lodgings of the Vicomtesse de Saulx in the Casa Gazzola. This, too, was disquieting to Vendramin. For Marc-Antoine, fully aware by now of Vendramin's real relations with the vicomtesse, might be moved to carry the tale of them to Isotta.

In this obsession he went one afternoon of late September to the Casa Pizzamano, to be informed that Madonna Isotta was in the garden.

There he found not only Isotta but also Marc-Antoine, who was walking with her.

Jealousy has the faculty of taking every attendant circumstance for its confirmation. Because the sky was grey and there was an edge to the wind of that autumnal day, it must seem to Vendramin unnatural that these two should choose to saunter in a garden; he must see in it evidence of an overwhelming desire to be alone together, to escape the restraining surveillance indoors.

In a less degree some consciousness of this may have been upon the straitly reared Isotta herself. She had gone down to the garden to cut a few roses that still lingered within the shelter of a trim tall boxwood inclosure. Marc-Antoine, espying her from above, had slipped away, leaving the count and countess in talk with Domenico.

Chapter XV—The Choice

SHE had greeted him with a glance so timid as to be almost apprehensive. With constraint they had talked of things remote from what was in the mind of each. Then she turned to reënter.

"What haste, Isotta!" he reproached her.

She met his eyes with that serenity in which she had been schooled and which she had by now recovered.

"It is kindly meant, Marc."

"Kind? To avoid me? When I so rarely, so very rarely, have a moment with you?"

"How else shall we save unnecessary heartache? See! You make me say things that I should not say. All has been said between us, my dear. We have the knowledge of it to place among our memories. But there is no strength to be gathered from adding to it."

He attacked on a new line: "Why do you suppose that I linger in Venice? The task I came to do is done, so far as I can do it. Which is to say that I have accomplished nothing, and that nothing is to be accomplished. Whether Venice stands or falls depends today no longer upon those intrusted with her government but upon whether the French or the Austrians prevail in this struggle. Therefore it must seem to me Vendramin can have little claim to be rewarded for services that he will never be called upon to render."

Sadly she shook her head. "He will still claim fulfillment of a promise."

"But the promise was in the nature of a bargain. If Vendramin is given no opportunity to perform his part, to contribute to the desired result, the bargain fails. So at least I see it. And therefore I remain in Venice and I wait. I keep my hopes alive. You are so pale and wan these days, Isotta." His voice assumed a tenderness that tortured her. "There is not yet the need for this despair, my dear. I have been looking for a chance to tell you this. To tell you, too, that I am not entirely idle; that I not merely wait and watch. It is not only in the cause of monarchism that I am a secret agent here in Venice."

This hint of action stirred her sharply. Her hand closed suddenly over his. "What is it that you do? Tell me."

Did he catch in her voice the tremor of that hope which she insisted was dead?

"I cannot tell you more than that just yet, my dear. But I do implore you not to count lost a battle that has not yet been fought."

And then Vendramin was upon them, and found them thus: with hands clasped, looking intently into each other's eyes, the cold and stately Isotta in a flushed agitation such as he, certainly, had never succeeded in arousing in her.

He controlled his feelings. Isotta, of whom he went a little in dread and must so continue until he married her, was not the person to tolerate either sarcasm or innuendo. So he swallowed rage and fears before this confirmation of his worst suspicions.

"In the garden braving these autumn winds! But is it prudent? For our good friend Marc this may have no dangers. The chilly climate of his native land will have toughened him. But for you, my dear Isotta! Of what is your mother thinking, that she permits it?"

With such solicitous reproaches he hustled them indoors, very gay and friendly on the surface but tormented in the depths of him.

What if the mischief he feared should have been done already? What if this sneaking Englishman should have told her of his relations with that Frenchwoman? His anxious eyes scanned her closely as he talked.

He took his resolve. There must be an end to this indefinite state.

And so for once he outstayed Marc-Antoine and that evening requested a word alone with the count. The count conducted him to a little room in which he kept his archives and transacted business, and beckoned Domenico to go with them.

Vendramin would have preferred to be entirely private with the count, and reminded him that this had been his request.

But the count had laughed: "What? And put me to the trouble of repeating whatever it may be to Domenico? Nonsense! I have no secrets from the boy, either family or political. Come along."

As Vendramin began to speak he paced the room, his glance chiefly upon the wood blocks that made a pattern on the floor.

He alluded to his fervent patriotism and in great detail to the energy he had displayed in swaying opinion among the recalcitrant Barnabotti until he had them in his control and had been able to direct them into conservative channels with such signal effect as had been seen at the last momentous meeting of the Grand Council. He assumed that these claims of his would be conceded.

"My dear boy," the count soothed him, for as he proceeded his assertions had become vehement, "what need to protest with so much heat that which we know already?"

"Praise and admiration, my lord, are but words. Words they remain, and words profit a man little. I have, as you well know, certain aspirations which you have encouraged; certain very dear hopes for the fulfillment of which— In short, it would be a poor compliment if I were not naturally impatient."

Perhaps had Vendramin left the matter there he would better have served his aims. But he must be talking.

"After all," he pursued, "I must and do recognize that a marriage is in the nature of a contract to which each party must bring something. I am a poor man, my lord, as you well know; so that I could not approach Isotta with the ordinary endowments. But I am rich at least in patriotism and in the power to serve my country—rich enough in these matters to have deserved your opinion that they abundantly compensate for what I may lack in all the others."

DOMENICO sneered; but the count continued to smile benignly.

"Yes, yes. No one is contradicting you, my boy. You preach to the converted. And then?"

"Then," he said, "since it is seen, and since you, my lord, so generously admit that my part of the contract is fulfilled, you will not—you cannot, I am sure—resist my demand that you should now fulfill yours."

Domenico turned to the count. "What you have to consider, father, are the facts themselves: whether Leonardo may properly be judged yet to have done as much as he claims. Leonardo himself has very properly classified this betrothal as a bargain, and—"

He was indignantly interrupted by Vendramin: "Bargain, sir! I mentioned no such odious word. I spoke of a contract. A very proper term."

"But does not a contract imply a bargain? Is not a contract the record of a bargain?"

"You twist words, sir. My meaning—"

"Your meaning was made quite clear when you demanded the fulfillment of our part as due upon the fulfillment of your own."

Vendramin looked at his prospective brother-in-law without love. He tried to smother the poison of his answer in a laugh.

"On my soul, Domenico, you should have been a lawyer."

But Domenico was fighting his sister's battle to the end. "Have you considered, my lord, what would happen if Leonardo were to turn slothful in marriage, and if, having obtained the prize for which he has been striving, he should neglect to maintain his influence upon his fellow Barnabotti?"

"This, sir, is too much!" Vendramin protested. "You have no right to insult me by these assumptions."

"Why talk of insults? We are dealing with a bargain struck. Since it concerns my family, I have a right to insist that your part cannot be accounted fulfilled until we can come to judge it at the end of this sad struggle."

VENDRAMIN smiled sourly upon Domenico. "I thank God, sir, that your father does not share your narrow and offensive views."

"They are not offensive, Leonardo," the count remonstrated in defence of his son. "You see, Leonardo—and God knows I do not say it in any way to reproach you with your position—your service to Venice is all that you bring to this marriage. Our very duty to Venice imposes that we should see this service fully rendered before we reward it."

Anger betrayed Vendramin into sheer foolishness.

"You want guaranties? Why should I not demand guaranties from you? Guaranties that it is not in vain that I am holding Barnabotto opinion in conservative channels."

Sitting forward, elbow on knee, the count looked up sideways at the tall, imposing figure of Vendramin.

"But," he said, "you are not suggesting that you could possibly do otherwise?"

Too quickly Vendramin answered out of his irritation: "Could I not? I could let it run its natural Jacobin course. And why should I not if I have no guaranties that faith will be kept with me?"

Domenico rose, a twisted smile on his lips. "Is this your patriotism? Is this all that Venice matters to you —to you, who resented just now the word bargain? Is this the man you are, Vendramin?"

Vendramin had the sense of being trapped, and now like a trapped creature twisted and turned in his efforts to extricate himself.

"You misunderstand me again. Willfully. Oh, my God! How is it possible to weigh my words, Domenico, when you drive me frantic by your opposition?"

Domenico would have answered him but that he was stayed by his father. The count spoke quietly, gently, but with a definite coldness:

"Had you confined yourself to pleading, I must have found it difficult to withstand you. But the expressions that you have used—"

"I have said, sir, that they do not represent my mind. I swear that they do not!"

"If I did not believe you I should deny you my house after tonight. But the words have been uttered, and something must remain of them. Enough to make me agree with Domenico that your marriage to Isotta should await the end of this sad struggle in which we are engaged. Do not misunderstand me, Leonardo. It is Venice that comes first with me, and I owe this as much to Venice as to myself."

Vendramin stood with bowed head, his hands clasped behind his back. The count stepped up to him and let his hand rest on his shoulder for a moment. "We will forget all this, Leonardo. I think I understand. We will forget it."

But, from what followed when Vendramin had departed, Count Pizzamano did not look at all as if he had forgotten. At last Domenico spoke:

"You realize now, sir, I hope, to what manner of rascal you are marrying your daughter."

THE tone of the count's answer was laden with weariness:

"Oh, yes, Domenico, I realize. I am not a fool. He has shown me clearly that if I were to break off his engagement to Isotta he would go over with his pestilent Barnabotti to the already swollen ranks of the obstructionists, the Francophiles, the Jacobins. And I know that if this happened, with such a weakling as Lodovico Manin in the ducal seat, the doom of the Most Serene Republic would be written. Even if Bonaparte were defeated or were to spare us, we should still go the way of Reggio and Modena. All that has made Venice glorious would be extinguished. A democratic government would follow and the tree of liberty would be planted in St. Mark's Square. That is the alternative which this scoundrel offers us. And it is an alternative which we cannot face."

In next week's installment you will read of Marc-Antoine's further adventures in Venice and a challenge and duel.

ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 16

Antagonist

FALLING HAIR

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VOX

HOW THAT OLD FAVORITE, SWEET MARIE, CAME TO BE WRITTEN

DENVER, COLO.—In his opening chapter of Laugh, Town, Laugh! Frederick L. Collins writes that the poetic goal of Jimmy Walker and his mother was the lyric for the song Sweet Marie. The younger generation may be interested in knowing that the lyric was written by Cy Warman and the music by Raymon Moore, and the song was published in the fall of 1893. The song made considerable money. Had it been published six months sooner it would have run a race for popularity with After the Ball, which was the World's Fair success.

The inspiration for Sweet Marie was Miss Marie Jones, whom Cy afterward married in Denver and at whose wedding I was a witness.—*Joseph Newman.*

SOME HISTORY ABOUT THE FAMOUS PHRASE, "HOBSON'S CHOICE"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In the issue of Liberty for August 19, under the caption of Twenty Questions the eighteenth question reads: "What is meant by 'Hobson's choice'?" The answer is given as: "A 'choice' with no alternative; the thing offered or nothing." I dare say that this is as good as any; nothing vital about the matter as I see it.

A year ago I was in a small English village, stopping at an attractive old inn. One evening in the taproom this expression "Hobson's choice" was introduced. According to one of the men in the taproom, a typical English farmer of that particular countryside, the origin of "Hobson's choice" was accredited to a man by the name of Hobson who two hundred years ago was the owner of an inn in rural England. He made it a point to have a number of horses in his stable yard for the convenience of his guests as they continued on their journey. In the morning, when the guests of this man Hobson were ready to depart, the innkeeper would say, "Take your choice, gentlemen, of my horses." Hence the origin of "Hobson's choice."

Tradition would have it that this is the original source. It doesn't make much difference one way or the other, but rather interesting as many of these old traditions are interesting.

I want to take this opportunity of congratulating you and your staff on the editorials that have recently appeared in Liberty. Here you have the A B Cs of vital and important national issues worded in such a manner that the rank and file of Liberty's readers can digest them with perfect comprehension. These editorials are very timely and to the point. Nothing erudite about them; a child should be able to grasp them.—*J. J. Lowman.*

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Lowman omitted an important feature of "Hobson's choice." Tobias Hobson was an innkeeper at Cambridge, England, and kept forty horses. These were led out into the stable yard, but the guest was obliged to take the animal nearest the stable door so that every customer was well served, according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice, according to the London Spectator of that day, and quoted in the encyclopedia. Milton wrote two quibbling epitaphs upon this eccentric character.

OH, GIVE THE GIRLS A BREAK

QUARRY HEIGHTS, CANAL ZONE—That To the Ladies! page sure is getting me down. Why should the women get all the write-ups? Methinks it's time we are entitled to a free sheet—or is there a shortage on male writers?—*Dick Abernathy.*

A COUPLE OF LETTERS ABOUT MRS. DALL'S HAPPY DAYS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is a long time since I have enjoyed anything quite so much as Mrs. Dall's page. The President's daughter had something to say, something gossipy—something national—something which all of us like to discuss.

Mrs. Dall told her story in clear, concise English without circumlocution, and for how many alleged literary artists can the same be said?—*Ernest Lyall Misner.*

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Know something? I'm glad it wasn't Solomon who was elected President last November. Just think of all the articles his wives and daughters could have written!—*Jack.*

HERE IS A READER WHO WON'T BELIEVE A WOMAN CAN KEEP A SECRET

BALTIMORE, MD.—Having been an archer for over thirty-eight years, I have selected my sturdiest bow and truest arrow and am aiming straight at Princess Kropotkin's article regarding Senator Capper's piffle and tishtosh concerning women keeping secrets.

No doubt he means well; any man who has passed his sixty-eighth milestone usually does when trying to compliment the fairer sex. Men who have been in public life too long should be retired on a pension. There comes to every man, if he lives long enough, a time when he gets softening of the brain and hardening of the arteries, and neither goes very well at coming-out parties of débutantes.

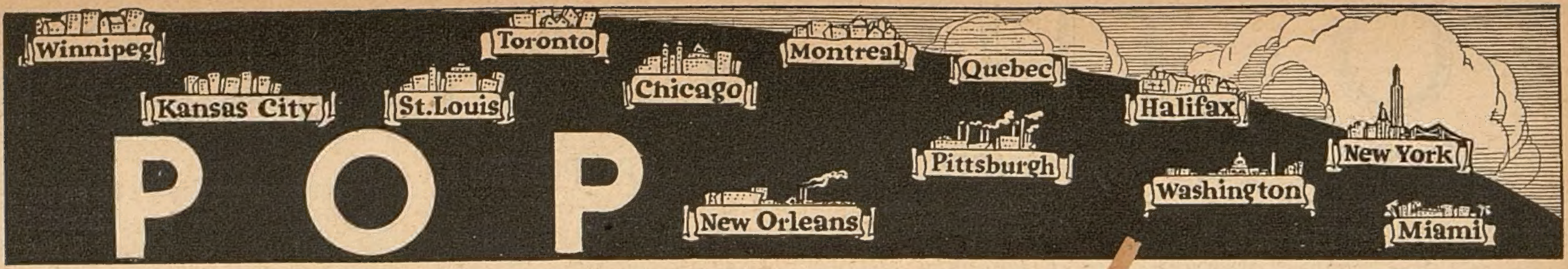
But to return to the senator's statement about women keeping secrets. Has he forgotten the clever women spies who inveigled information of a vital nature from high officials regarding the movements of troops, boats, etc., during the World War and other conflicts? These secrets which they kept (?) caused the instant death of many a soldier boy who had someone waiting back home. Has he forgotten Mata Hari and others of like sex too numerous to mention?

Though he hails from Kansas, he states he's wet. I'll say he is. With an idea like that he's all wet!—*W. V. A.*

CASANOVA, the MONK

Picture by ELWIN HENRI

"YOUNG MAN, DO YOU PLAY BRIDGE?"



A CROSS SECTION OF COMMENT ON MARY PICKFORD'S ARTICLE

ST. LOUIS, MO. — Liberty is to be highly congratulated for publishing such a splendid article as the one written by Mary Pickford in the August 26 issue.

If everyone upon reading Miss Pickford's article would absorb and put into actual application all that she has written, they could readily prove the truthfulness of her statements.

I sincerely hope that Liberty will publish many more of a like nature.—*Eileen Brinkman.*

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX. — I remember seeing Pollyanna and often wondered what Miss Pickford really thought about this just-keep-on-believing.

After reading her article I think she knows as much about it as anyone living.

Please let me suggest she consider making another picture of this kind. I think it would be doing the greatest service possible to humanity the world over.—*Will W. Walker.*

WALLINGTON, N. J.—I have never met Madame Flitmajigger or Professor Poofinfoos, nor do I want to meet them. I am a young girl crippled by illness for about ten years but have always kept the sunny side up.

Wishing to hear many stories like America's Sweetheart's story.—*R. Van Kruingen.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—If Why I Can Be Happy in Spite of All by Mary Pickford in your issue of August 26 were the last article published by Liberty, that publication will have performed its purpose for humanity and posterity.—*Charles J. Rasbold.*

JUST AN OLD NAVY CUSTOM

U. S. S. WOODCOCK, PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI—I recently notice all the boys going around with that mad glare in their eyes. I used to think that it was the sun that drove all people, that have been in the tropics too long, crazy. But I know different now. A few more tales like Hell Hounds, Born to Raise Hell, and Still Alive, and they can ship a boatload of nutty sailors out of this place. Vive la Vox Pop.—*A. H. L.*

U. S. S. PENNSYLVANIA—Every week in every way Liberty is getting worse. How about it?—*Gob.*

YOU CAN'T DISCOURAGE HIM

ALGONAC, MICH.—To be Vox Popical is to be critical—constructively or depreciatingly. Here goes! Someone take Leslie Thrasher down to the beach—Atlantic City will do—and let him rescue a lady in distress from an overturned canoe as he does on your cover of August 26. If he can bring her ashore without wetting her hair!—with no water dripping from her plump form!—without even wetting his hands!—if he can carry her ashore (she must weigh 130 pounds) without a bulging muscle in neck, shoulders, or hands—well, he is uniquely unusual!

What is Sour-face doing with that canoe? Stopping that next wave just for the picture?

Don't discourage L. T. by printing this!—*William H. Gooch.*

TOO BAD

MONTREAL, QUE.—We certainly enjoy criticizing your magazine and looking at the pictures, but have one complaint: We work in the railroad office and your magazine is just too big to hide under a waybill.—*Big Bill.*

IT'S A WELL GUARDED DOOR

MINOT, N. D.—Is it going to be necessary in order to have these things removed to request President Roosevelt to call a special session of Congress to pass laws forbidding the publishing of the table of contents, cartoons, or any other such trivial matter on the Vox Pop page?

Or for us readers to stage a march on the offices of the publishers and camp just outside their door until our requests are granted?

Please remove these carcasses from our page and keep them removed!—*C. T. Jensen.*

YOU'LL GET THE BREAK

PITTSBURGH, PA.—This is the first time I have ever written to you, and I don't know whether you will get this or not. If you do I hope you take it to heart.

Why don't you cut out half of all this political trash you are printing lately in your magazine? I get your edition mainly to enjoy the stories you used to publish, but now all I read is about the farmers, Russia, etc. Give us story readers a break!—*A Reader.*

A WAGNER FAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I'll bet you yourself have urged one who is giving away the plot and ending of a motion picture you haven't seen to pipe down and not spoil it all.

Why don't you tell Rob Wagner that?—*Ed Browning.*

WE'LL KEEP OUT OF THIS FIGHT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read the excellent article, Am I Jealous of Babe Ruth? by Lou Gehrig in the August 19 issue, and would like to know why Lou Gehrig should be jealous of Babe Ruth when he is far the best of the two men.—*B. L.*

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TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 5 min. 16 sec.)

THE "Hell Hounds" of the French Foreign Legion are her chicks. Alice Williamson has mothered those homeless warriors for years. Like a book she knows their Algerian citadel at Sidi-bel-Abbès. Like a shelf of books she knows all the romantic places from Cairo to Moscow—for Alice Williamson is a romantic lady. "Romantic things," she told me, "happen to romantic people."

Alice Williamson

Lots of them have happened to her. She's been in plenty of harems. "They are very homelike," she said, "full of children and mothers and elderly aunts and grandmothers. Harems are really most domestic—not at all the seductive love nests they are supposed to be."

She and her late husband, C. N. Williamson, wrote novels together. One of their best known was The Lightning Conductor. They traveled everywhere.

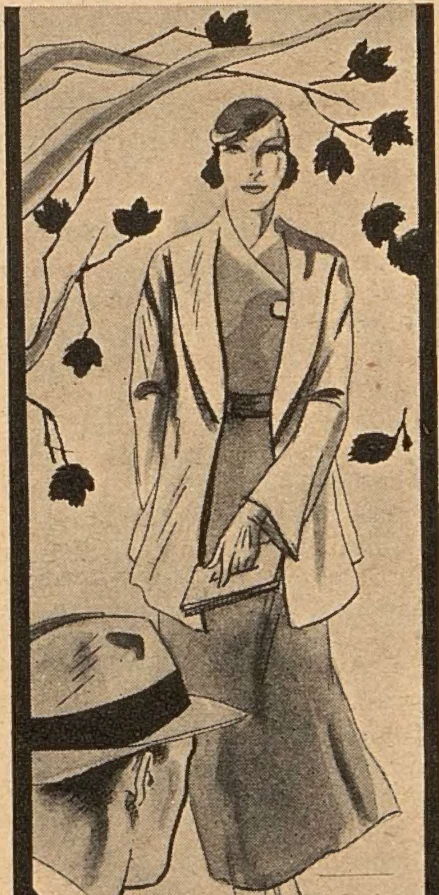
A strange romance is connected with their meeting. Her maiden name was Alice Livingston. As a young American writer she went to him, an English editor, with letters from her cousin, whose name was also Alice Livingston. Then this other Alice, the cousin, disappeared in Morocco and has never been seen or heard of since.

During their years of travel and adventure in North Africa the Williamsons were always hunting—hunting in vain—for the lost Alice.

Now Mrs. Williamson has gone to France to tackle the government on behalf of her Legionnaire pets. They never see any good movies, she says. She wants the French authorities to let American pictures into Sidi-bel-Abbès duty-free.

Marion Davies has donated some reels of films for the Hell Hounds. "Marion has one of those special Irish hearts," Alice Williamson declares.

VERY sophisticated women have often preferred green diamonds to white ones. Diamonds with green lights in them have always been rare, expensive. Now some kindly chemist has found that a radium bath gives the cheapest of yellow diamonds that costly green tinge. Consequently the green diamond is due, I hear, for a big splurge of popularity.



THIS little drama comes to me from a friend who lives out West. It involves a woman's fear, a man's suspicion, and the jealousy that can envelop a parent's love for a child—even a foster mother's love for another woman's child born out of wedlock.

The baby girl was born eighteen years ago in a distant city. A childless couple adopted it. For the sake of its future happiness, the unfortunate mother agreed never to see her baby again.

She tried to keep her word.

Her baby daughter grew to young womanhood. The foster parents adored her. Meanwhile the real mother married. She dared not tell her husband about her lost baby.

Now see how fate works! Her husband's firm transferred him recently to the same Western town where the girl and the foster parents now live. And fate has decreed that business connections should bring the two families together.

There they live, side by side, the foster parents guarding the secret jealously, the real mother guarding it too. Their troubles are complicated by the fact that the girl has developed an instinctive adoration for her real mother. And the foster mother is bitterly jealous. And the husband of the real mother, instinctively feeling himself left out of some emotional maze, is becoming suspicious of everyone. What will happen eventually? I can't tell you. I am not a fiction writer. This story is true.

OUT of sheer curiosity I am looking for a woman who likes the way her husband wears his hat. She will be a rare bird if I find her—which I doubt.

I can't imagine why it is that matrimony makes the hats of husbands odious to the eyes of wives. But that's what happens. I have yet to meet a wife who thoroughly approves of the color, shape, angle, and tilt of her man's headgear.

"Before we were married your hats always looked nice." Many a time have I heard this complaint from wifely lips.

"Now they look terrible," she adds.

Why? Is it because married men spend less on hats, buy fewer new ones? Or do they kick their hats around and sit on them more carelessly? Or do hats have temperaments of their own? Are they jaunty in spirit when worn by care-free bachelors? Do they lose their spunk when they incase the wearier heads of married men?

This matrimonial-hat mystery is too deep for me. I can't solve it. Can you?

BEFORE an evening of bridge give your dinner guests a light zestful meal. They will play better contract. Try this menu: An entrée of avocado pears served in the South Sea manner, a casserole of squabs—a glass of wine in the casserole, please—an almond jelly with macaroon cream. Demi-tasse.

Do your South Sea avocados like this:

Rub slices of cooked lobster with lemon juice and curry powder. Peel your avocados and cut lengthwise in quarters. On each quarter lay two slices of lobster. Cover the lobster with green mayonnaise. Chop some pickled walnuts and sprinkle 1 teaspoon on top of each portion.

IT is smart this year to read about American cities. First came the large crop of books on Chicago. Now it's San Francisco's turn. Don't miss The Barbary Coast, by Herbert Asbury. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf.)

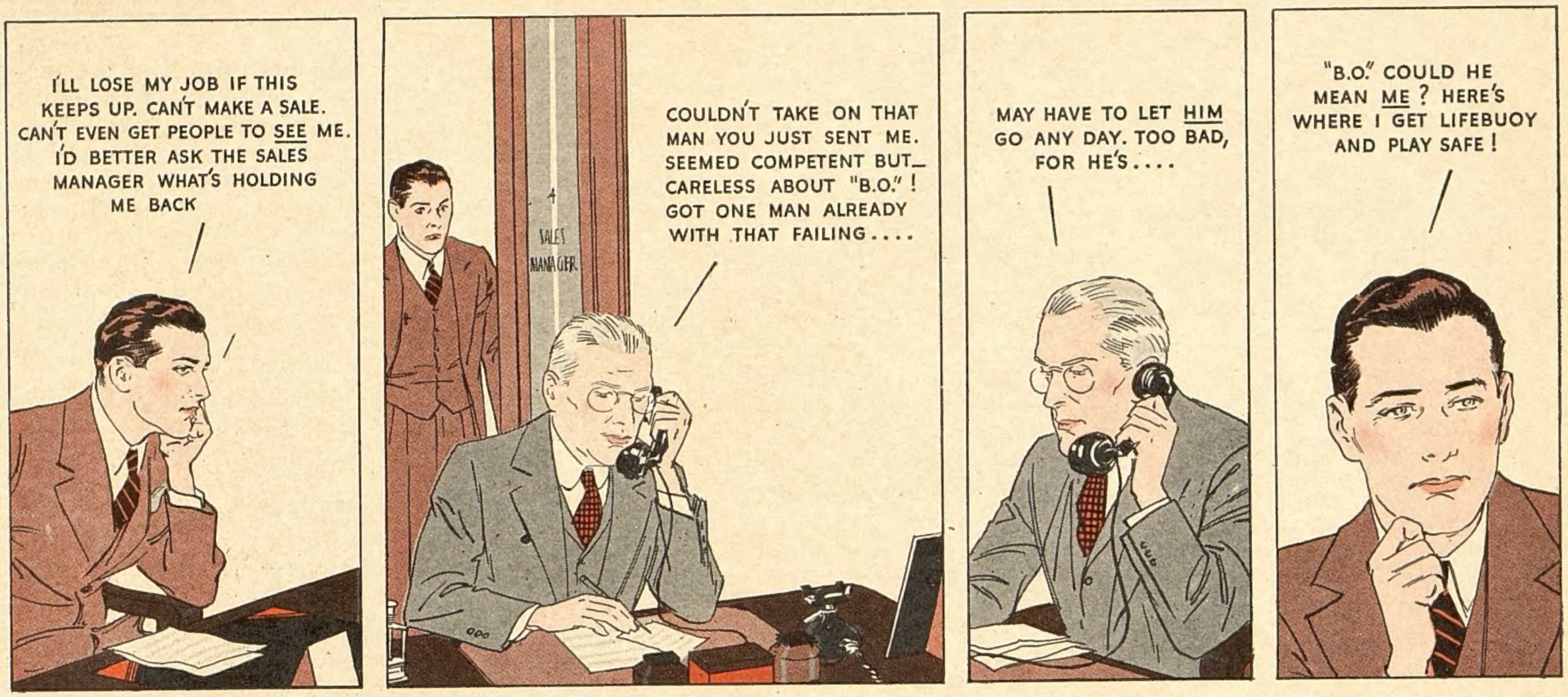
LISTEN to a German scientist's analysis of Mickey Mouse:

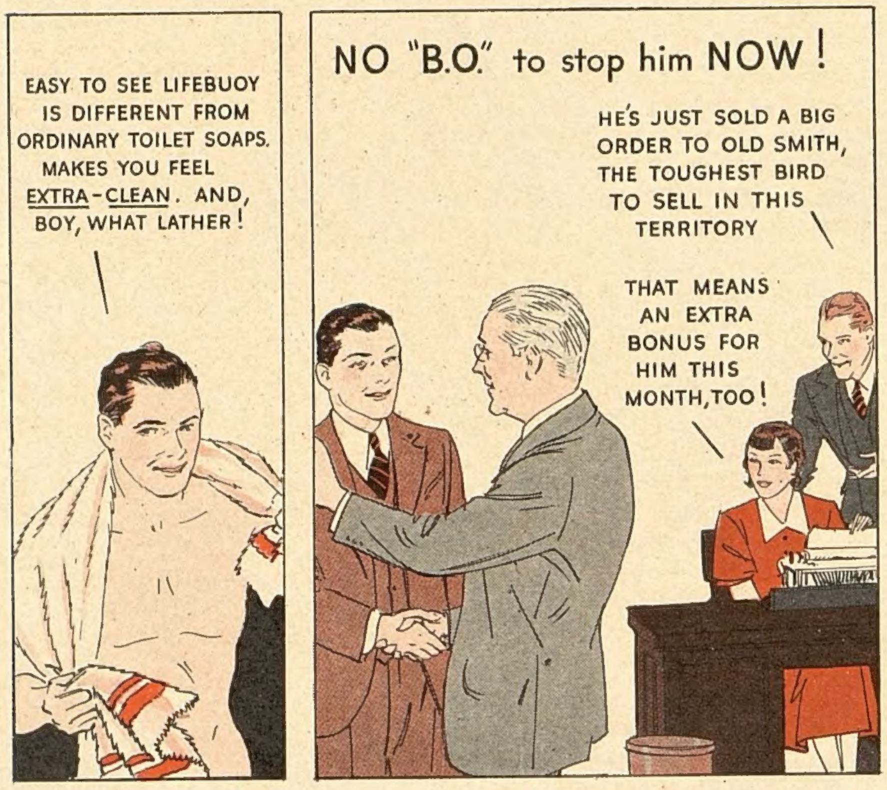
"In pentatonic collapse," says the Herr Doktor, "Mickey falls from the octave, hits the dominants with his head, so that the sixteenth triols spark from his body, and he lands on the tonic."

Writing the same psychology patter (it sounds like double-Dutch to me), another Berlin brain declares that Mickey's trouble is an "insanity psychosis."

Wouldn't you think those master minds would be glad to take a little fun where they find it? But no, when Mickey makes them laugh they have to cut him up to find out how—in their highbrow opinion—he does it.

. . . . WARNED JUST IN TIME . . . .


I'LL LOSE MY JOB IF THIS KEEPS UP. CAN'T MAKE A SALE. CAN'T EVEN GET PEOPLE TO SEE ME. I'D BETTER ASK THE SALES MANAGER WHAT'S HOLDING ME BACK
SALES MANAGER
COULDN'T TAKE ON THAT MAN YOU JUST SENT ME. SEEMED COMPETENT BUT— CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."! GOT ONE MAN ALREADY WITH THAT FAILING . . . .
MAY HAVE TO LET HIM GO ANY DAY. TOO BAD, FOR HE'S . . . .
"B.O." COULD HE MEAN ME? HERE'S WHERE I GET LIFEBUOY AND PLAY SAFE!

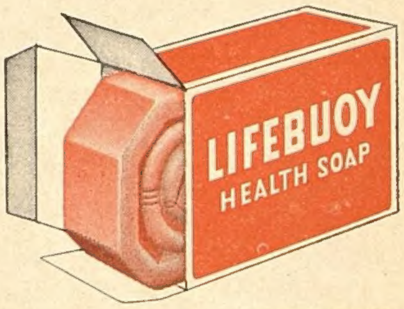

EASY TO SEE LIFEBUOY IS DIFFERENT FROM ORDINARY TOILET SOAPS. MAKES YOU FEEL EXTRA-CLEAN. AND, BOY, WHAT LATHER!
NO "B.O." to stop him NOW!
HE'S JUST SOLD A BIG ORDER TO OLD SMITH, THE TOUGHEST BIRD TO SELL IN THIS TERRITORY
THAT MEANS AN EXTRA BONUS FOR HIM THIS MONTH, TOO!

"B.O." (body odor) has crippled many a promising career

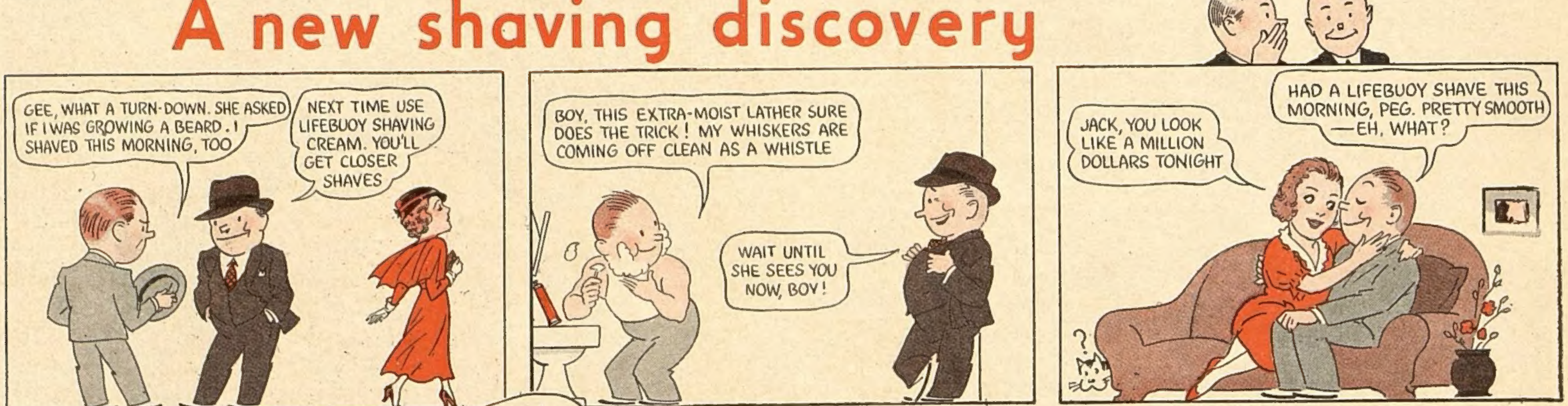
THESE days when jobs are hard to get—hard to hold—don't risk the handicap of "B.O." (*body odor*)! The merest hint brands you as careless, undesirable. Play safe this warm, "perspiry" weather—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

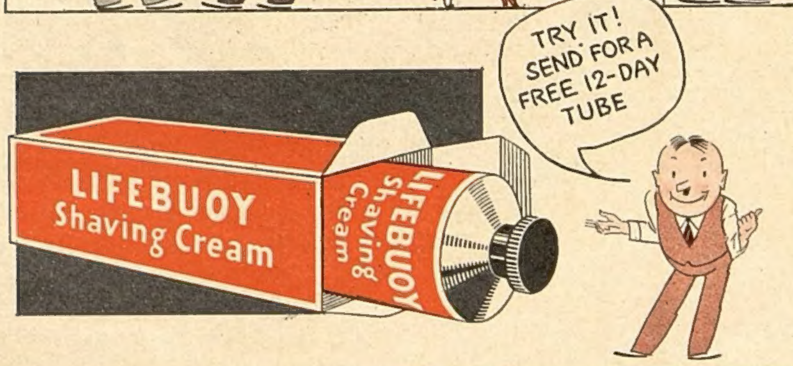
Improves complexion, too

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather *deep-cleanses* pores—searches out every speck of grimed-in dirt and clogged impurities—makes dull skins fairly glow with health. Women everywhere find Lifebuoy the ideal complexion soap—its gentle lather kind to the most delicate skin.


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

A new shaving discovery

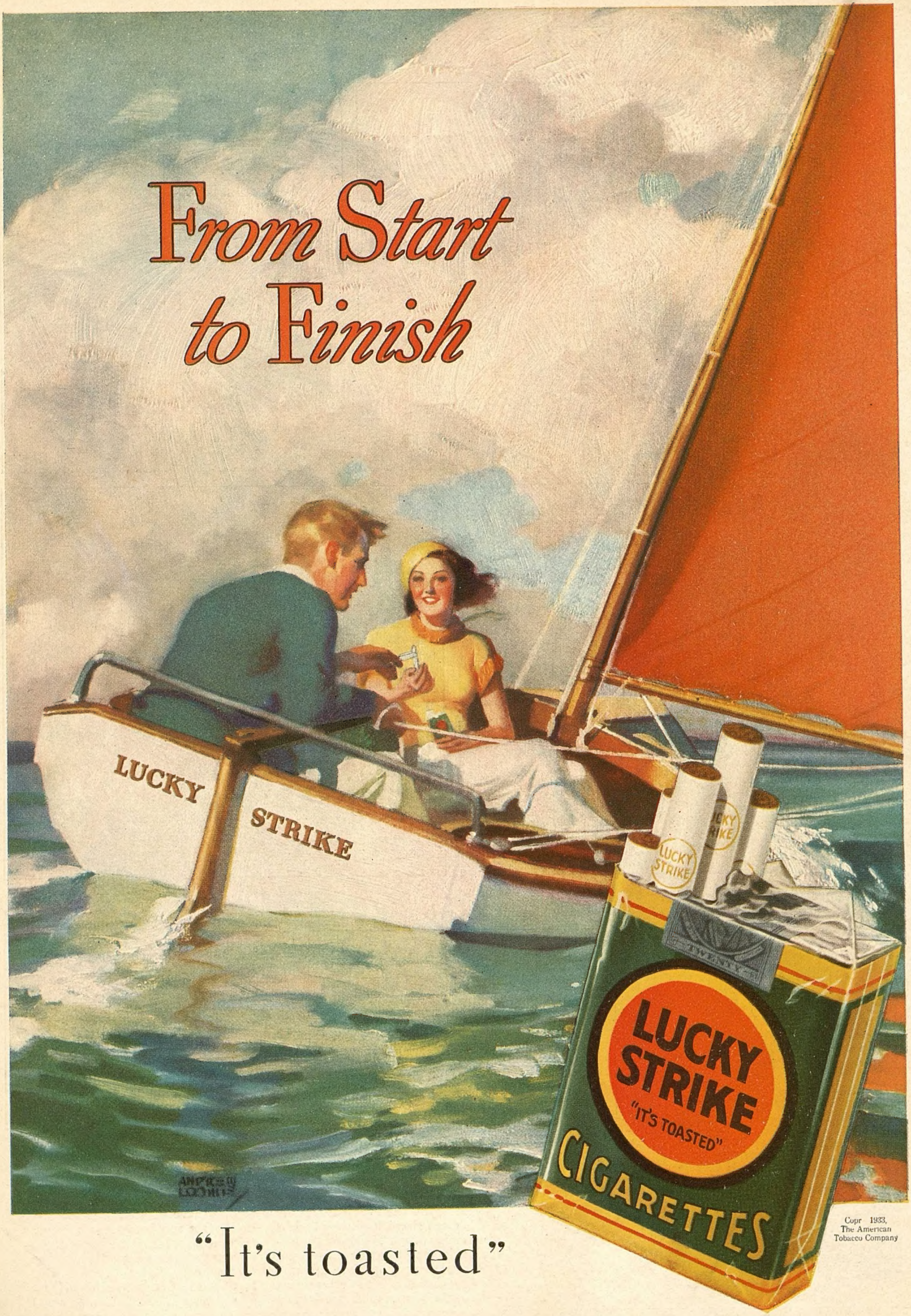

GEE, WHAT A TURN-DOWN. SHE ASKED IF I WAS GROWING A BEARD. I SHAVED THIS MORNING, TOO
NEXT TIME USE LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. YOU'LL GET CLOSER SHAVES
BOY, THIS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER SURE DOES THE TRICK! MY WHISKERS ARE COMING OFF CLEAN AS A WHISTLE
WAIT UNTIL SHE SEES YOU NOW, BOY!
HAD A LIFEBUOY SHAVE THIS MORNING, PEG. PRETTY SMOOTH—EH, WHAT?
JACK, YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS TONIGHT
?


TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE 12-DAY TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

Quick-drying lather ruins many a shave

This new extra-moist lather soaks beards soft for clean, lasting shaves

MAN, you've never had a really clean shave until you've had a "Lifebuoy Shave". Ordinary, quick-drying lather just can't give you a smooth, lasting shave. But Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather is extra-moist—holds 52% more moisture—holds it to the end of the shave. It *keeps whiskers soaked soft—extra-soft.* Thus you get the cleanest, fastest, best-feeling shave of your life. It's easy on the face, too, leaves it soft, pliant, refreshed. Try it. Get the big, red tube at your druggist's. Or write for a free trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-159, Cambridge, Mass. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)


From Start to Finish
LUCKY
STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
TWENTY
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

"It's toasted"

Copr 1933,
The American
Tobacco Company